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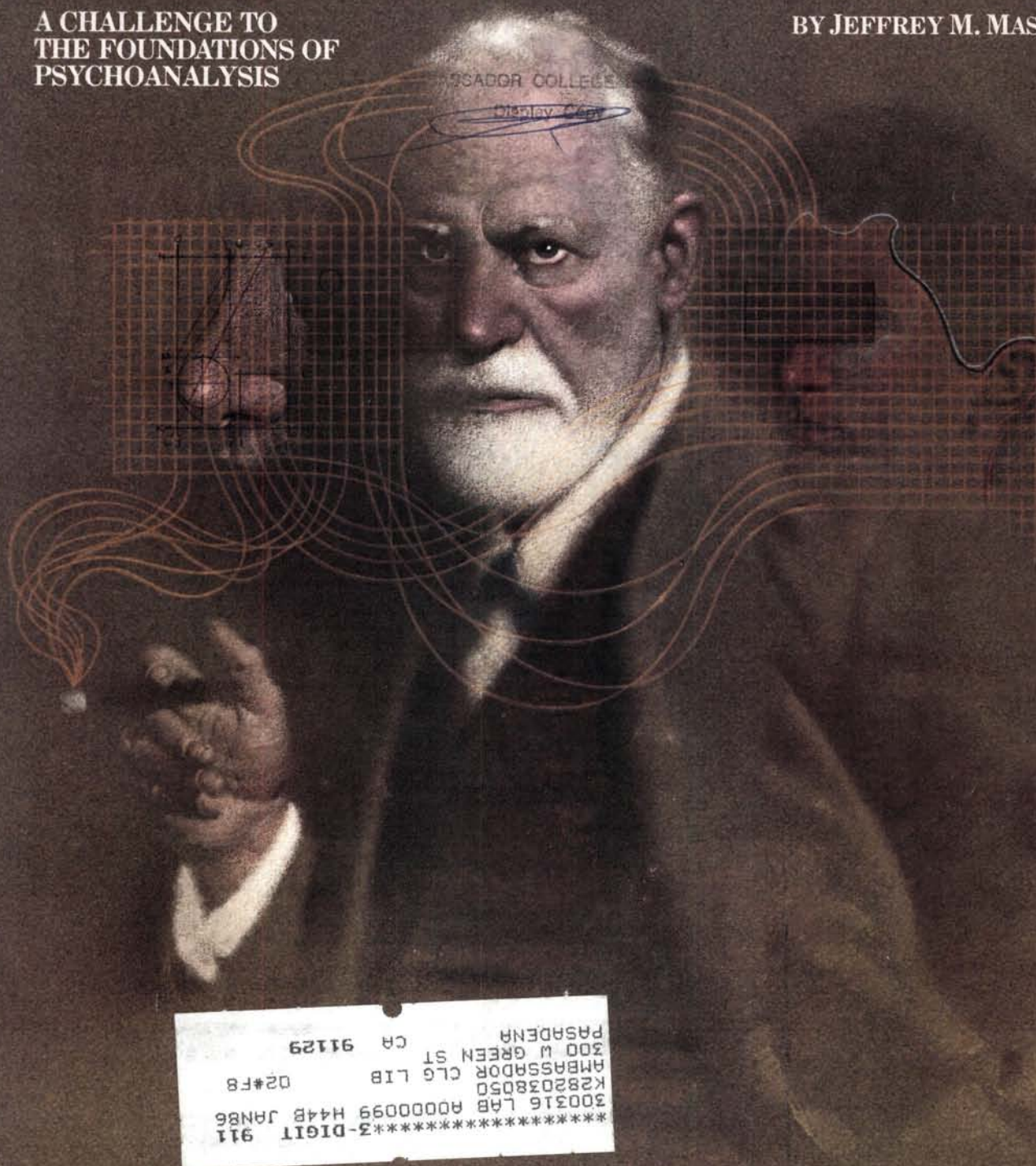
THE Atlantic

GRENADA BEFORE AND AFTER / REAGAN AND THE TECHNIQUES OF DECEPTION

FREUD AND THE SEDUCTION THEORY

A CHALLENGE TO
THE FOUNDATIONS OF
PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY JEFFREY M. MASSON



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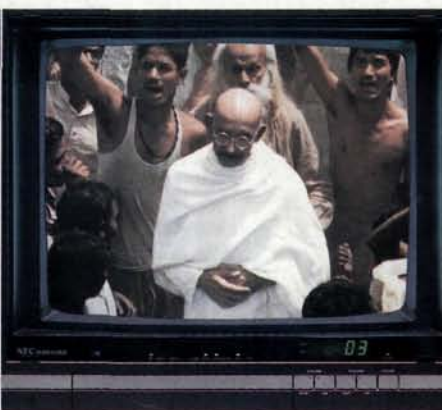
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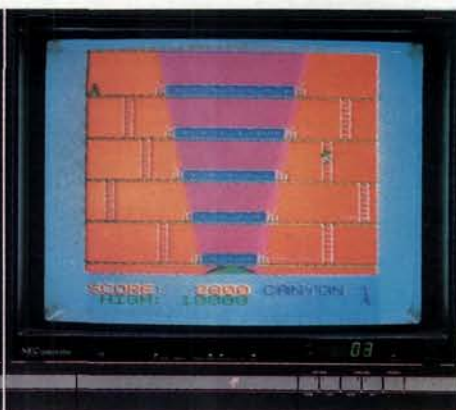
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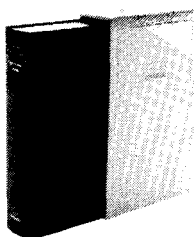
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Reports & Comment

- 12 WASHINGTON: SEE IF ANYBODY SALUTES JAMES FALLOWS
14 PUBLIC HEALTH: MISFORTUNE'S CATALOGUE CULLEN MURPHY
20 LATIN AMERICA: A MEDIA STEREOTYPE MARIO VARGAS LLOSA
24 THAILAND: THE GULF PIRATES AL SANTOLI

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- 33 FREUD AND THE SEDUCTION THEORY JEFFREY M. MASSON
A challenge to the foundations of psychoanalysis
- 56 MOTHER RUIN LINDA GREGERSON
A poem
- 62 RONALD REAGAN AND
THE TECHNIQUES OF DECEPTION JAMES NATHAN MILLER
*An argument that the President has exploited his theatrical background to
present a false picture of himself and his policies*
- 69 EARTHQUAKE GUY BILLOUT
A drawing
- 70 THE PIANO TUNER PETER MEINKE
A short story
- 76 GRENADA BEFORE AND AFTER MICHAEL MASSING
*The domestic and international troubles of a small country trying to chart
an independent foreign policy*
- 89 HOW TO EVICT YOUR LANDLORD ROBERT M. STROZIER
Will him to vacate the "dwelling" of your mind
- 90 TELEVISION/A WINTER'S TALE LLOYD ROSE
Laurence Olivier as King Lear
- 93 BOOKS/A DICTIONARY OF DESTRUCTION THOMAS POWERS
Arsenal by Kosta Tsipis
- 95 THE LONDON LITERATURE MARKET JAMES ATLAS
Naming the thirteen best commodities
- 98 BOOKS/THE FAILURE OF ECONOMIC MANAGEMENT ROBERT J. SAMUELSON
Presidential Economics by Herbert Stein
- 103 SHORT REVIEWS PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS
- 4 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 108 THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DECLINE OF GRAMMAR

Geoffrey Nunberg, in "The Decline of Grammar" (December *Atlantic*), asserts that "a composition teacher would not dare to reduce a student's grade on the grounds that his metaphors were flat, or that his sentences were choppy, though correct."

I do not know the descriptive features of a "flat metaphor," but I would not dare to face the chairman of the Department of English and the director of the writing program at Ball State University if I had not reduced any students' grades by a minimum of approximately one half a grade point, on the grounds of choppy sentences, trite vocabulary, or inappropriate metaphors. I am most proud to report that, by written policy and carefully supervised practice, administrators and faculty in our English Department do "hold that elegance of expression [can] really be taught" by example, practice, revision, and attendance to the craft of writing. I am, furthermore, very proud to believe that no English teacher educated by me would dare to face my judgment after renouncing this faith and hope.

MERLE FIFIELD

Professor of English
Ball State University
Muncie, Ind.

Geoffrey Nunberg calls our attention to popular usages that, while not grammatical, have grown increasingly frequent. His article ignores, however, nonlinguistic implications of linguistic change. For example, the terms *offensive* and *defensive* have been altered almost beyond recognition in the past decade and a half. In the good old days, those who initiated attacks were "on the offensive." Not today, it seems. Such actions are described as "pre-emptive strikes" or even as "defensive measures."

This newly emerging definition of "defense" as used by governments threatens us in a very real way. We ignore violations of arms agreements by allies and even commit our own acts of aggression under the guise of "defense." Those of us who teach history find students confused

by such linguistic distortions. What is at stake in linguistic change, then, is not mere intellectual exercise. Hopefully, I have not inferred something which the author did not mean to imply.

LOIS A. AROIAN, PH.D.
Washington, D.C.

Geoffrey Nunberg writes: "What linguists have not understood . . . is that standard English and good English are different things."

As long ago as 1909, Professor George Philip Krapp, of Columbia, wrote in his *Modern English*, "In the first place, there should be a clear understanding of the difference between 'good English' and 'conventional' or 'standard English'; and he went on to develop his distinction at some length. In 1969, Krapp's book was reprinted with a "Reviser's Foreword" by Albert H. Marckwardt, of Michigan and Princeton. From Krapp and others the habit of distinguishing between *good* and *standard* spread widely.

A distinction is still drawn in textbooks for prospective teachers, such as Martha Kolln's *Understanding English Grammar* (New York, 1982); and to my knowledge, a distinction has been taught for years, pretty much as a commonplace, at universities as diverse as those of Texas at Houston-in-the-Hills and California at Berkeley, the latter not far removed from the fastness of Palo Alto.

One purveyor of the commonplace (*College English*, November, 1976, p. 237) has accepted the old characterization of standard English as "the language actually used in the conduct of our nation's important affairs, which will generally be gobbledygook or double-speak," but at the same time has argued the value of "a loved and respected language of literary tradition, the language not of a privileged class but of an educated class, a socially conscious and conscientious class."

JAMES SLEDD

Department of English
University of Texas
Austin, Tex.

According to Geoffrey Nunberg, just about any form of grammar or usage is acceptable except purism, which

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he describes as “unwarranted tyranny over usage.”

Consider, by analogy, sexual conduct, which runs from licentiousness to puritanism. Nunberg would have us tolerate the libertine who says “If it feels good, it’s okay” and condemn the prude who says “Such conduct is morally reprehensible.”

For those of us in the middle, the libertine linguists seem shallow and the purist prudes sanctimonious. But, when faced with a choice, we end up deciding, “That may be all right for some people, but I don’t do it.” We opt for a standard, and as all people with standards tend to do, look down on those who fail to meet the standard.

Perhaps the traditional grammarians are, like their prudish brethren, intolerant nit-pickers, but their insistence that there be standards and their willingness to flay transgressors provide a useful public service.

Simply put, Mr. Nunberg, if you went to court you would want a disinterested judge, and not an uninterested one, but most of all you would want one who knows the difference.

LAWRENCE GREY
Judge, Fourth District
Court of Appeals
Athens, Ohio

I have just read Geoffrey Nunberg’s article about we must be tolerant, and thank him for me. I never liked rules so have decided now that my writing is ok. But one thing still worries me just a little, why did Mr. Nunberg write with such proper style, and even correct spelling and punctuation? Could it be that he and the other linguists have their tongues up their sleeves?

F. C. HAYES
Department of Romance Languages
and Literatures
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Geoffrey Nunberg disposed of “hopefully,” but why did he leave the inane “at this point in time” go unremonstrated?

ELLIOT J. HOWARD, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

It would be a joy to have Mr. Nunberg’s views on the subjunctive if he were so inclined.

MARY ELIZABETH GALBRAITH
Seattle, Wash.

Geoffrey Nunberg replies:

Professor Sledd is right in his observations, but I suspect that we are talking at cross-purposes. When I said that linguists don’t distinguish between standard English and good English, I didn’t mean that they argued that the standard variety is better than others. That is, in fact, what they have been at pains to deny. The question is whether the “good English” embodied in traditional rules is simply standard English by another name, in which case the traditional grammarians were merely apologists for the speech of the ruling classes. That has been the general position of linguists since the 1930s, as exemplified by the linguist whom I quoted in my article.

I don’t understand how Judge Grey can believe that the usages he disapproves of are “all right for some people,” and at the same time can “look down on those who fail to meet the standard.” If ever I find myself before Judge Grey, I hope he will look down on me with more tolerance. I accept that what I say may be held against me, but I would as soon the court ignored the way I said it.

If I read F. C. Hayes’s witty letter right, it imputes to me the position that we need no rules at all. I said only that we ought to be able to give solid justifications for the rules we insist on. It may be, of course, that Mr. Hayes finds few people capable of thinking for themselves about usage; in that case, it would follow that the only thing that stands between us and linguistic anarchy is the rote imposition of an inflexible grammatical code.

As for the particular points of grammar that readers raise: we all have our favorite nits, and I picked mine. I agree with Dr. Howard that “at this point in time” is unfortunate; the ridicule it has justifiably evoked is one more indication of the present tendency to pay more attention to the spoken language than traditional grammarians did. As for Ms. Galbraith’s apparent nostalgia for the subjunctive, I find the past subjunctive (“If he were . . .”) pleasant to have around the house. The present subjunctive is still very much alive in clauses expressing obligation (“I demand that he be censured”), but its use after if and unless (“If it be now . . .”) seems to me warranted only in costume drama, where, like zounds and methinks, it lends a nice period flavor. Dr. Aroian is certainly right to object to the way people use expressions like “defensive measures” and

“pre-emptive strikes,” but their offense is against truth, not grammar.

THE NEW IMMIGRANTS

As a working U.S. immigration officer, I wish that my colleagues and I could be as sanguine about the effects of large-scale legal and illegal immigration as James Fallows in his article “Immigration” in the November *Atlantic*. Ostensibly writing from an informed humanitarian perspective, he has actually embraced social Darwinism, condoned violations of the immigration law, and presented an inaccurate picture of immigration today.

Unfortunately, the typical migrant to the U.S. is not a heroic and virtuous figure who will save us from economic and spiritual malaise. Given the complete breakdown of enforcement both at our borders and in the interior, and the rote approval of visas, the average migrant is far more likely to be an ordinary fellow without any special charisma, job skills, or education. He uses social services, consumes resources, and usually takes or aspires to jobs American residents do or would fill. Since the migrant is self-selected and unpoliced, he could also be an opportunist, a criminal, or an immoral person. No one writes headlines about the migrants who fail in the U.S.

If large-scale immigration is obviously beneficial in this post-technological age, why are the world’s advanced nations so selective in accepting immigrants? The twenty-first century does not belong to the nation with the greatest number of menial workers willing to work long hours for low pay. Many despicable practices of the past provided short-term “benefits” to the economy—slavery, indentured servitude, child labor, unsafe shops, etc. Similarly, I don’t think the United States should exploit a subclass of illegal aliens supposedly relegated to menial work. To the extent that aliens advance into middle-class jobs, business, and the professions, they are directly competing with Americans. Fallows would rather encourage substantial immigration than invest in the undeveloped human potential of more than 200 million Americans. He condemns those Americans who are not making it (“the lower-class cultural problem”) to a survival-of-the-fittest struggle with the desperate poor of the world who are entering the United States.



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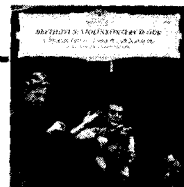
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A national consensus to numerically limit immigration has existed since 1921. The laissez-faire of the frontier, open-immigration period has given way to an expensive commitment to ensure equal rights and fundamental social services for all residents. Many of today's problems, be they budget deficits, overpopulation, resource depletion, pollution, ethnic-linguistic chauvinism, crime, or unemployment, are exacerbated by excessive immigration. That a Third World immigrant stepping off a plane in the United States today can lawfully claim affirmative-action preference in the marketplace tomorrow is but one explosive example of immigration side effects in the modern era.

The pending Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill fails to ensure that enforcement will be the top priority. During a long debate, while the immigration crisis has worsened, the underbudgeted, understaffed Immigration Service has relaxed enforcement and adjudication standards in keeping with a trend toward catering to pro-immigration special interests. A universal worker-identification system must be developed, and strict penalties exacted against unpatriotic and unscrupulous employers who hire persons without lawful authority to work. Amnesty for illegal aliens must be deferred until enforcement measures are proved to be working and then, if warranted, extended to those illegals with a substantial equity here. Certainly, amnesty for a mere one to three years of illegal physical presence, contemplated in the Simpson-Mazzoli bill, is unwise.

Any of the legitimate benefits of immigration cited by Fallows could be fully realized without many of the drawbacks by the more careful selection of fewer legal immigrants, perhaps a generous maximum of 350,000 to 400,000 annually among immediate relatives, skilled workers, and refugees. As a sovereign nation, the United States does not owe huge numbers of foreigners the right to claim residence simply because they prefer to come, or because the country allowed unlimited immigration in 1875 and 1905.

JOEL DORFMAN
Malden, Mass.

James Fallows's article on immigration was, for the most part, a well-conceived and informative historical analysis of the effects of immigration on our nation of immigrants. Of particular in-

terest was the story of the Nguyen family, whose endeavors and successes were related in support of Mr. Fallows's view that new immigrants possess ingenuity and perseverance, which contribute to economic growth, to the benefit of all. In light of Mr. Fallows's reliance on the story of the Nguyens to illustrate his views, however, his recommendation that the concept of the "immediate" family, as opposed to the "extended" family, be used in implementing the policy favoring reunification is something of a paradox.

Many immigrants to the United States come from societies that place more emphasis on the "extended" family than is generally customary in the United States. To them, the term "family" means what Mr. Fallows calls the "extended" family, rather than the "nuclear" or "immediate" family, consisting of only husband, wife, and children. Although these immigrants may be anxious and willing to adapt to the language and many of the customs and life-styles of the United States, they are not at all anxious, nor should they be required, to relinquish their concept of family.

An immigration policy limiting the provisions favoring family reunification to encompass only the "immediate" family would eliminate some of the reasons why new immigrants stimulate and contribute to economic growth through their ingenuity and perseverance. The example cited by Mr. Fallows suggests that perhaps it is not individual "independent" immigrants who adapt and become successful and responsible citizens but those immigrants who view themselves as one part of a larger social order and feel a sense of responsibility toward others.

LORI J. TSANG
Washington, D.C.

James Fallows's "Immigration" is one of the best-written and best-researched pieces I have ever read. As a detention worker with Mexican-American gang youth, I was thrilled to see this factual piece in your magazine.

MARIANNE LOBASSO
Los Alamitos, Calif.

I am a Vietnamese immigrant living in Boston, and I would like to explain that the mayor of Santa Ana, California, was wrong about Indochinese refugees' eating cats as "a delicacy." In fact, cats are considered unlucky in our culture, and we never even kill them because

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their ghosts will bring you three years' bad luck unless you make special offerings to the spirits. What the mayor probably saw was skinned fish drying on the line to preserve them. My adoptive family also used to dry fish this way in the basement when they first came to Boston from Ireland.

Furthermore, very few Vietnamese immigrants in America are as successful as the family in the Fallows article. A few people who came in 1975 are doing well, but the boat people who came later are still struggling, and still need a lot of help with language and job training so that they can work. In my opinion, the family in your story is one in a thousand.

HONG PHUNG DUONG
Dorchester, Mass.

James Fallows replies:

It is depressing to read that Joel Dorfman is an immigration officer, for his views could hardly be less carefully thought out. He is also untypical of the sixty-odd immigration officers I talked with, from California to Florida.

True, today's average immigrant is an "ordinary fellow"—as yesterday's was. He could be a "criminal, or an immoral person," but by and large he is not. Except for the small number of psychopaths shipped over from Cuba in 1980, immigrants as a group are more law-abiding than the native citizenry. As I tried to explain in my article, there is a vigorous debate about the economic impact of immigration. On balance, I believe, the evidence goes against Mr. Dorfman's assertions that immigrants draw on public resources.

Nearly all other nations (Canada is the main exception) are more selective in their immigration policies because they have traditionally defined citizenship in ethnic or racial as well as political terms. It is because the United States is different that my ancestors were able to come here. Unless Mr. Dorfman is descended from an American Indian or an African slave, the same is true of him.

Mr. Dorfman also fails to distinguish between legal and illegal immigration. The principal difference is the low ceiling on an illegal immigrant's economic rise. Because he can aspire to few jobs other than dishwasher, farm laborer, or minimum-wage factory worker, he competes unfairly against the Americans who in his absence would hold such jobs. The jobs themselves would become more attractive if employers were denied il-

legal labor and had to entice a legal work force. The Simpson-Mazzoli bill, which Mr. Dorfman disdains, would do most of what he recommends toward reducing illegal immigration.

I hardly "condemned" the Americans who are proving economically less successful than some immigrants. Instead, I said that the genius of America has been in its ability to harness the energies of ambitious, diverse people—and that the threat to American cohesion has been the possible estrangement of one group from the rest. The greatest risk of this estrangement, I argued, now involves members of the black lower class who see little evidence that it is worth investing their time in schooling or low-paying jobs. Illegal immigration probably increases the obstacles to the advancement of this class. But the blacks I interviewed and quoted suggested that the culture of the black underclass was a problem deserving of serious but separate attention.

As Lori Tsang points out, part of the Nguyens' success was due to the extraordinary bonds among members of an extended family. Yet precisely because current immigration law gives such preference to extended-family connections, under normal circumstances none of the Nguyens would ever have qualified for legal entry into this country. (They were admitted only because the United States, having fought for years in Vietnam, accepted responsibility for many postwar refugees.) Yes, in other countries the extended family is emphasized more than it is in the United States, but is this a good reason to rig our laws so as to benefit a handful of families while excluding everyone else? Because more people want to come to this country than we can conceivably accept, immigration laws are inevitably unfair and cruel. But it seems to me slightly less unfair to open the doors to more independent immigrants than to lock them out so that the fifth and sixth siblings of the Nguyen or the Martinez family can come.

The Nguyen family, as I said in my article, cannot be considered typical. Other Vietnamese, less well educated in their homeland, have remained in minimum-wage jobs or have not found work at all. But the Nguyens are more representative—of Vietnamese and of legal immigrants in general—than Hong Phung Duong suggests. I wrote about them because they exemplify the entre-

preneurial and self-improving behavior quite broadly evident in the large Vietnamese communities of Southern California and Texas.

SOUTH KOREA

Having worked in South Korea as a missionary since 1967, I thought that Sanford J. Ungar's article "South Korea: 'Old Ally, New Competitor'" (December *Atlantic*) was well written and balanced. The author is right in saying that "the press . . . has virtually given up under government pressure." He is also correct in stating that the officially tolerated "opposition" now consists of small parties who quarrel over details but go along with most of what the president wants.

The writer seems, however, to be unaware of a serious development taking place in the churches. On November 19, 1980, just three days after taking over all of the mass media, the Chun government announced it would also move against 110 "unapproved" theological seminaries, requiring them to be totally phased out of operation by the end of 1983. These "unapproved" schools, however, are essential in supplying pastors and workers for some 2,500 evangelical Christian congregations throughout the land. Thirty intend to reopen next March, ignoring government orders.

If the South Korean government carries through with its threats to fine and then jail in order to destroy these schools, there will soon be much more than political repression and economic exploitation in South Korea. There will be religious oppression of the worst sort. And that is when a country I once defended to the hilt will no longer enjoy my support.

ROBERT S. RAPP
President, The Korea Presbyterian
Theological Seminary
Leola, Pa.

When Sanford J. Ungar mentioned the Korean War participants, he neglected to add that Canada contributed 25,709 servicemen to the United Nations force under American command. Canada formed part of the Commonwealth Brigade, along with other British Commonwealth nations.

A total of 22,066 soldiers served in the Canadian Army in Korea, 3,621 sailors in the Royal Canadian Navy, and twen-

ty-two flyers in the Royal Canadian Air Force, the airmen being attached to the USAF.

Nine sailors and 311 soldiers were killed in action.

GAVIN MURPHY
Ottawa, Ont.

Sanford J. Ungar writes: "In the South an elderly Princeton graduate named Syngman Rhee emerged as the leader." Mr. Ungar either does not know how Rhee achieved leadership and eventual office or is himself a revisionist of history.

In 1945, Syngman Rhee had been out of his native country for thirty years. When he returned, he did so with the blessings of the Truman Administration, which feared a truly free election of nationalist Koreans who had been released from Japanese prisons in September and October of 1945. Rhee was foisted upon a people who earnestly believed in our promises of free elections and democracy.

The American-stage-managed arrival of an unknown Korean was the prologue to Rhee's sixteen years of oppressive

rule, during which time human rights and democracy were what the South Koreans yearned for, fought for in a devastating war against the North, and have not achieved to this day. Our troops remain as a guarantee that true democracy will never threaten American investments there.

EDMUND MORRIS
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sanford J. Ungar replies:

Both Mr. Rapp and Mr. Morris offer further evidence of the complex problem that South Korea poses for American foreign policy. Every postwar South Korean ruler, from Syngman Rhee through Chun Doo Hwan, has depended on support from the United States—and especially the U.S. military—to stay in power, and so Americans have shared the credit or blame for the actions of those rulers. Mr. Morris's reminder of how Rhee came to power helps explain why so many South Koreans believe that the United States has supported repression in their country; it is also worth remembering that Rhee was overthrown, in 1960, largely because of student protests

against his regime and his loss of U.S. backing.

Mr. Rapp provides one more example of the tests now facing not only the Chun government but also the Reagan Administration. The churches and the universities are the only remaining arenas of open dissent in South Korea, and if the current regime suppresses them, with American acquiescence, the only interests that will be served are those of North Korea, which believes that instability in the South is a necessary prerequisite for the advancement of its own aggressive intentions.

The United States achieved a major breakthrough when it successfully counseled restraint on the part of the South after the Korean Airliner incident and the Rangoon bombing; if it could have a similar effect on the Chun government's policies toward domestic dissent, then the people (as distinct from the government) of South Korea would hold the United States in higher esteem.

Mr. Murphy is right, of course, to point out that Canadians were among the people who made profound sacrifices during the Korean War.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON SEE IF ANYBODY SALUTES



THE FIRST THINGS we noticed were the flags. My wife and I had been driving through downtown Washington on a Saturday afternoon in November when we turned a corner and met the head of a column of 20,000 demonstrators, coming the other way. For the next hour, the marchers' flags flapped around our car: dozens of red-and-black Sandinista battle flags, several Cuban and Chilean flags, Puerto Rican flags—and one American flag, which appeared to have been spattered with mud.

Those who commit themselves to a cause crave illogical, emotional symbols of their feelings—like flags. How else can we explain the importance of National Liberation Front (Vietcong) flags and posters of Mao and Che during the protests against the Vietnam War? Today's pat explanation is that those flags betrayed a plainly "anti-American" attitude. That is a literal-minded simplification of emotions too unfocused to be easily named. Something in the banners of the sixties seemed an emblem of everything that the people who marched beneath them found inspiring. Something in the Sandinista flag must have held the same meaning for those who marched that Saturday to protest American policy in Central America.

The rest of the public is no less sensitive to symbols, yet for the majority of Americans the symbols cherished by the

left are blasphemous. The NLF flags and the pictures of Chairman Mao, stirring as they were to many who carried them, delayed the moment when most Americans would agree that the Vietnam War had to end. The Sandinista flags are just as self-defeating.

The right, in general, is comfortable invoking religious and patriotic symbolism. The left is not. The left often thinks that it is enough to figure out the proper policy and preach it to the converted; the right has recently taken more care to sell its point of view to those who might not initially agree, using the arguments and symbols to which the public most readily responds. Over the past six years, the far right succeeded in promoting its supply-side program for economic policy, even though the something-for-nothing nature of the plan defies common sense. In theory, the left should be able to advance its case against military adventur-

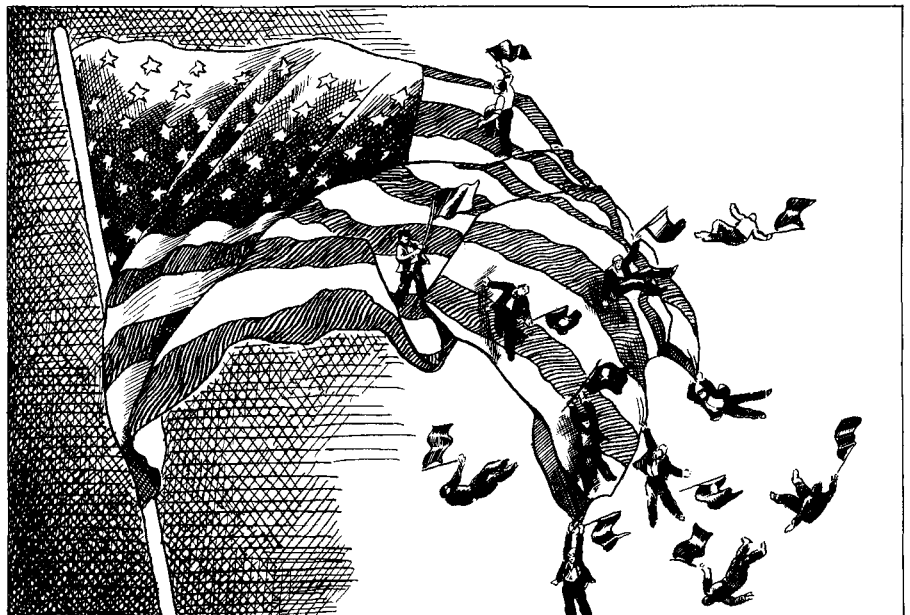
ism by capitalizing on the widespread fear that the United States may be caught in another guerrilla war. But when its arguments come wrapped in the Sandinista flag, they're dead from the start.

In his book *Vietnam*, Stanley Karnow tells how Ngo Dinh Diem won a crushing victory over the figurehead emperor Bao Dai in a referendum held in 1955. Diem designed the ballots so that those for him were red, the Vietnamese color of good luck, while his opponent's were green, signifying misfortune. Diem won by an overwhelming margin.

Here is a lesson from which those who want to change American foreign policy can profit. Why not a demonstration led by the Stars and Stripes?

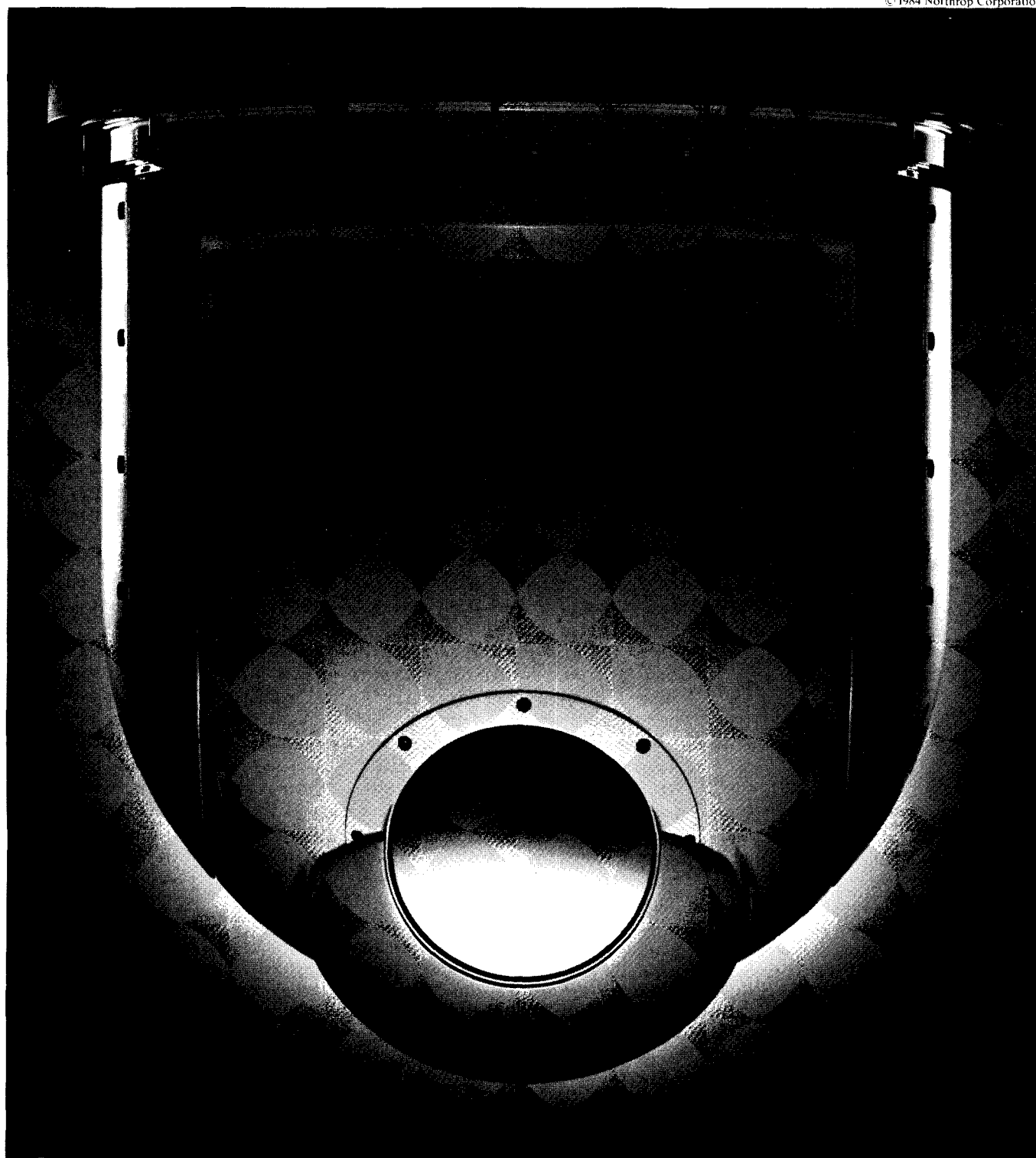
—James Fallows

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic.



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PUBLIC HEALTH MISFORTUNE'S CATALOGUE

*"There shall no evil happen unto thee:
neither shall any plague come
nigh thy dwelling."*

—The Book of Common Prayer



UNTIL RECENTLY, THOSE words were my belief and consolation, and I passed a placid three decades on the planet fearing not the pestilence that walketh in the darkness nor the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

To be sure, I endured my share of the usual maladies, and even an operation or two, but the afflictions always ran their course—"resolved," as the medical journals would have it. I was not obsessed with the fecal-coliform count of my drinking water and never wondered whether the source of that water might be a spring surfacing within a fenced hog lot. I considered roughly nil my chances of contracting otitis from *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* in a mobile redwood hot tub. Pruritic rash and occasional urticaria associated with gypsy-moth caterpillars did not concern me, nor did Siamese-cat-borne tularemia, nor renal disease caused by the naphthalene in mothballs. I did not insist, as of course I do now, that foreign-exchange students be swabbed with Betadine and don antiseptic gauze masks should they wish to make my acquaintance.

I was shaken from complacency two years ago, by a little magazine called

Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report, which is published by the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta. For reasons I have been unable to establish, the publication began arriving at my office, addressed to me by name, on November 6, 1981. The etiology of the subscription matters little, however. The fact is, no other journal has so quickly commanded my attention and earned my respect.

This may come as a surprise to those who have only skimmed an issue or two at the county morgue, for the publication lacks the slick appeal of *National Geographic*, *Country Life*, and other standard waiting-room fare. A typical issue of *MMWR*, as the magazine is familiarly known, consists of sixteen pages—six inches by eight-and-one-half inches in size, the paper nonglossy, the type sans serif, the ink black. The editorial demeanor is brisk and businesslike, redolent of competence and devoid of levity. The gray text is enlivened only by tables and charts. These, however, are formidable instruments, and they tend to reinforce the average citizen's reluctance to "become a statistic." That, at least, is my experience.

There is always one table listing the number of deaths (by cause) in 121 U.S. cities during the previous reporting period. Another records the incidence of "specified notifiable diseases." From my second issue I learned that in New York City alone there had been eight reported cases of leprosy during the first ten months of 1981. Nationwide, there had been nine reported cases of plague: all bubonic or septicemic and not, thank heavens, pneumonic, of which only one case has been diagnosed in this country since 1925 (that in 1980, however—

chillingly close to the present). By the end of 1981, the total number of plague incidents had risen to thirteen. Six of the victims were Indians (five Navajo, one Hopi). The onset of the illness was attributed in one instance to the skinning of an infected bobcat.

By presenting such data in the same format week after week, for city after city, the editors betray their confidence that mankind's most dreadful complaints (and, therefore, the magazine itself) are in for a long run.

THE REAL APPEAL OF *MMWR* to a layman like me—most of the journal's 54,445 subscribers are physicians doing front-line duty—lies less in its admirable accretion of statistics than in its feature stories. Three or four of these appear in every number, bearing titles like "Niacin Intoxication from Pumpernickel Bagels—New York," "Food-Borne Illness due to Inadvertent Consumption of Marijuana—California," "An Outbreak of *Pseudomonas* Folliculitis Associated with a Waterslide—Utah," and "Contamination of Potable Water by Phenol from a Solar Water Tank Liner—Georgia." Because the editors avidly solicit "accounts of interesting cases, outbreaks, environmental hazards, or other public health problems" from their correspondents around the country, the menu is delectably varied.

A dentist in Charlottesville, Virginia, writes to report an alarming rate of tooth-enamel erosion among competitive swimmers in his care—the result, it is learned, of acid concentrations 100,000 times the recommended level in a local pool. Following a Colorado blizzard, Denver hospitals report fourteen snowblower-related amputations, the casualty in most instances being a single (male) finger, usually the middle digit. In Puerto Rico, Florida, Texas, and New York, doctors are surprised to find seventy-seven refugee Haitian males developing breasts, possibly owing to a hormone imbalance brought on by the victims' suddenly improved diet. In California, public-health officials recount the aftermath of an attack by a single rabid dog in a Yuba County parking lot: seventy people received anti-rabies prophylaxis, 2,000 dogs were vaccinated, and 300 cats and dogs had to be destroyed. (I was sorry about the dogs.) The total cost came to \$105,790.

The *Weekly Report* is quite high on rabies, and, I might add, rightly so. In a

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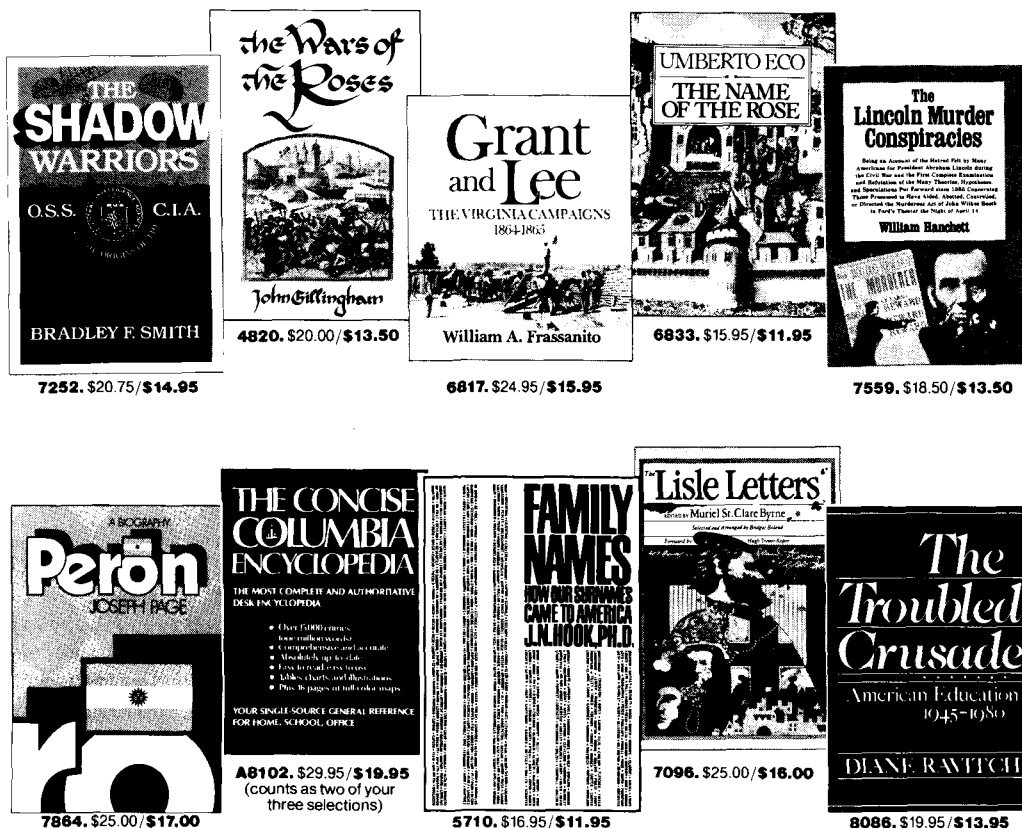
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survey published in February of 1982, the journal noted that "documented rabies in animals [has] doubled in the last three years" and warned particularly of an increasing incidence of the disease among domestic dogs and cats. After a case of bovine rabies was diagnosed in Pennsylvania, the warning was extended to cows. (The animal, which had been infected by a bat, was "subsequently euthanized.") By November, *MMWR* was calling attention to a rabies outbreak among wild raccoons in the mid-Atlantic region. The editors soon passed the word that the epidemic was radiating outward from its epicenter on the West Virginia border at an unusually fast clip: "approximately 25-50 miles per year."

That rate, I reflected, would bring the frothing creatures to my doorstep in about six months. The prospect of hundreds of raccoons relentlessly trekking toward Washington, D.C., my home address no doubt fixed like a mantra in each corroding cortex, was enhanced a few weeks later by another report—"Epidemic Typhus Associated with Flying Squirrels"—and the subsequent realization that any ground attack would inevitably have air support.

ONE UNUSUAL characteristic of the writing in *MMWR* is its high caliber. The editors achieve a crisp, lucid, oddly vivid style suggestive of Hemingway as retold by Strunk and White. Each summary, like the affliction it describes, has a precisely defined beginning, middle, and end. Satisfied that the facts will carry the story, the editors do not play games. One article begins: "On April 28, 1981, a 35-year-old man was seen in a Modesto, California, hospital emergency room for nausea, vomiting, dark urine, and jaundice. He reported contact two-three weeks earlier with an ill friend who had 'yellow eyes'."

Given the nature of *MMWR*, where no news is good news and there is never no news, even the most innocent of topic sentences conveys an atmosphere of grim foreboding. "On June 27, 1981, a 17-year-old American arrived in Kenya as an exchange student. . . ." The veteran subscriber need read no further to envision the boy on a shimmering tarmac in Nairobi, suitcase in hand, a putrid haze of exotic pathogens misting his epidermis, the pores obligingly dilated by heat for easy penetration. Sure enough, the lad has a date with Chloroquine-resis-

tant falciparum malaria (from which, after suitable agony, he recovers).

Judging from the frequency of the phrase's appearance in *MMWR*, I have the impression that "something-resistant" is a kind of Bronze Star (with oak-leaf cluster) that has been earned by all too many of the planet's least law-abiding microzoa. During the past two years I have encountered multi-resistant *Salmonella*, Methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus*, Spectinomycin-resistant *Neisseria gonorrhoeae*, Dapsone-resistant *Mycobacterium leprae*, and an abundance of other noisome pathogens that seem capable of resisting everything except a potential host ("host" being *MMWR*'s euphemism for me).

But there are many doors to let out life other than those held open by microscopic predators. Indeed, the journal's periodic winter survey of hypothermia episodes and carbon-monoxide intoxication, as well as its occasional warm-weather roundup of reports from selected local coroners (e.g., "Aquatic Deaths and Injuries—United States," a regular summertime feature), provide a refreshing change of pace. From time to time, the *Weekly Report* will also pause to celebrate a medical landmark—the centennial of Robert Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus, say—or to remark the progress of some worldwide clean-up effort, such as the Diarrheal Diseases Control Program. But the magazine's editors are clearly happiest when they have a mugging to report: a case of assault by viral or bacterial agents, preferably abetted by chains of coincidence.

In a Texas home, a mouse is trapped and killed in the bathroom. Within days, five family members, infected by *Rickettsia typhi* in the feces of the rodent's fleas, come down with murine typhus. In New Mexico, a thirty-one-year-old man awakens to discover his cat savoring a rabbit under the bed, is bitten as he attempts to deposit both outdoors, and four days later develops "fever, rigors, myalgia, non-productive cough, pleuritic pain, and vomiting." In California, a fifty-six-year-old woman bakes a commercial beef pot pie, puts it aside on a kitchen shelf when her husband unexpectedly comes home with a bag of take-out hamburgers, returns to it after two and a half sweltering days, devours it on the spot, and contracts botulism.

To this last report *MMWR* appended an Editorial Note to the effect that heat-resistant (needless to say) *Clostridium*

botulinum is latent "in many fresh, frozen, and other food products." The editors speculated that the initial baking had "killed competing organisms in the [pie] and eliminated much of the oxygen." Left out at "incubator-like temperatures," the spore-forming, anaerobic bacteria were able to germinate with abandon and secrete their lethal toxin.

THE SAD TRUTH is that eating accounts for about half of all episodes of illness or death featured in the *Weekly Report*. And to judge from the recent outbreak of psittacosis among turkey processors in Ohio (not to mention the asthma-like illness that winded crab processors in Alaska), even proximity to foodstuffs can be sufficient to bring on rash, fever, cutaneous vasodilation of the face and trunk, and sometimes death. Animal or vegetable, processed or fresh, cooked or raw, comestibles of every variety are best given a wide berth.

This is particularly advisable if the provender has been prepared by what *MMWR* (with ill-concealed contempt) calls a "food handler." We are all, I expect, familiar with the type. Lie in wait outside a restaurant bathroom and you will often see him emerge, wiping his hands on a soiled apron, ready now to shred the iceberg lettuce or cough into the *crème anglaise*. "Suspected Hepatitis A in a Food Handler—California": in the *Weekly Report*, items like this are commonplace; only the details vary.

Consider the case of one food handler, an unwitting carrier of *Salmonella typhi*, who in 1981 found gainful employment in a tortilla *molino* in San Antonio, Texas. Into his gloveless hands each morning came not only cornmeal to be shaped into tortillas but also *barbacoa* to be deboned. (The *Weekly Report* defines *barbacoa* as "salted, unspiced cow head cooked overnight under steam pressure.") Over an eight-week period, this food handler spread typhoid fever to seventy-two of the *molino*'s patrons. According to *MMWR*, this was the largest "common-source" outbreak of typhoid fever since 1973, when more than 300 workers in a migrant-labor camp in Florida succumbed.

Yet, to be fair, food handlers are sometimes only convenient scapegoats. This was forcefully brought home to me by the 1982 *MMWR* report "Interstate Common-Source Outbreaks of Staphylococcal Food Poisoning." According to the editors, picnic lunches supplied by a sin-



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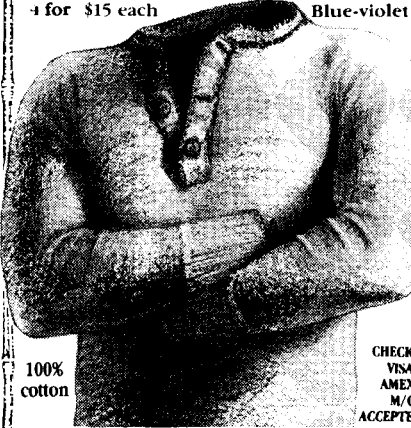
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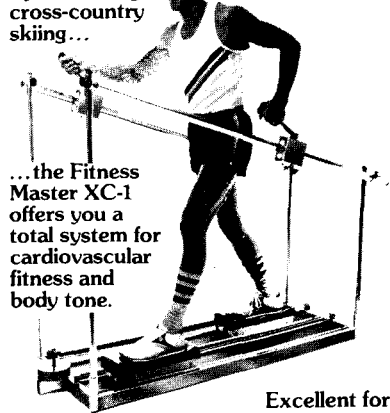
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gle catering establishment in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, sidelined fourteen travelers on a bus in Iredell County, North Carolina (July 21); thirty-three people attending a picnic in Grove City, Pennsylvania (the next day); and fifty-one people on an Ohio River boat trip from Pittsburgh to Waterford Park, West Virginia (August 4). As it turned out, responsibility for the outbreaks lay not with the caterer but with a Brooklyn, New York, supplier of Cryovac-packaged hams whose "cold smoke" method of processing permitted "exposure to bacterial growth temperatures for over six hours." The distributor ultimately repossessed 36,000 pounds of tainted gammon.

One expects this sort of thing from meat, of course, and I no longer touch it. But the prevalence of *Yersinia enterocolitica* among vegetarians in Washington State suggests that a flesh-avoidance posture is but the first step toward an effective program of disease deterrence. In all, eighty-seven cases of gastroenteritis in Washington in 1981 were found to have been caused not by spoiled meat but by "a locally produced brand of tofu, an oriental soybean curd, packed in untreated spring water." Seventeen people were hospitalized and one underwent a partial colectomy. Upon investigation, sanitary practices at the tofu plant, where the employees used an outdoor privy and observed "poor personal hygiene," proved questionable.

THE WEAK OF WILL may be tempted to shrug off MMWR's warnings about food (even though reading the journal during meals is a proven appetite suppressant). But only the foolhardy will ignore the evidence in the *Weekly Report* about other countries. To put it bluntly, foreign lands, along with their products and their peoples and probably their cultures, must be inherently malignant. The sensible person will eschew physical contact with all of the above, even if this requires, as I can attest it does, certain minimal life-style adjustments.

The evidence from MMWR on this matter is, unfortunately, conclusive. April, 1982: A Little League organization in a "southcentral Pennsylvania community" buys 2,928 seven-ounce bags of cashews imported from Mozambique, sells them in the stands, and then watches the bleachers empty as fans go home with "poison ivy-like dermatitis." December, 1982: Black pepper imported

from Brazil infects 126 people with *Salmonella oranienburg*, an infrequent visitor to the developed world. October, 1983: Forty-five people in Washington, D.C., are felled by gastro-intestinal illness after sampling Marcillat brie, made in France.

The journal is filled with reports of travelers acquiring Katayama syndrome (an acute form of schistosomiasis) after rafting on Ethiopia's Omo River; of infants from Calcutta spreading *Salmonella* among their adoptive American families; of U.S. airmen, fresh from Korea, imparting new and puissant strains of *Gonococcus* to stateside affiliates; of dengue fever in a forty-one-year-old man returning from India and the same in a fifty-four-year-old Hispanic male "with a history of travel to Puerto Rico." In an Editorial Note on this last case, the editors attributed the recent increase in epidemic dengue activity in part to the growing frequency of air travel. Jet aircraft, they wrote, provide "an ideal mechanism for dengue virus movement between world population centers."

Not surprisingly, what is good for dengue is also good for measles. During the spring of 1982, MMWR linked eighty-nine cases of measles in Ulster and Dutchess counties, New York, to a student who had recently traveled to the Soviet Union with his high school class. This lad's feat was soon surpassed by that of a fourteen-year-old Dade County, Florida, youth who, while vacationing in Latin America, "had face-to-face contact with a cousin in Peru who had fever and a generalized maculopapular rash." Upon the boy's return to the United States, he exhaled with every breath a disease-laden effluvium that went on to infect 203 people in fifty-seven different schools, four day-care centers, one community college, and a military academy.

FOR ALL ITS merits, the *Weekly Report* seems to fail in one important respect: never does it give its readers any general advice about how, in the face of what is clearly an unrelenting assault, to protect life and limb. The editors do provide explicit solutions to specific problems: Avoid contact with dead rodents. Keep irrigation pipes away from electric power lines. Stay away from silos freshly filled with corn. Don't use mothballs as an air freshener. Ventilate the indoor firing range. Other precautions can be inferred: Decline cream-filled pastries on cruise ships. Turn away

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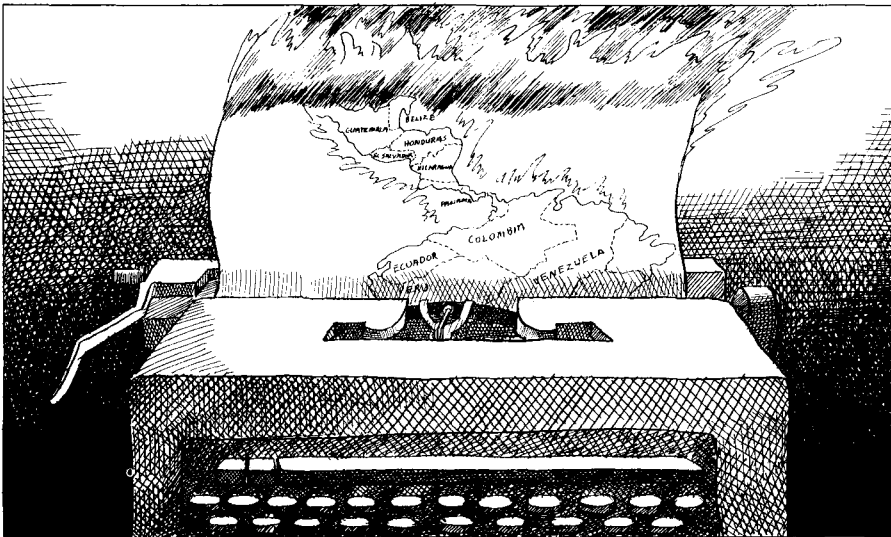
door-to-door prostitutes. Wear a face mask when swimming in sewage. All such advice is well taken, I concede. But the editors have shrunk from distilling their thousands of sensible injunctions into a handful of life-saving tips.

Perhaps, upon reflection, that is as it should be, for any such tips would likely prove as reliable as those of a race-track tout. While the journal could reasonably counsel the health-conscious to avoid flora, fauna, and food, along with air, aliens, and anything aquatic, the determined few adhering to this regimen

might yet be crushed in their sleep (cf. "Hospital Bed-Associated Deaths—Canada, United States") or run over by a reaper (cf. "Farm-Tractor Associated Deaths—Georgia"). No, the editors of *MMWR* are not given to self-delusion. In their stoic refusal to promise panaceas, they acknowledge the proficiency of caprice and the feebleness of our deterrent.

—Cullen Murphy

Cullen Murphy is the senior editor of *The Wilson Quarterly*.



LATIN AMERICA A MEDIA STEREOTYPE

*Intellectuals who advocate a
"Cuban" solution for the countries
of Latin America employ a
double standard*



SOME TIME AGO, I read an interview with the famous German novelist Günter Grass—he was on a visit to Nicaragua at the time—in which he said that the countries of Latin America would not resolve their problems until they followed "the Cuban example." This is the prescription that many novelists and intellectuals propose for our ills, but I was surprised to hear it (if he was correctly quoted) from the author of *The Tin Drum*.

Günter Grass is one of the most original of contemporary novelists, and I have to say that his are among the books I

would take were I forced to retreat to a desert island; I would take his alone if I were required to choose but one modern European writer. My admiration for him is political as well as literary. His active defense of democratic socialism, his campaigning alongside Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt, his energetic rejection of all forms of authoritarianism and totalitarianism, have always seemed to me to be a model of good sense and a healthy counterweight—constructive and reformist in the best sense of the term—to the apocalyptic position of so many modern intellectuals who, for reasons of either opportunism or naiveté, have endorsed dictatorship and crime as serious political options.

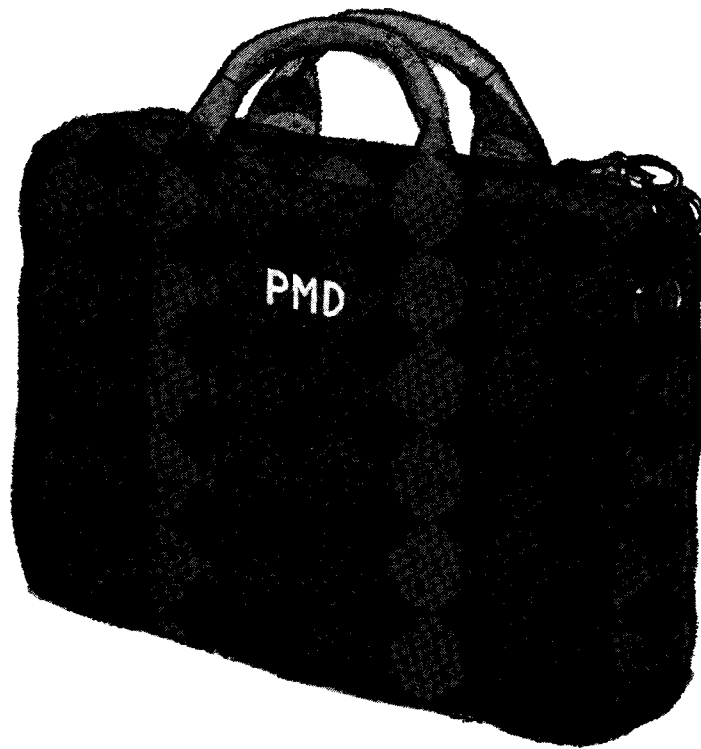
In this connection, I recall a polemic in West Germany a few years back between Grass and Heinrich Böll, concerning a bouquet of flowers the latter had sent to a rather ferocious young woman "revolutionary" who had struck the West German chancellor in public. Grass explained that, in contrast to Böll—a kind Christian gentleman in whose pallid tales one would never discern the hand

of a person in favor of violence—he did not believe that physical assaults were the best way to resolve political differences, and he would have thought that the German people by now should be aware of the danger of using force as an ideological argument. That position, genuinely democratic and progressive, seemed to me to add far greater moral weight to any condemnation of dictatorships of the right by Günter Grass than there is in such condemnation by those writers who believe that brutality is objectionable in politics only when employed by one's adversaries.

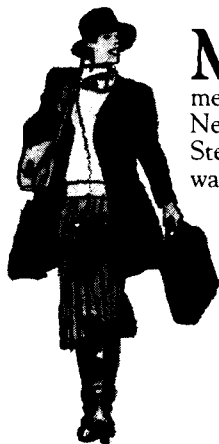
NOW, HOW CAN we square this with Grass's recommending "the Cuban example" to countries like my own? Here is an interesting double standard, an instructive schizophrenia: what is good and suitable for the Federal Republic is neither good nor suitable for Latin America, and vice versa. For West Germany—that is to say, for Western Europe and the developed countries—the ideal is a democratic, reform-minded political system of elections and representative institutions, freedom of expression and the right to organize political parties, in a society at once respectful of individual sovereignty and open, free of censorship and cultural paternalism. For Latin America, on the other hand, the ideal is revolution, the violent seizure of power, the establishment of a single state party, forced collectivization, the bureaucratization of culture, and concentration camps for dissidents. To which one must add: subordination to the interests of the Soviet Union.

What could lead an intellectual like Günter Grass to make such a distinction? Most likely, the traumatic experience of confronting Latin American poverty. That sorry spectacle—the gross inequalities that blacken our societies, the selfishness and insensitivity of our privileged classes, the slow death to which legions of poor people in our countries are condemned—is almost inconceivable to a Western European. The poverty, yes, and the savage conduct that is the trademark of our military dictatorships.

But from an intellectual one has the right to expect a will to objectivity, even in moments of maximum emotional agitation. A Marxist-Leninist dictatorship is no guarantee against hunger; it can even complement the horror of under-



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development with genocide, as the Khmer Rouge, in Cambodia, has surely illustrated. It can also mean oppression so asphyxiating that thousands, maybe millions, of men and women are ready to abandon everything they have and plunge into the sea, so determined to escape that they are willing to defy the sharks. This we have seen in Vietnam and, more recently, in Cuba. An intellectual who believes that freedom is necessary and possible for his own country cannot decide that it is a superfluous luxury for others. At least, he cannot do this until he has become sincerely convinced that hunger, illiteracy, and exploitation render men unsuitable for freedom.

And it is precisely here, I believe, that we come to the point at issue. When an American or European intellectual—or a liberal newspaper or institution—advocates for Latin American countries political options and methods he would never countenance in his own society, he is betraying a fundamental doubt about the capacity of the Latin American countries to achieve the liberty and the respect for the rights of others that prevail in the Western democracies. In most cases, the problem is an unconscious prejudice, an inchoate sentiment, a sort of visceral racism, which these persons—who generally have unimpeachable liberal and democratic credentials—would sharply disavow if they were suddenly to be made aware of it. But in practice—that is to say, in what they say, do, or fail to do, and, above all, in what they write about Latin America—that essential doubt appears and reappears at every turn. Also, it explains the inconsistencies that continually creep into journalistic commentary or interpretations of our histories and our problems. Or proposals by Western intellectuals—such as Günter Grass—to resolve our problems with a kind of regime that would be completely unacceptable to them in their own countries. (In this connection, it is impossible not to recall my discovery, in Spain during the late fifties, that while the Franco regime exercised a strict “moral” censorship over every type of publication, including scientific books, it nonetheless permitted Spanish publishers to produce pornographic literature destined exclusively for export to Spanish-American countries. Apparently the mission of the Spanish censors was to save local souls; the Spanish-Americans could go to hell

by the most expeditious route possible!)

Perhaps this double standard best explains the insulting, mendacious, and slanderous reporting often heaped upon democratic Latin American governments by the Western media. In truth, these regimes are often presented as if they were as bad as the vilest dictatorship. Not long ago I had occasion to protest an article in the London *Times* by Colin Harding, one of the newspaper's Latin American “specialists,” who presented himself as judge, jury, and executioner of Peruvian democracy. But the problem is not restricted to the London *Times*: the most prestigious organs of information in the Western world—dailies like *Le Monde*, in France, and *El País*, in Spain—bulwarks of the democratic system, which hold no brief for those in their own countries who propose totalitarian solutions, in their reporting on Latin America sometimes slant their interpretations in the same way, and for the same reasons, that Günter Grass did. To judge by what they write, one would have to conclude that in the Latin American countries, the bad news is the only “story” worth reporting. This is a policy applied not only to countries suffering under dictatorships—where, after all, it would have a certain justification—but also to those that have managed to emerge from authoritarian regimes and are trying to consolidate their newly won democracy. From these, it would appear, the only things worth reporting are errors and horrors.

THE VIOLATIONS OF human rights that occur—regrettably—in democracies like Peru and Colombia when they have to respond to guerrilla actions or terrorism are always emphasized in the press, whereas one has to search long and hard in the same organs to find any comparable reporting on the violation of human rights in countries where they murder in the name of the revolution and openly proclaim that pistols and bombs—rather than ballots—are the appropriate instruments of political life. The worst slanders to which democratic Latin American governments are subject by their domestic opponents are routinely met with full faith and credit in the foreign press, while any official denial or clarification is treated with exaggerated suspicion, at times as if it were nothing more than a tacit admission of guilt.

The reporting on the Shining Path, the Peruvian terrorist group, is a particular-

ly egregious example. Here is an organization that engages in assassinations, attacks banks and other public institutions, and blows up electrical pylons. These several hundred or, at most, few thousand persons have attained in the Western press more recognition than has, say, the entire population of the Dominican Republic, a country that for some years now has been offering Latin America the admirable example of a democracy in which political parties take turns in government, where there is respect for political differences, where issues are debated in a civilized manner, and—more notable still in the present economic environment—where considerable gains are registered in the battle against underdevelopment. That a country that suffered a horrendous dictatorship and, later, foreign intervention and civil war has been able over a relatively short time to establish and consolidate a democratic regime seems not to arouse the slightest interest in the great democratic organs of the Western world. These are the same journals that pay assiduous attention to the slightest incident involving the Peruvian government in its struggle against terrorism.

Why is this the case? Because these incidents in Peru confirm an existing image, whereas the Dominican situation flies in the face of a stereotype, profoundly rooted in the Western subconscious, by which we are seen as barbarous, uncultured peoples, constitutionally incapable of liberty and eternally condemned to choose between some variant of Augusto Pinochet and Fidel Castro. One need possess no special power of prediction to know that if, to its own misfortune and that of all Latin America, the Dominican Republic were also to fall victim to armed insurrection and terrorism, the condescending commentators of the Western press would rush in to show—even at the price of serious distortions or outright untruths—that Dominican democracy had never really existed; that what we had actually been looking at these past fifteen years was nothing more than a façade, behind which an authoritarian regime had squared off against the rebellious masses.

Do I exaggerate a bit to make my point? Perhaps. But I challenge any researcher to examine the reporting on Latin American countries in the major Western newspapers just mentioned. Without doubt, the balance of the stories

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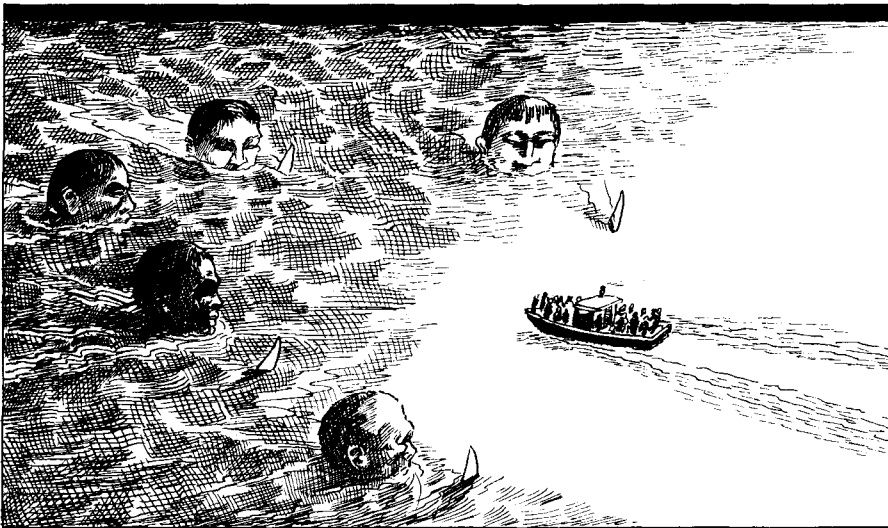
will tend to confirm a skepticism concerning our democratic capabilities—indeed, to reinforce it.

This issue is important, because it involves one of the most extraordinary paradoxes of our time. We Latin Americans who believe that the solution to our problems is to break the cycle of dictatorships (be they of the right or of the left) must face the fact that the sinister obstacles confronting us in our struggle to install and defend democratic systems include not merely the conspiracies of reactionary castes and the insurrectionary impulses of the left but also the lack of understanding—not to say the contempt—of those we take as models and whom we also believe to be our allies.

This does not mean that we must abandon all hope. But we do need to discard certain illusions. The battle for liberty in Latin America will be won strictly by Latin Americans themselves. This must be affirmed against totalitarian countries that wish to annex us to their sphere of influence and (as surprising as it may seem) against certain organs of information and no small number of democratic intellectuals in the free world.

—Mario Vargas Llosa,
translated by Mark Falcoff

Mario Vargas Llosa is a Peruvian novelist. His new novel, The War of the End of the World, will be published in the spring.



THAILAND THE GULF PIRATES

*The boat people face robbery,
abduction, and rape at the hands
of the Thai pirates*



THE NARROW ISTHMUS of South Thailand stretches 800 miles from the bright lights of Bangkok to the wild Malaysian border; it is a region of palm-covered mountains, green rice fields, and alabaster beaches. Flanked by the Andaman Sea and the Gulf of Thailand, South Thailand, a part of the Malay Peninsula, is sparsely populated by a variety of peoples—Thai, Malay, and Chinese—and though their relations with one another are sometimes tense, they are generally

warm and open and friendly to outsiders. Yet, beneath the friendliness and the torpid calm of South Thailand lies a menacing undercurrent: the turquoise waters of the Gulf and the picturesque harbor towns of the coast are among the last strongholds of sea piracy in the twentieth century.

Piracy has been rife in Asia since the advent of seagoing craft. Western records of sea gangs in the Gulf of Thailand and the South China Sea date back to the journals of the early British explorers and traders who sailed these waters, beginning in the late sixteenth century. Operating from bases in China, Singapore, Malaysia, and what is now South Thailand, the region's pirates attacked merchant and passenger vessels alike. Ships were confiscated and their passengers held for ransom.

According to Western officials in Thailand, today's pirates operate in radar- and sonar-equipped fishing trawlers.

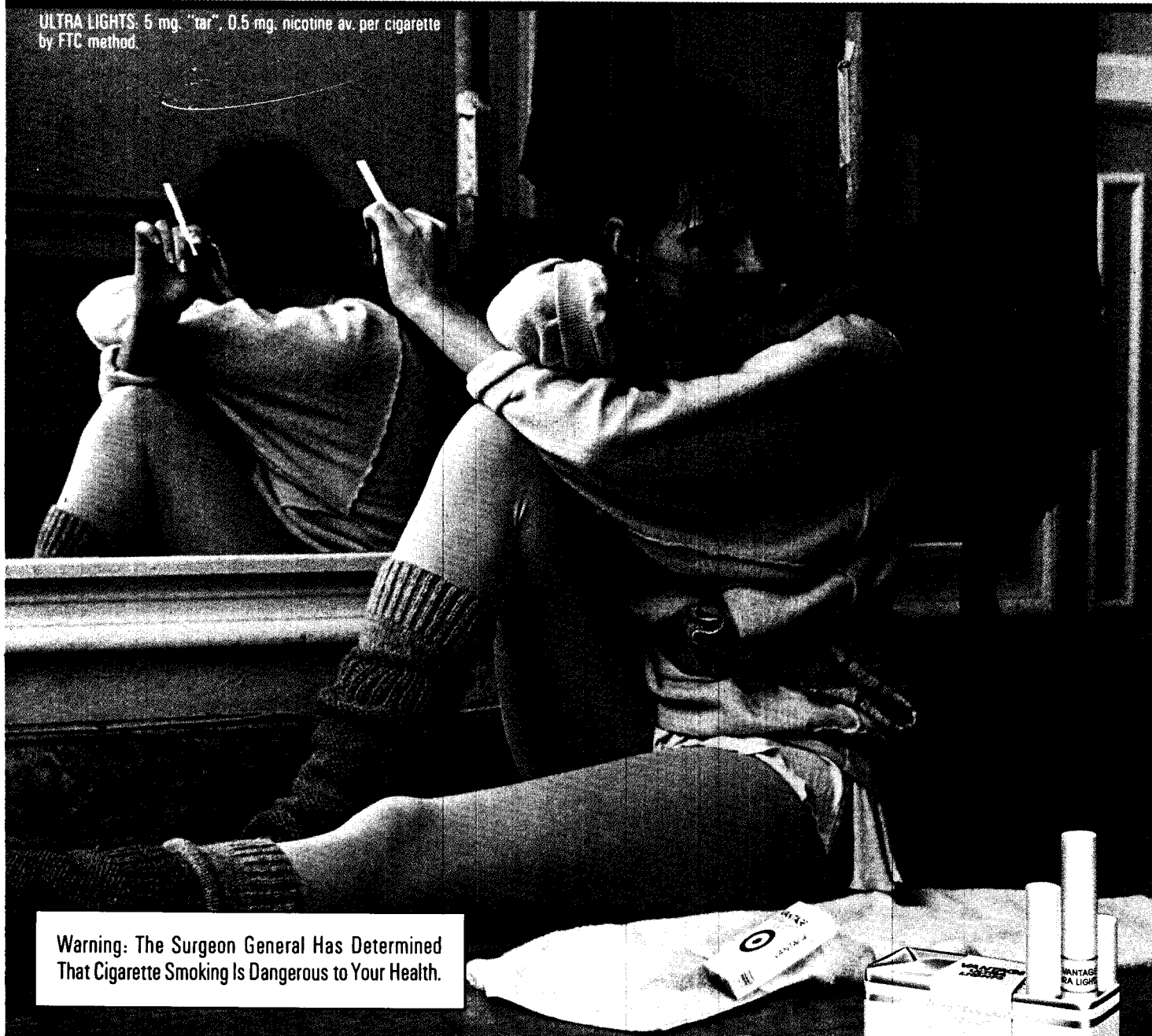
Armed with automatic rifles, they rob fishermen and also smuggle electronics, tin, and drugs. The professional pirates are said to be joined by impoverished fishermen-turned-bandits. Since Thailand's navy is the size of a small coast guard, and the country's limited defense budget is taken up with combating serious national-security problems on its borders, the Thai government has until very recently viewed the piracy problem as no more than a nuisance and has left its solution in the hands of the provincial authorities.

Overshadowed by the wars and insurgencies that have kept the region in turmoil since the Second World War, piracy was generally ignored by the international community until the fall of South Vietnam, in 1975. Since then, however, thousands of desperate refugees fleeing Vietnam in boats have become the most vulnerable prey on the Gulf. The boat people tend to lack sailing experience and to be crowded into less-than-seaworthy craft; up to half of them are said to have perished at sea. Of the more than 500,000 who have landed on foreign shores, large numbers were robbed or beaten or raped or had loved ones murdered or abducted by the Gulf pirates. Last September, after visiting boat-refugee camps in Asia, the United Nations high commissioner for refugees, Poul Hartling, called the piracy "a horrible, appalling situation—one of the most violent acts against people seeking asylum in history."

Songkhla, a provincial capital and one of Thailand's largest fishing ports, lies fifty miles north of the Malaysian border. Its white resort beaches are lined with pine and casuarina trees; its harbor shelters hundreds of colorful trawlers. Nearby, in the center of the town, stand the ancient cannons and stone walls of the fortress that protected the powerful Chinese pirates who once dominated Songkhla's waters. Ten kilometers down the beach, which is dotted with the skeletons of Vietnamese rivercraft, is a poignant sight: the temporary shelter where boat people are officially received into Thailand, thence to be transported to the prisonlike holding center up country, at Sikhiu.

At Songkhla, not long ago, I met a group of Vietnamese girls, aged fourteen to nineteen, who, according to the UN officials who run the shelter, had endured weeks of captivity at the hands of Gulf pirates. They were the only survi-

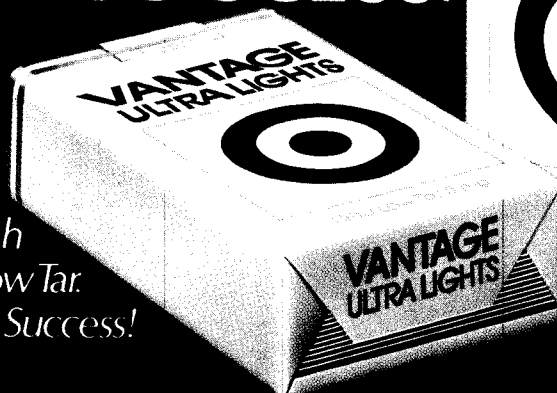
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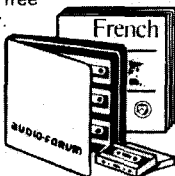
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vors from two refugee boats that had been attacked in international waters. A total of 115 men, women, and children had been lost at sea. The girls joined the melancholy ranks of the more than 50,000 Vietnamese boat refugees in Southeast Asia, increasingly unwanted by host countries like Thailand and, because of refugee quotas, which were recently lowered, unable to gain admittance to the United States. Yet still they come: in 1983, an average of 2,800 a month arrived in Thailand.

Anxiety turns to desolation as the refugees wait months or years, in overcrowded confinement behind barbed wire, for resettlement. The survivors are tormented by the psychological and physical scars of the lost war and the repressive communist regime that followed it. And, according to one estimate, two thirds of them bear the scars of violence encountered at sea.

ON SEPTEMBER 26, two Vietnamese girls, Duon Thi An and Kim Thi Linh, were deposited on a beach near the Malaysian border. I met them when they arrived at the Songkhla camp after a week of medical treatment and questioning by the police. In their gentleness and innocence they reminded me of many other girls I had met years ago, in farm villages in southern Vietnam, when I was a soldier in the U.S. Army.

Sitting at a table in the camp's reception center with the translator employed by the United Nations, the girls told me their story. It was similar to others I heard during my six weeks in Thailand.

An's and Linh's parents—farmers in Vietnam's Mekong Delta—arranged for their escape by paying four ounces of gold (equal to \$1,000 on Vietnam's black market) to an entrepreneur who organizes such departures, providing a boat and bribing the local police. To put that \$1,000 in context: the average Vietnamese farmer makes only \$10 to \$15 a month.

The organizer assured An's and Linh's mothers that the boat would avoid dangerous Thai waters and sail directly to Malaysia. Captained by a schoolteacher with no sailing experience, the thirty-foot craft set sail on the night of August 26. The forty-five passengers shivered and their stomachs heaved as a furious wind and rough waves rocked the small boat. They prayed to their ancestors for protection from Vietnamese naval coastal patrols, who shoot escaping boats out

of the water. By daybreak they had drifted into the Gulf.

After two days, they were running out of food and potable water. The sun had burned them, and the children, packed tightly on the small deck, were in a frenzy of thirst and restlessness. On the morning of the third day, seven fishing trawlers surrounded the drifting craft. Muscular crewmen, brandishing hammers, knives, and steel pipes, fell upon the refugees, ransacking their clothes and their belongings for gold.

The pirates savagely beat anyone who resisted their commands, which were in an alien language. They dragged Linh, An, An's sister, and three other young women onto two other trawlers, and then cut the refugee craft adrift. Foul-smelling men forced An and Linh to the floor of the deck and beat them until they submitted to rape.

The other abductee on this boat was a twenty-year-old new mother. Hysterical at being separated from her husband and baby, she tried to make a suicidal leap into the sea. Linh grabbed her. "I tried to prevent her, because I thought, her child is so small and needs a mother. But the pirates took her from me. We never saw her again," Linh recalled.

For ten days and nights, An and Linh were repeatedly raped. An contemplated suicide but decided against it, in deference to the Vietnamese tradition that a child should not die before her parents. In a trembling voice, she told me: "I decided to try to reach Malaysia. I didn't know what the pirates would do. They never spoke to us." Then another group of boats appeared, and their captors gave the girls to this new gang; An and Linh were put on separate boats.

An said, "For three days we were raped all the time at night. I was physically ill. . . . I could not eat or drink. I was so scared I couldn't sleep. After three days I couldn't stop crying, so the pirates put me on the same boat with Linh. For seven more days we received the same treatment."

Then, one night, the pirates pushed them overboard with only a plastic fuel container to buoy them. Linh said, "We did not know how to swim. But we knew if we did not do something we would die. So we flapped our hands up and down in the water and I grabbed onto An to stay afloat. We were so scared . . . when big waves hit us and got into our nose and mouth, we almost choked."

At daybreak, there was no land in

sight, but they could see boats in the distance, too far to hear their calls. Struggling to stay alive, they managed to hold their heads above water for an incredible fifteen hours. In midafternoon they were rescued by a friendly fishing crew and given food and medicine. A week later, when the boat reached Thailand, the fishermen left the girls on the beach at Songkhla.

An and Linh are among nearly 500 abductees known to have turned up on Thai beaches in the past two years. Doctors at the refugee camp estimate that about a thousand are still missing at sea, including An's sister and the three other girls. Many other refugees are raped but not abducted.

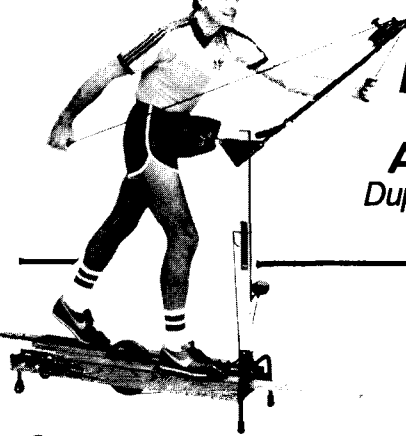
Of 173 refugee boats that landed in Thailand in the year ending last May, ninety-eight had been attacked, an average of two and a half times each. Substantial numbers of boats continue to leave Vietnam every month. Last fall, refugees on a boat arriving in Indonesia reported having been attacked eighteen times during their journey. Twenty-three of the twenty-five females aboard said they had been raped repeatedly.

Refugees are not the pirates' only victims. An Australian yachtsman's hand was hacked off by a pirate sword when he tried to rescue a Danish tourist who was being molested by a sea gang. Jack Bailey, of Operation Rescue, has estimated in congressional testimony that 500 Thai fishermen have been killed over the past two years and that five fishing boats a month are lost. But the attacks on refugees stand out for their viciousness.

This savagery can be explained in part by a traditional enmity between the Thais and the Vietnamese. With the Vietnamese army occupying neighboring Cambodia and Laos, and periodically attacking Thai villages, some Thais see the refugees as part of a Vietnamese invasion. Most of the pirate bosses are of Chinese heritage, which adds to the ethnic malice toward the Vietnamese.

SINCE 1979, WHEN the flow of refugees intensified, the Thais have apprehended only fifty-three pirates and convicted only twenty-seven. According to UN officials and local fishermen, many pirates are both protected and controlled by powerful regional crime syndicates, which flourish in the remote frontier area, bribing local officials, extorting protection money from the smaller

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fishing fleets, and virtually directing coastal trade and commerce. Even though the booty from hard-pressed refugees must be meager indeed, the syndicates dabble in piracy. It at least enables them to pay off their hirelings among the local fishermen with pocket money and refugee women.

After a series of particularly infamous attacks in 1979 and 1980, in which more than 100 refugees were murdered on a pirate-controlled island, the State Department donated funds to the Thai navy to initiate an anti-piracy program. The program has been moderately successful in deterring attacks in Thai coastal waters. This year, Thailand will receive \$2.7 million from the United Nations and \$5 million from the United States to combat piracy. However, the Thai government claims that \$34 million is needed—for manpower and new equipment—to do the job properly. Today, the anti-piracy program has three small patrol craft and two propeller-driven aircraft. The Thais need at least three larger and faster patrol craft with transparency from pirate radar and sonar, potent CB-radio intercept, and strong firepower. Moreover, since many pirate attacks occur at night, the Thai navy needs at least two more aircraft with night-flying capability. And they, too, must be armed. At present, the UN opposes arming the planes because that might result in the shooting of refugees. Refugees have told me that while they were being attacked they saw airplanes fly over their boats, unable to come to their rescue. The spotter planes' responsibility is to report acts of piracy to naval headquarters, at Songkhla, which is a ten-hour boat ride from the far reaches of Thai territorial waters. As soon as the planes leave the scene of the attack, the pirates return, knowing that it will be hours before the Thai navy arrives. Though it might pose a risk to the refugees, arming the planes would greatly increase the risks run by the pirates.

Since the pirates use CB radios to coordinate their attacks and to arrange for the transfer of abducted women, the anti-piracy program needs a powerful radio-intercept station on land. In fact, the Thai Post and Telegraph Department already has such a station, but bureaucratic rivalries prevent its use by the anti-piracy program.

Thai law restricts naval jurisdiction to cases in which the pirates are caught in the act. And there are other jurisdiction-

al problems. The Thai navy is forbidden to operate on the mainland, and the marine police are confined to harbor areas. Law enforcement is left to district officials, many of whom have been bribed by syndicate bosses, owe them favors, or are fearful of them (with good reason: in some of the wilder districts the local police are outgunned a hundred to one by syndicate hoodlums). With the local authorities helpless, it is up to the Thai national government to find a way to pressure the crime bosses into getting out of the piracy business. But the government does not have the resources to police the frontier regions. And it has other urgent problems: the Vietnamese have more ground troops (between 180,000 and 200,000) in Cambodia alone than Thailand has in its entire army. Clearly, the Thais are stretched thin.

For now, the Thai program is the best way to combat piracy in the Gulf of Thailand. But only a third of the Gulf's expanse—including less than half of the area to which currents tend to carry refugee boats—is Thai territory. It has been estimated that 75 percent of pirate attacks take place in Vietnamese, Malaysian, and international Gulf waters, where the Thais are not allowed to make arrests.

IN WASHINGTON, Mark Hatfield, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, is one of the few advocates of refugee protection. He believes that though more money will help, the solution to the problem hinges on our resettling refugees. The U.S. worldwide refugee quota, which was raised to 217,500 in 1981, after the plight of the boat people had received widespread attention, has been lowered again, to 72,000 for 1984. The 1983 decision to reduce our intake of Indochinese refugees was met by an angry appeal from the Thai government, which now bears the burden of 150,000 refugees on Thai soil. Another 250,000 are on the Cambodian border, and more arrive daily from Vietnam.

The United States is trying to limit the number of refugee boats by encouraging the Orderly Departure Program (ODP), the UN-sanctioned legal exodus of Vietnamese emigrants from Ho Chi Minh City. This program, however, has three basic flaws: (1) although approximately a thousand people leave each month through the ODP, more than 510,000 others are now on the waiting list; (2) rather than release re-education-

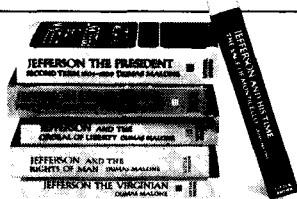
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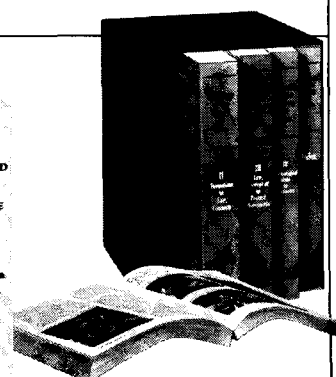
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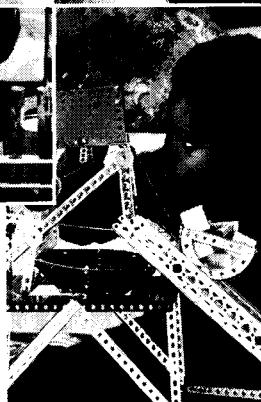
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camp inmates and former U.S. associates, the Vietnamese are using the ODP to rid themselves of ethnic Chinese and to collect secret exit fees and confiscate the property of the wealthier people who wish to leave; and (3) as the U.S. annual refugee quota decreases, the ODP works against Thailand's and other first-asylum countries' needs, because its participants are granted priority in the U.S. refugee quota over people now in refugee camps.

In Thailand, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, which reviews individual cases for the U.S. resettlement program, disqualifies thousands of potential refugees by giving them seemingly arbitrary classifications like "economic migrant." In addition, the State Department discourages the acceptance of refugees who do not have immediate-family members already living in the United States. Thus, abductees like An and Linh have no hope of resettlement here. In order to ease the burden on first-asylum countries, the UN High Commission for Refugees has suggested sending many refugees back where they came from, beginning with unaccompanied minors. Thus far, both the refugees and the governments of Vietnam and Cambodia have balked at the idea. In every known instance of "voluntary repatriation" to these countries, returnees have met with either imprisonment or death.

The Indochinese refugees differ from economic migrants in one important respect. They have abandoned the homeland of their ancestors not because they couldn't feed themselves or find jobs but because the political tyranny of the Vietnamese Communists—taking the forms of religious persecution, efforts to eradicate traditional Vietnamese culture, and forced labor in "new economic zones"—has made their lives intolerable.

In recent congressional hearings on refugee affairs, Senator Hatfield said, "If the U.S. public really saw these refugees as people, whose families have been gutted and whose lives have been scarred by persecution and war, we would be reaching out our hands to help them. If we fail to provide hope to those who are not free, then we have failed history and failed ourselves."

—Al Santoli

Al Santoli is the author of Everything We Had: An Oral History of the Vietnam War.

Nineteen Eighty-Four

Just as Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* has come to represent an ideal community, so George Orwell's *1984* has become a chilling synonym for despair about our future.

1984 is a story not of good people against bad, but of government against people. It tells of a joyless world where the state is omnipotent and malevolent, where its citizens are brainwashed into subjugation, and where technology is used to facilitate oppression.

It is ironic that Orwell's name is associated with the very kind of tyranny he wrote against. Irony aside, what of prophecy? Now that Orwell's famous year is upon us, how close are we to the society he described? Has the Orwellian world arrived?

Whatever merits *1984* has as literature, the book has failed at prophecy—at least in one important respect. Orwell was wrong about technology. Technology has not enslaved us. It has freed us.

Orwell wrote at a time when computers filled large rooms. Only an army of experts could operate them. Only governments could afford them. If information were power, then only government would have the power the computer offered.

What Orwell did not foresee was that information eventually could be stored on a chip smaller than a baby's fingernail. Like ordinary beach sand, chips are made principally of

silicon—one of the earth's most abundant elements. That the chip has made the computer so widespread removes the fears coming from Orwell's belief that the power of the computer would rest exclusively in the hands of an elite few. Thanks to the electronic microchip and the technology that brought it into being, *1984* has not become *1984*.

The electronic chip has put the power of the computer at the fingertips of virtually anyone who wants to expand the scope and clarity of his thinking. Because the chip increases our choices, it ensures individuality.

Just as the industrial revolution freed society from the crushing weight of physical labor, so the information revolution spawned by the chip has relieved us of tedious mental labor.

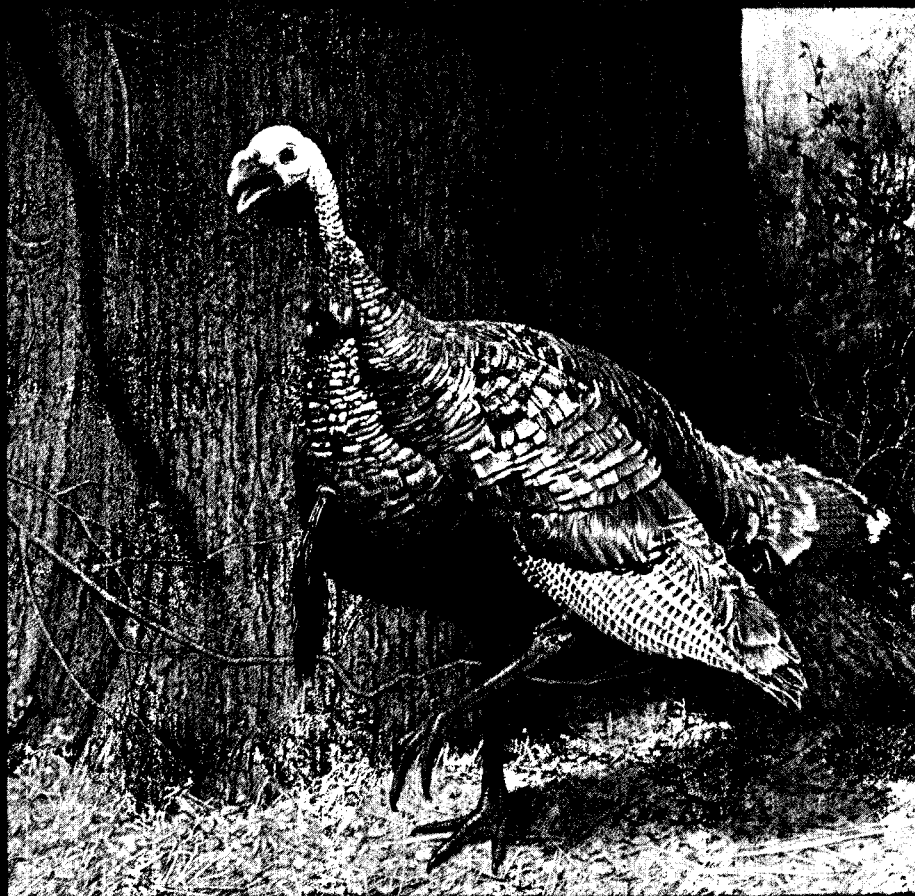
Like any other tool, technology can be used for many purposes. It all depends on the people using it. Contrary to Orwell's worst fears, people have been using this technology to improve our lives. And at the same time they have endeavored just as hard to protect us from its misuse. Computers are made with passwords to prevent unauthorized access, and privacy laws have been enacted and enforced. That's something Orwell overlooked.

Orwell's writings may still haunt us, but his infamous year no longer can. We have the vitality of the human spirit to thank for that.



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A challenge to the foundations of psychoanalysis

FREUD AND THE SEDUCTION THEORY

BY JEFFREY M. MASSON



IN 1970, I BECAME INTERESTED IN THE ORIGINS OF psychoanalysis and in Sigmund Freud's relationship with Wilhelm Fliess, the nose and throat physician who was his closest friend during the years Freud was formulating his new theories.

For some time, I corresponded with Freud's daughter, Anna Freud, about the possibility of preparing a complete edition of Freud's letters to Fliess, an abridged version of which had been published in 1950 in German and in 1954 in English, as *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*. This edition had been edited by Anna Freud, Ernst Kris, and Marie Bonaparte. In 1980, I met with Anna Freud and Dr. K. R. Eissler, the head of the Sigmund Freud Archives and Anna Freud's trusted adviser and friend, in London, and Miss Freud agreed to a new edition of the Freud-Fliess letters. As a result, I was given access to this sealed correspondence (the originals are in the Library of Congress), which constitutes our most important source of information concerning the beginnings of psychoanalysis.

In addition to including all the letters and passages that had previously been omitted (which amounted to more

than half the text), I thought it necessary to annotate the book fully. I therefore needed access to other relevant material. Anna Freud offered her complete cooperation, and I was given the freedom of Maresfield Gardens, in London, where Freud spent the last year of his life.

Freud's magnificent personal library was there, and many of the volumes, especially from the early years, were annotated by Freud. In his desk I discovered a notebook kept by Marie Bonaparte after she purchased Freud's letters to Fliess, in 1936, in which she comments on Freud's reactions to these letters, which he had written years before. I also found a series of letters concerned with Sándor Ferenczi, who was in Freud's later years his closest analytic friend and colleague, and with the last paper Ferenczi delivered, to the 12th International Psycho-Analytic Congress, in Wiesbaden, in 1932. This paper dealt with the sexual seduction of children, a topic that had engrossed Freud during the years of his friendship with Fliess.

In a large black cupboard outside Anna Freud's bedroom, I found many original letters to and from Freud written during the early period, letters that were previously unknown—a letter from Fliess to Freud, letters from the eminent French neurologist Charcot to Freud, and letters from Freud to his colleague Josef Breuer, to his sister-in-law Minna Bernays, to his wife, Martha, and to former patients.

Jeffrey M. Masson is the former projects director of the Sigmund Freud Archives. His new book, The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory, will be published next month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

A short time later, Dr. Eissler asked me to succeed him as director of the Freud Archives. I agreed and was appointed provisional projects director. The Archives had purchased Freud's house in Maresfield Gardens, and I was to convert the house into a museum and research center. Anna Freud gave me access to the restricted material she had already donated to the Library of Congress, to enable me to prepare a catalogue of all the Freud material at the Library (most of it from the Archives), which amounted to more than 75,000 documents. The Library agreed to supply copies of these documents to the projected museum. I also became one of the four directors of Sigmund Freud Copyrights, which allowed me to negotiate with Harvard University Press for the publication of Freud's letters in scholarly, annotated, complete editions.

As I was reading through the correspondence and preparing the annotations for the first volume of the series, the Freud-Fliess letters, I began to notice what appeared to be a pattern in the omissions made by Anna Freud in the original, abridged edition. In the letters written after September of 1897 (when Freud was supposed to have given up his "seduction" theory), all the case histories dealing with the sexual seduction of children had been excised. Moreover, every mention of Emma Eckstein, an early patient of Freud's and Fliess's, who seemed connected in some way with the seduction theory, had been deleted. I was particularly struck by a section of a letter written in December of 1897 that brought to light two facts previously unknown: Emma Eckstein was herself seeing patients in analysis (presumably under Freud's supervision); and Freud was inclined to give credence, once again, to the seduction theory.

I asked Anna Freud why she had deleted this section from the letter. She said that she no longer knew why. When I showed her an unpublished letter from Freud to Emma Eckstein, she said that she could well understand my interest, since Emma Eckstein had indeed been important to the early history of psychoanalysis, but the letter should nevertheless not be published. In subsequent conversations, Miss Freud indicated that since her father had eventually abandoned the seduction theory, it would only prove confusing to readers to be exposed to his early hesitations and doubts. I, on the other hand, felt that these passages not only were of great historical importance but might well represent the truth. Nobody, it seemed to me, had the right to decide for others, by altering the record, what was truth and what was error. Moreover, whatever Freud's ultimate decision, it is my belief that he was haunted by the seduction theory all his life.

I showed Miss Freud the 1932 correspondence I found in Freud's desk concerning Ferenczi's last paper, which dealt with this very topic. Clearly, I thought, it was her father's continued preoccupation with the seduction theory that explained his turning away from Ferenczi. Miss Freud, who was very fond of Ferenczi, found these letters painful reading and asked me not to publish them. But I insisted

that the theory was not one that Freud had dismissed lightly as an early and insignificant error, as we had been led to believe.

Anna Freud urged me to direct my interests elsewhere. In conversations with other analysts close to the Freud family, I was given to understand that I had stumbled upon something that was better left alone. (This was made even more apparent when my connections with the Freud Archives were suddenly terminated.) If the seduction theory was really only a detour along the road to truth, as so many psychoanalysts believe, it would perhaps have been possible for me to turn my attention to other matters. But the seduction hypothesis, in my opinion, should have been the very cornerstone of psychoanalysis. In 1895 and 1896, Freud, in listening to his women patients, learned that something dreadful and violent lay in their past. The psychiatrists before Freud who had heard seduction stories had accused their patients of being hysterical liars and had dismissed their memories as fantasy. Freud was the first psychiatrist who believed that his patients were telling the truth.

Freud announced his discovery in a paper entitled "The Etiology of Hysteria," which he gave in April of 1896 to the Society for Psychiatry and Neurology, in Vienna—his first major public address to his peers about his new sexual theories. As Freud was later to describe it, he believed that in giving this paper he would become "one of those who had disturbed the sleep of the world." The address presented a revolutionary view of mental illness. Its title referred to Freud's new theory that the origin of hysteria lay in early sexual traumas, which he called "infantile sexual scenes" or "sexual intercourse" in childhood. This is what later came to be the seduction theory—namely, the belief that such early experiences were real, not fantasies, and had a damaging and lasting effect on the later lives of the children who suffered them.

Freud used various words to describe these "infantile sexual scenes": *Vergewaltigung* (rape), *Missbrauch* (abuse), *Verführung* (seduction), *Angriff* (attack), *Attentat* (a French term, meaning an assault), *Aggression*, and *Traumen* (traumas). All these words explicitly state something about violence directed against the child and expressed through the sexual behavior of the adult, with the exception of the word "seduction," which was an unfortunate choice, since it implies some form of participation by the child. The other terms, used by Freud in his early papers, are replaced in his later writings, in the overwhelming majority of cases, by the word "seduction." In Freud's later theories and in psychoanalytic theory after Freud, the ambiguity inherent in the word is exploited. The implication is that the "seduced" child is also the seducer and has brought on the sexual act by his or her behavior. However, in this early paper, there is no doubt that what Freud meant by a sexual seduction was a real sexual act forced on a young child who in no way desired it or encouraged it. Defined this way, a seduction is an act of cruelty and violence,

which wounds the child in every aspect of her being (or his, though Freud made it clear that it is usually a young girl who is the victim). Her body is not ready for the adult act of intercourse (the "seduction" is often an actual rape with life-threatening consequences), nor are her emotions prepared either for the immediate impact of the sexual passion of the adult or for her own later, inevitable feelings of guilt, anxiety, and fear. The adult is venting his own sexual and emotional unhappiness on a child too frightened to protest, too weak to defend herself, and too dependent on the continuing care of the adult for her very survival to seek any form of redress. The imbalance in the relationship and the sadistic behavior of the adult in exploiting his power over the child were made explicit by Freud in these searing words:

All the strange conditions under which the incongruous pair continue their love relations—on the one hand the adult, who cannot escape his share in the mutual dependence necessarily entailed by a sexual relationship, and who is at the same time armed with complete authority and the right to punish, and can exchange the one role for the other to the uninhibited satisfaction of his whims, and on the other hand the child, who in his helplessness is at the mercy of this arbitrary use of power, who is prematurely aroused to every kind of sensibility and exposed to every sort of disappointment, and whose exercise of the sexual performances assigned to him is often interrupted by his imperfect control of his natural needs—all these grotesque and yet tragic disparities distinctly mark the later development of the individual and of his neurosis, with countless permanent effects which deserve to be traced in the greatest detail.

Since I had found no reference in the psychoanalytical literature to any mention of Freud's paper by the medical community, when I was in Vienna I went through the medical journals of that time in an attempt to discover what the response had been. I was startled to come across something that had gone unnoticed: in the *Wiener klinische Wochenschrift*, published weekly in Vienna, on May 14, 1896, three papers from the April 21 meeting were reported, two in the usual manner. (Generally—in fact, invariably—the practice was to give the title of a paper, a brief summary of its contents, and an account of the ensuing discussion.) But in the citation of the last paper, there was a break with tradition. The report read as follows:

Docent Sigm. Freud: Ueber die Aetiologie der Hysterie.
[Sigmund Freud, lecturer: On the Etiology of Hysteria.]

There was no summary and no account of any discussion.

Nor did any member of the audience leave for posterity an account of what was heard that night. But five days after the presentation, on April 26, Freud wrote a letter to his closest friend, which describes the events of that evening. This letter, to the Berlin specialist Wilhelm Fliess (1858–1928), was omitted from the published edition of Freud's letters to Fliess. Freud's personal physician, Max Schur, however, included it in his book *Freud: Living and*

Dying. From the letter we learn that Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing (1840–1902), the distinguished professor and head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Vienna, was in the chair that evening. Freud reported:

A lecture on the etiology of hysteria at the Psychiatric Society met with an icy reception from the asses, and from Krafft-Ebing the strange comment: It sounds like a scientific fairy tale. [*Es klingt wie ein wissenschaftliches Märchen.*] And this after one has demonstrated to them a solution to a more-than-thousand-year-old problem, a "source of the Nile"!

But Schur did not include Freud's final sentence, in which he expressed open contempt for his colleagues: "They can all go to hell." (*Sie können mich alle gern haben.*) Freud evidently felt that his discoveries were important enough for him to risk the displeasure of his colleagues. The prospect of being ostracized by the medical establishment was negligible in the face of his belief that he had discovered an important truth.

Freud's patients had the courage to confront what had happened to them in childhood—often this included violent rapes by their fathers—and to communicate their traumas to Freud, no doubt hesitating to believe their own memories and reluctant to remember the deep shame and hurt they had felt. Freud had listened and understood and given them permission to remember and speak of these terrible events. He did not think they were fantasies, as he explained in his paper:

Doubts about the genuineness of the infantile sexual scenes can, however, be deprived of their force here and now by more than one argument. In the first place, the behavior of patients while they are reproducing these infantile experiences is in every respect incompatible with the assumption that the scenes are anything else than a reality which is being felt with distress and remembered with the greatest reluctance.

Nor are these memories mere intellectual insights. Freud's patients recalled their traumas "with all the feelings that belonged to the original experience"; that is, they took the permission to remember as a permission to feel, and the feelings apparently absent from the original assault were at last experienced: the anger, the disgust, the sense of helplessness and betrayal, all these powerful emotions surfaced. Freud was like an explorer who has chanced upon a long-submerged world.

Freud expected his colleagues to be reluctant to think about truths of this nature, having encountered a similar reluctance in himself and his teachers:

. . . the singling out of the sexual factor in the etiology of hysteria springs at least from no preconceived opinion on my part. The two investigators as whose pupil I began my studies of hysteria, Charcot and Breuer, were far from having any such presupposition; in fact they had a personal disinclination to it. . . .

Freud was admitting here that he, too, had had to overcome resistances before accepting the unpalatable truth. So he was not unprepared for the reaction of his colleagues. However, the full extent to which Freud felt isolated becomes clear only upon reading his words to Fliess of May 4, less than two weeks after he gave the paper; the words in italics were omitted from the published edition of the Freud-Fliess letters: "I am as isolated as you could wish me to be: *the word has been given out to abandon me, and a void is forming around me.*"

It must have come as no great surprise to Freud, then, when he opened the *Wiener klinische Wochenschrift* to find his paper listed by title alone, without summary or discussion, or even the remark that it would be published. On May 30, Freud wrote to Fliess: "In defiance of my colleagues I have written down in full . . . my lecture on the etiology of hysteria."

He published it a few weeks later. We are fortunate that he did, though in a few years Freud would wish he had not been so hasty. The early traumas that his patients had had the courage to face and report to him he was later to dismiss as the fantasies of hysterical women who invented stories. He was to view his own courage in reporting these findings as rash:

I believed these stories, and consequently supposed that I had discovered the roots of the subsequent neurosis in these experiences of sexual seduction in childhood. . . . If the reader feels inclined to shake his head at my credulity, I cannot altogether blame him.

Freud was to retract his theory on the etiology of hysteria. His patients, he now came to feel, had been deceiving themselves and him:

. . . I was at last obliged to recognize that these scenes of seduction had never taken place, and that they were only fantasies which my patients had made up.

In 1905, Freud publicly retracted the seduction theory. What happened? What caused this momentous about-face, which would affect the lives of countless patients in psychotherapy from 1900 to the present? Psychoanalysts have not been notably curious about the reasons for Freud's change of heart, even though, along with Freud himself, they acknowledge that the abandonment of the seduction theory prepared for the birth of psychoanalysis. The standard explanation—that clinical experiences taught Freud that he had made a mistake—is not a very satisfying one, as we shall see. It never seemed right to me, even as a student, that Freud would not believe his patients. I did not agree that the seduction scenes presented as memories had been only fantasies, or memories of fantasies. But I had not thought to doubt Freud's account (often repeated in his writings) of his motives for changing his mind. Yet, when I read the Fliess letters without the omissions (of which Freud, by the way, would undoubtedly have approved), they told a very different, agonizing story.



BETWEEN 1894 AND 1900, WILHELM FLIESS WAS Freud's closest friend and possibly the only person with whom Freud could discuss his newly emerging insights into the origins of mental illness. Fliess shared Freud's views on the importance of certain aspects of sexuality—masturbation, coitus interruptus, and the use of condoms—in the etiology of what were then called the "actual neuroses," primarily neurasthenia and certain physically manifested anxiety symptoms. Their initial convergence of interest led to a collaboration whose consequences were to resonate far beyond Vienna, ultimately exerting an influence on the way every psychotherapist has thought about the interaction between fantasy and reality.

Early in 1895, Fliess performed surgery on one of Freud's first analytic patients, Emma Eckstein (1865–1924). Emma Eckstein's name has been all but forgotten in the history of psychoanalysis, and had she not been mistakenly identified as the patient Freud called "Irma" in his discussion of the "dream-specimen" in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, she would not be remembered at all today. She came from a prominent socialist family and seems to have been active in the women's movement in Vienna. When Emma Eckstein was about twenty-seven, she entered analysis with Freud; several of her relatives have said that she was Freud's "first analytic patient." That Freud was preoccupied with her is clear from the prominent place she has in his correspondence with Fliess. The passages concerning Emma Eckstein in the letters are, beyond question, the most passionate accounts Freud ever wrote of a patient. The exact nature of her complaints is unknown, but it appears that she suffered from stomach ailments and menstrual problems. She had difficulty walking, and spent much of her time (at least in later life) confined to her sofa. Why Freud and Fliess decided that she needed an operation is not clear. Fliess had visited Freud in Vienna during Christmas of 1894, presumably had met Emma Eckstein, and suggested to Freud that she be operated on.

In Freud's copy of Fliess's 1902 book, *Über den ursächlichen Zusammenhang von Nase und Geschlechtsorgan* (*On the Causal Connection between the Nose and the Sexual Organ*), this passage has been marked: "Girls who masturbate normally suffer from dysmenorrhea [painful menstruation]. In such cases, nasal treatment is only successful

when they truly give up this aberration." I believe that Freud marked this passage in later years because in his opinion it described the case of Emma Eckstein. She was, as we know from her own publications, very much concerned with the then prevalent belief in the dangers of masturbation, something she undoubtedly discussed with Freud during her treatment. Her symptom of irregular or painful menstruation would have been attributed to masturbation, and once Fliess was brought in, it was inevitable that he would recommend an operation on her nose, for Fliess held the very strange belief that the nose and the sexual organs were intimately connected, and that sexual problems could be cured through nasal surgery.

If Freud's consent to such an operation seems puzzling, his idealization of Fliess as a great healer must be considered. Moreover, Freud, who had known Fliess since 1887, wanted a closer collaboration with him than he had so far been able to achieve. Both men believed that sexual problems, and masturbation in particular, played a key role in the causation of neurotic illnesses. If Freud told Fliess that Emma Eckstein's problems had to do with menstruation and that she masturbated, it was only natural for Fliess to suggest nasal surgery, followed by psychological treatment to prevent the recurrence of masturbation, as the only hope of curing her. This was certainly a revolutionary idea, one that would have appeared as bizarre to Freud's medical colleagues as Freud's own ideas did. Perhaps the unorthodoxy of Fliess's methods encouraged Freud to believe that they reflected an unrecognized truth. In any event, he seems not to have hesitated in handing Emma Eckstein over to Fliess.

Max Schur was the first to quote from Freud's letters about the operation, but his article was confined to the influence it had on Freud's famous dream about Irma. Because of the importance of this operation (it would affect Freud's views on the relative importance of fantasy and reality, and his views on women and hysteria), it is worth telling the story in Freud's own words. In what follows, I have used my translations of Freud's letters to Fliess and introduced previously unknown material. None of these passages were included in the published edition of the Freud-Fliess letters.

On January 24, 1895, in an unpublished letter, Freud told Fliess, "Now only one more week separates us from the operation." In the same letter, he complained, "My lack of medical knowledge once again weighs heavily on me. . . . I would not have dared to invent this plan of treatment on my own, but I confidently join you in it." A review of Fliess's publications leads me to believe that this was his first major operation (his other interventions had been confined to cauterization and cocaineization of the nose; indeed, he had even used these procedures on Freud), and Freud may well have been feeling hesitant, for he suggested in the same letter that Fliess work with Robert Gersuny, who was a well-known senior surgeon in Vienna.

Fliess arrived in Vienna in February and operated on Emma Eckstein. He left soon thereafter.

Freud's first letter to Fliess after the operation is dated February 25, 1895, but it concerns only a report of Fliess's work in the medical journal *Wiener allgemeine Zeitung*. There is no mention of Emma Eckstein. On March 4, 1895, Freud wrote Fliess about Emma Eckstein (in a letter published in part by Schur):

Eckstein's condition is still unsatisfactory; persistent swelling, going up and down "like an avalanche"; pain, so that morphine cannot be dispensed with; bad nights. The purulent secretion has been decreasing since yesterday; the day before yesterday (Saturday) she had a massive hemorrhage, probably as a result of expelling a bone chip the size of a *Heller* [a small coin]; there were two bowlfuls of pus. Today we encountered resistance to irrigation; and since the pain and the visible edema had increased, I let myself be persuaded to call in Gersuny. (By the way, he greatly admired an etching of "The Isle of the Dead" [by Böcklin].) He explained that the access was considerably narrowed and insufficient for drainage, inserted a drainage tube, and threatened to break it [the bone?] open if that did not stay in. To judge by the smell, all this is most likely correct. Please send me your authoritative advice. I am not looking forward to new surgery on this girl.

In a later passage, apparently overlooked by Schur, Freud mentioned having visited Josef Breuer (1842–1925; Freud's mentor and collaborator) "on Sunday evening and once again won him over—probably only for a short time—by telling him about the analysis of Eckstein, with which you are not really familiar either." Freud wished to win Breuer over to his views on the importance of sexuality in the neuroses, and no doubt thought he would do so by telling Breuer about Eckstein's case—that is, by describing her sexual symptoms. This passage would then be the first hint that Eckstein's problems were of a sexual nature. The passage is also interesting in that Freud admitted that he had turned his patient over to Fliess without first discussing her case with him in detail.

Freud then wrote that the only other thing he could send (*beilegen*; presumably there was an enclosure, subsequently lost) to Fliess was "a small analogy to Emma E.'s dream psychosis that we witnessed." It is not clear what a "dream psychosis" is, although it is probably some form of waking behavior that resembles dream behavior. Since the two men witnessed this together, Freud was present either at the operation or, more likely, when Fliess examined Eckstein for the first time.

Four days later (March 8, 1895), Freud wrote Fliess an important letter, published by Schur, which I reproduce here in its entirety:

Dearest Wilhelm:

Just received your letter and am able to answer it immediately. Fortunately I am finally seeing my way clear and am reassured about Miss Eckstein and can give you a

report that will probably upset you as much as it did me, but I hope you will get over it as quickly as I did.

I wrote to you that the swelling and the hemorrhages would not stop, and that suddenly a fetid odor set in, and that there was an obstacle upon irrigation. (Or is the latter new [to you]?) I arranged for Gersuny to be called in; he inserted a drainage tube, hoping that things would work out once discharge was re-established; but otherwise he was rather reserved. Two days later I was awakened in the morning—profuse bleeding had started again, pain, etc. Gersuny replied on the phone that he was unavailable till evening; so I asked Rosanés to meet me. We did so at noon. There still was moderate bleeding from the nose and mouth; the fetid odor was very bad. Rosanés cleaned the area surrounding the opening, removed some sticking blood clots, and suddenly he pulled at something like a thread, kept on pulling, and before either one of us had time to think, at least half a meter of gauze had been removed from the cavity. The next moment came a flood of blood. The patient turned white, her eyes bulged, and she had no pulse. Immediately thereafter, however, he again packed the cavity with fresh iodoform gauze and the hemorrhage stopped. It lasted about half a minute, but this was enough to make the poor creature, whom by then we had lying flat, unrecognizable. In the meantime—that is, afterward—something else happened. At the moment the foreign body came out and everything became clear to me, immediately after which I was confronted by the sight of the patient, I felt sick. After she had been packed, I fled to the next room, drank a bottle of water, and felt miserable. The brave Frau Doktor then brought me a small glass of cognac and I became myself again.

Rosanés stayed with the patient until I arranged, via Streitenfels, to have both of them taken to Loew Sanatorium. Nothing further happened that evening. The following day, that is, yesterday, Thursday, the operation was repeated with the assistance of Gersuny; [the bone was] broken wide open, the packing removed, and [the wound] curetted. There was scarcely any bleeding. Since then she has been out of danger, naturally very pale, and miserable with fresh pain and swelling. She had not lost consciousness during the massive hemorrhage; when I returned to the room somewhat shaky, she greeted me with the condescending remark, “So this is the strong sex.”

I do not believe it was the blood that overwhelmed me—at that moment affects were welling up in me. So we had done her an injustice; she was not at all abnormal, rather, a piece of iodoform gauze had gotten torn off as you were removing it and stayed in for 14 days, preventing healing; at the end it tore off and provoked the bleeding. That this mishap should have happened to you; how you will react to it when you hear about it; what others could make of it; how wrong I was to urge you to operate in a foreign city where you could not follow through on the case; how my intention to do the best for this poor girl was insidiously thwarted and resulted in endangering her life—all this came over me simultaneously. I have worked it through by now. I was not sufficiently clear to think of immediately reproaching Rosanés at that time. This occurred to me only 10 minutes later; that he should

immediately have thought: there is something inside; I shall not pull it out lest there be a hemorrhage; rather, I'll stuff it some more, take her to Loew, and there clean and widen it at the same time. But he was just as surprised as I was.

Now that I have thought it through, nothing remains but heartfelt compassion for my child of sorrows [that is, Emma Eckstein]. I really should not have tormented you here, but I had every reason to entrust you with such a matter and more. You did it as well as one could. The tearing off of the iodoform gauze remains one of those accidents that happen to the most fortunate and circumspect of surgeons, as you know from the business with your little sister-in-law's anesthesia and the broken adenotome [an instrument for removing adenoids]. Gersuny said that he had had a similar experience and therefore he is using iodoform wicks instead of gauze (you will remember your own case). Of course, no one is blaming you, nor would I know why anyone should. And I only wish that you will arrive as quickly as I did at feeling sympathy, and rest assured that it was not necessary for me to restore my trust in you once again. I only still want to add that for one day I shied away from letting you know about it; then I began to feel ashamed, and here is the letter.

Beside this, other news really pales. As far as my condition is concerned, you are certainly quite right; strangely enough it is far easier for me to be productive when I have mild troubles of this kind. So now I am writing page after page of “The Therapy of Hysteria.”

An odd idea of a different sort I shall entrust to you only after we have Eckstein off our minds. Here influenza is quite widespread, but not very intense. Your mama is not yet quite well either.

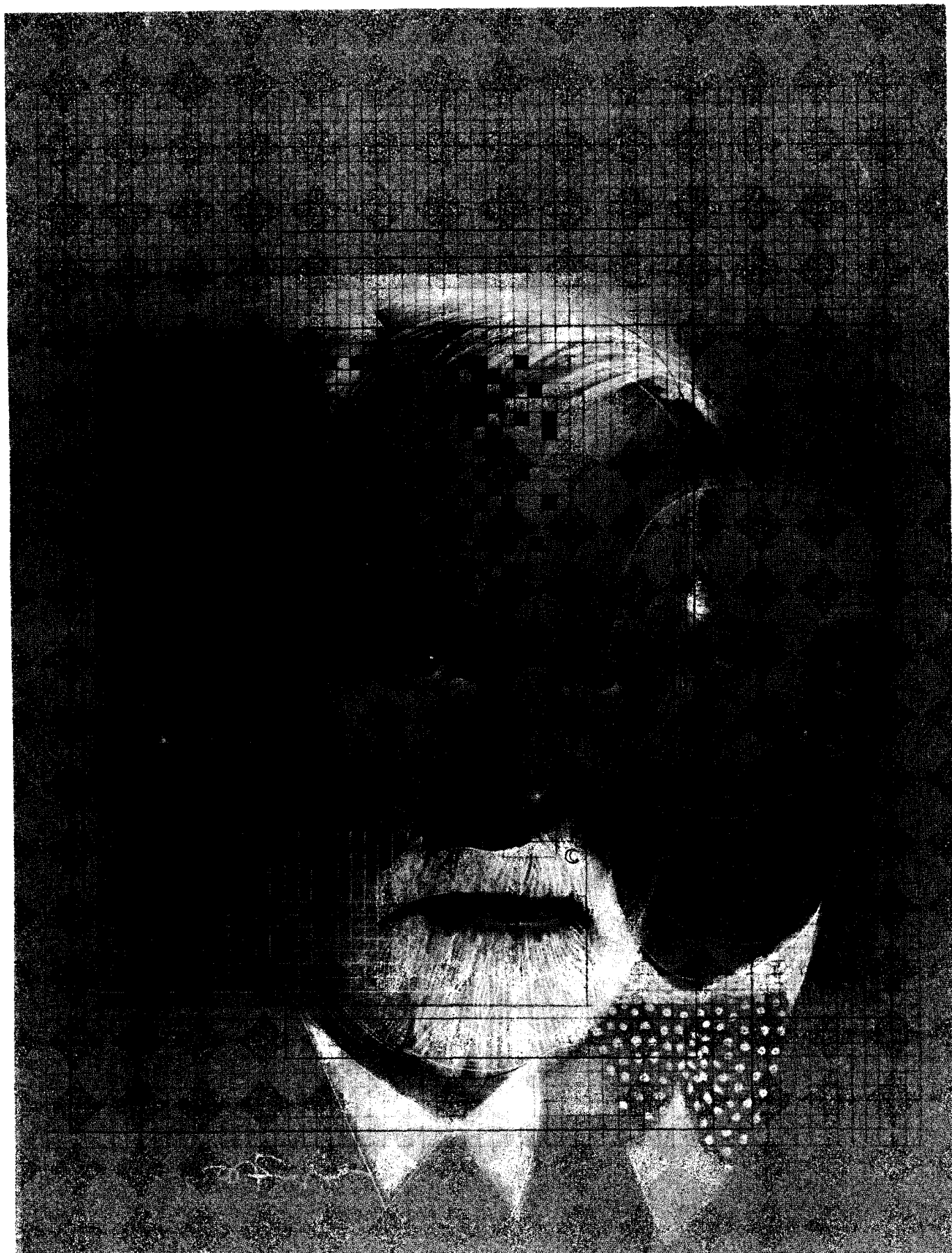
I shall soon write to you again, and, above all, report in detail on Emma E. Scientifically, otherwise quite desolate. Influenza has been eating up the practice of specialists. That it really took its toll on you I know. Just allow yourself a proper rest afterward. I am determined to do the same if it should strike me.

With cordial greetings,

Your
Sigmund

This letter, which was omitted from the published edition of Freud's letters to Fliess, is critical for an understanding of subsequent events in Freud's intellectual life. Fliess had “mistakenly” left half a meter of surgical gauze in the cavity created by the removal of the turbinate bone in Emma's nose. Freud wished to minimize the significance of this and to protect Fliess's reputation. He wrote that “no one is blaming you, nor would I know why they should.” Yet Emma Eckstein had almost died, in what Freud called a *Verblutungsszene* (a scene of bleeding to death).

Freud, who had initially wanted Gersuny to be involved in the operation (Fliess probably had objected), now called him in. If Gersuny had not thought the operation necessary, it is not surprising that he was now, as Freud wrote, “rather reserved.” This reserve could only have escalated to censure once Gersuny became aware of the extent of



Fliess's surgical carelessness. It is clear from a letter quoted below that Fliess realized this and was not as optimistic as Freud in thinking that nobody would blame him. He demanded (and did not get) a letter from the surgeons exonerating him. When, therefore, Freud said that "we had done her [Emma Eckstein] an injustice; she had not been at all abnormal" (*sie war gar nicht abnorm gewesen*), he hinted at an unspoken insight: the place to search for psychopathology in this case was in Fliess and in himself. It was "abnormal" of Freud to have handed Emma Eckstein over to Fliess, and it was "abnormal" of Fliess to have operated at all and also to have bungled the operation. Emma Eckstein's reaction—hemorrhaging—was a completely normal response to surgical violence. Later Freud would retract this insight and claim that Emma Eckstein's hemorrhages were hysterical in nature, the result of sexual longing. If Freud meant that Emma Eckstein herself had not been "abnormal" prior to the operation, an even greater insight, then he and Fliess had had no business subjecting her to a theory that had first been tested in a life-threatening operation.

The next reference to Emma Eckstein is from an unpublished letter dated March 13, 1895:

Things are finally going well with Eckstein, as they could have gone without the detour three weeks ago. It does speak well for her that she did not change her attitude toward either one of us; she honors your memory beyond the unwelcome accident [*unerwünschte Zufälligkeit*].

The detour (*Umweg*) that Freud referred to as having taken place three weeks before March 13 must be Emma Eckstein's hemorrhages.

As to whether Emma maintained her respect for both men, Schur wrote a mysterious passage on page 67 of his book *Freud: Living and Dying*:

That Fliess had a gift for impressing his friends and patients with the wealth of his biological knowledge, his far-reaching imagination, and his unflagging faith in his therapeutic abilities can be concluded from the intense loyalty of his patients which was evident from Freud's correspondence with him. Even a patient who . . . suffered dangerous consequences from a grave "slip" committed by Fliess remained loyal to him *for the rest of her life* [emphasis added].

Freud continued the same letter on March 15:

Surgically, Eckstein will soon be well, [but] now the nervous sequelae of the incident are starting: nightly hysterical attacks and similar symptoms which I must start to work on. It is now about time you forgave yourself the minimal oversight, as Breuer called it.

Freud continued the letter again on March 20:

Poor Eckstein is doing less well. This was the second reason for my postponement. Ten days after the second operation, after a normal course, she suddenly had pain and swelling again, of unknown origin. The following day, a

hemorrhage; she was quickly packed. At noon, when they lifted the packing to examine her, renewed hemorrhage, so that she almost died. Since then she again has been lying in bed, tightly packed and totally miserable. Gussenbauer and Gersuny believe that she is bleeding from a large vessel—but which one?—and on Friday they want to make an incision on the outside while compressing the carotid artery to see whether they can find the source. In my thoughts, I have given up hope for the poor girl, and am inconsolable that I involved you and created such a distressing affair for you. I also feel very sorry for her; I had become very fond of her.

With the most cordial greetings to you and Ida.

Your
Sigmund

In his next letter (not published by Schur), dated March 23, Freud wrote:

I could not make up my mind to send off the letter before I could give you definite news about E. The operation was postponed to Saturday, [and is] just now over. It was nothing and nothing was done. Gussenbauer palpated the cavity and pronounced everything to be normal; [he] supposes the bleeding was only from granulation tissue; she is spared any disfigurement. They will continue to pack her [nose]; I shall try to keep her off morphine. I am glad that none of the bad expectations have materialized.

But it is not true that she was "spared any disfigurement." According to Dr. Ada Elias, a distinguished pediatrician and a favorite niece of Emma Eckstein's, her features were permanently marred: "As a result, her face was disfigured—the bone was chiseled away, and on one side caved in."

On March 28, Freud wrote again:

I know what you want to hear first: *she* is tolerably well; complete subsidence, no fever, no hemorrhage. The packing which was inserted 6 days ago is still in; we hope to be safe from new surprises. Of course, she is beginning with the new production of hysterias from this past period, which are then dissolved by me.

Presumably "hysterias from this past period" refers to her reactions to the operation, which, not surprisingly, were strong.

The next letter was written on April 11, 1895:

Gloomy times, unbelievably gloomy. Above all, this Eckstein affair, which is rapidly moving toward a bad ending. Last time I reported to you that Gussenbauer inspected the cavity under anesthesia, palpated it, and declared it to be satisfactory. We indulged in high hopes, and the patient was gradually recovering. [However,] 8 days [ago] she began to bleed, with the packing in place, something that had not been the case previously. She was immediately packed again; the bleeding was minimal. Two days [ago] renewed bleeding, again with the packing in place, and by then overabundantly. New packing, renewed perplexity. Yesterday Rosanes wanted to examine the cavity again; by chance a new hypothesis about the source of the

bleeding during the first operation (yours) was suggested by Weil. As soon as the packing was partly removed, there was a new, life-threatening hemorrhage, which I witnessed. It did not spurt, but it surged. Something like a [fluid] level rising extraordinarily rapidly, and then overflowing everything. It must have been a large vessel, but which one and from where? Of course, one could not see anything and was glad to have the packing back in again. Add to this the pain, the morphine, the demoralization caused by the obvious medical helplessness, and the tinge of danger, and you will be able to picture the state the poor girl is in. We do not know what to do. Rosanes is opposed to the ligation of the carotid that was recommended. The danger that she will run a fever also is not far off. I am really very shaken [to think] that such a mishap [*Malheur*] could have arisen from the operation, which was purported to be harmless.

The last line seems accusatory.

Fliess did not miss the overtones of this letter. Freud's next letter to Fliess, dated April 20, 1895, was clearly written in response to a demand from Fliess for either an apology from Weil or a letter from Gersuny:

I did of course immediately inform Rosanes of your recommendations concerning E. At close range many things look different, for instance the hemorrhages; I can confirm that in their case there could be no question of biding one's time. There was bleeding as though from the carotid artery; within half a minute she would have bled to death. Now, however, she is doing better; the packing was gently and gradually removed; there was no mishap [*Malheur*]; she is now in the clear.

The writer of this is still very miserable, but also offended that you deem it necessary to have a testimonial certificate from Gersuny for your rehabilitation.

Freud repeated the word *Malheur* from his letter of April 11, as if to say to Fliess: *this* time nobody slipped. Yet Freud continued:

For me you remain the physician, the type of man into whose hands one confidently puts one's life and those of one's family—even if Gersuny should have the same opinion of your skills as Weil. I had wanted to pour forth my tale of woe and perhaps obtain your advice concerning E., but not reproach you with anything. That would have been stupid, unjustified, and in clear contradiction to all my feelings.

But unless we are missing a letter, this was the first time that Freud even suggested to Fliess that somebody, in this case another surgeon, Weil, held a low opinion of his "*Kunst*" (art), a word which possibly encompasses more than just surgical skill.

On April 26, he wrote that "she [Emma Eckstein], too, my tormentor and yours, now appears to be doing well." And on April 27, "Eckstein once *again* is in pain; will she be bleeding next?" The question was not quite so rhetorical as it seems, for Freud was preparing the ground for a diagnosis, a year later, of hysterical bleeding, as if to say: her

pains are unreal, and the hemorrhages that may have appeared to come from your operation were in fact psychologically caused—they were hysterical in origin, deriving from repressed wishes, not an unskilled surgeon. The last reference to Emma Eckstein that year was on May 25: "Emma E. is finally doing very well and I have succeeded in once again alleviating her weakness in walking, which also set in again."



THE STORY OF FREUD'S SEDUCTION THEORY, ITS RELATION to Fliess's operation on Emma Eckstein, and Freud's eventual renunciation of the theory is intertwined with the story of Freud's relationship with Fliess, who was to play a major role in Freud's intellectual, emotional, and scientific life over the next fifteen years, and possibly beyond. The precise influence that Fliess exercised on Freud through their meetings and letters is, of course, impossible to reconstruct, since we have only Freud's side of the correspondence; the letters from Fliess to Freud have never been found.

At first it seemed, especially to Freud, that the two men thought along parallel lines; later, they would diverge over the primacy of physical versus psychological causation. On February 8, 1893, Freud sent Fliess a letter and a draft entitled "The Etiology of the Neuroses" (about the actual neuroses, primarily neurasthenia). It contains the first mention of an assault (*Attentat*), presumably sexual, on a patient of Freud's: "In a case of tormenting hypochondria that began at puberty, I was able to prove an assault in the eighth year of life." Freud did not, however, accord it any deep etiological or theoretical significance, saying that such "psychic traumas" are "only the precipitating cause" of periodic depressions. At Easter in 1893, Freud visited Fliess in Berlin.

At some point after that meeting, Fliess sent Freud a paper entitled "*Die nasale Reflexneurose*" ("The Nasal Reflex Neurosis"), which he intended to deliver at the 12th Congress for Internal Medicine, in Wiesbaden, in June of 1893. Freud commented on the paper in an undated letter to Fliess, written sometime between the Easter meeting and June:

I think that you cannot avoid mentioning the sexual etiology of neurosis without tearing the most beautiful leaf

out of the wreath. So do it immediately in a manner suitable to the circumstances. Announce the forthcoming investigations; describe the anticipated result as that which it really is, as something new; show people the key that unlocks everything, the etiological formula; and if in the process you give me a place in this by incorporating a reference such as "a colleague and friend," I shall be very glad rather than angry. I have inserted such a passage on sexuality for you, merely as a suggestion.

In the work itself, published in the proceedings of the Congress, it seems that Fliess took Freud's advice, and incorporated some of what Freud wrote.

At this point Freud was still interested in the pathogenic effects of masturbation and was still looking to Fliess for a physical solution to the problem of neurasthenia. So Fliess could incorporate Freud's views, and collaboration was still possible.

The book that emerged from Fliess's address was published in 1893 as *Neue Beiträge zur Klinik und Therapie der nasalen Reflexneurose* (*New Contributions to the Theory and Therapy of the Nasal Reflex Neurosis*). Because no complete text by Fliess has been translated into English—his articles are difficult to obtain even in German—and because of the importance of Fliess's influence on Freud, I have translated several key passages from his work. Fliess was addressing his book to psychiatrists, as he said explicitly on page 4; no doubt this was at the behest of Freud, who saw the book as a means of further cementing their collaboration and demonstrating the usefulness of Fliess's views to Freud's specialty. There are 131 cases of "actual neuroses" reported in this book of seventy-nine pages, and the treatment in every case is mild—that is, nonsurgical: cocaine to the nose, cauterization, and, at most, what Fliess called *galvanokautische Behandlung*, treatment involving cauterization with a wire heated by a galvanic current. There is no evidence from the cases given in the book that Fliess performed major surgery, as he was to do in the case of Emma Eckstein.

But at some point between writing this book, in 1893, and performing the operation on Emma Eckstein, early in 1895, Fliess decided that more-radical intervention was called for. To learn more about Fliess's views on the theme of masturbation, the nose, and neurosis during the time of his collaboration with Freud, we must turn to the last book that Fliess sent to Freud, *Über den ursächlichen Zusammenhang von Nase und Geschlechtsorgan* (with the dedication "To my dear Sigmund"). It was published in 1902, but it represents Fliess's views from 1893 on (many of the cases date from 1893 to 1897). Here is the entire text of the passage that Freud marked in his copy; it no doubt provides the background for the conversations that the two men had had in 1894 and 1895:

The typical cause of neurasthenia in young people of both sexes is masturbation (Freud). . . . Naturally, bad sexual practices [masturbation, etc.] affect by no means only the nose; the nervous system is directly harmed. Still, the

nose is regularly influenced by abnormal sexual satisfaction, and the consequences of this influence are not merely a very characteristic swelling and sensitivity of the nasal "genital spots"; the entire symptom group of distant complaints [*Fernbeschwerden*] which I have described as "the nasal reflex neurosis" depends on this neuralgic alteration. And so it happens that this complex of painful spots, which is generally termed neurasthenic, can be removed through a treatment consisting of the use of cocaine, and the elimination of the pain lasts as long as the effect of the cocaine. They can be removed for a longer time through cauterization or electrolysis. But they return as long as the causes of the abnormal sexual satisfaction are in effect, and only cease when normal satisfaction finally takes over. Girls who masturbate normally suffer from dysmenorrhea. In such cases, nasal treatment is only successful when they truly give up this aberration. Among the pains which derive from masturbation, I would like to emphasize one in particular, because of its importance: neuralgic stomach pain. One sees it very early on in the case of women who masturbate, and it is to be found among "young ladies" as frequently as masturbation itself.

Fliess went on to say that masturbation altered the left middle turbinate bone in its frontal third, and that therefore he had decided to call this spot the "stomach-ache spot." He added that hemorrhages from the nose were well known among women who masturbated (*die Epistaxis der Onanisten ist ganz bekannt*). This opinion had had fateful consequences for Emma Eckstein. Fliess continued:

I remember a patient who had been handed over to me by the Royal Gynecological Clinic because of massive uterine bleeding. All gynecological methods had failed in her case. The very moment that I removed the hypertrophic [over-developed] left middle turbinate bone, the uterine bleeding ceased completely. . . . It is to be noted that the middle turbinate bone seems to play a role precisely in the mechanism of uterine bleeding. Functional [i.e., neurotic] uterine bleeding is especially to be seen in women who masturbate. Here, as well, the way [of treating it] is through the nose, as in the case for dysmenorrhea [caused by] masturbation.

Fliess's major work, *Die Beziehungen zwischen Nase und weiblichen Geschlechtsorganen* (*The Connections Between the Nose and the Female Sexual Organs*), was published in 1897; Freud's copy is inscribed: "To my dear Sigmund—affectionately, the author." The last part of chapter 6 discusses these "stomach-ache spots" and "*Dauererfolg durch Exstirpation jener Stelle*" (a lasting cure through extirpation of these spots). The dates of the case histories make it clear that Fliess's views belong to the period of Emma Eckstein's operation. Here is an important passage from page 108:

The effect of masturbation on this organ [the nose] is by no means exhaustively described by the statement that the result is a change in the genital spots of the nose, certainly not if one understands the genital spots to be



the lower turbinate bone and the *tuberculi septi*, as we have done so far for good reason. Another area of the nose undergoes a typical transformation as a result of masturbation, namely the middle turbinate bone on the left, primarily in its frontal third. . . . If one completely removes this segment of the middle turbinate bone on the left, which can easily be carried out with suitable bone forceps, the stomach pains can be permanently cured.

So, between 1893 and 1897, Fliess had carried his nasal treatment a step further and employed "daring" techniques. It is probable that the first person to be treated with this new technique was Emma Eckstein.



IN THE UNDATED LETTER WRITTEN BY FREUD TO FLIESS between Easter and June of 1893, there is an important passage that was, curiously, omitted from the published version:

I am not clear about the naval cadet. He confessed to masturbating already in the morning; did you establish that the attack followed directly upon a masturbatory excess? Certain fantasies about the possibility of suppressing the impulse to masturbate via the nose, to explain such impulses, to undo anesthesia, and the like should remain only fantasies?

Presumably Fliess had as a patient a naval cadet who had had some kind of (hysterical?) attack related to masturbation. It can be assumed that Fliess had written to Freud about the case, telling him that he intended to treat the young man by performing nasal therapy. Freud, in his response, seems to be telling Fliess something he would not risk saying during their later and more intense friendship—namely, that the efficacy of "nasal treatment" was a fantasy of Fliess's, and that a nose operation was perhaps not the best way to treat a problem connected with masturbation.

On May 30, 1893, Freud wrote a letter to Fliess in which, for the first time, he suggested to him the possibility of sexual seductions in early childhood. In the published edition of the Freud-Fliess letters, this passage is omitted without explanation:

I continue, because now I am writing more easily, to submit the following problem to you:

Undoubtedly there exist cases of juvenile neurasthenia *without* masturbation, but *not* without the usual preliminaries of overabundant pollutions—that is, precisely as though there had been masturbation. I have only the following unproven surmises for the understanding of these cases:

- 1) Innate weakness of the genital and nervous systems
- 2) Abuse in the prepubertal period
- 3) Could it not be that organic changes of the nose produce the pollutions and thereby the neurasthenia, so that here the latter develops as a product of the nasal reflex noxa?

What do you think and do you know something about it?

Since the word *abuse* (*Missbrauch*) cannot refer to masturbation (Freud is speaking here of "juvenile neurasthenia *without* masturbation"), it must refer to an abuse by another person—a sexual trauma, a seduction—since, for Freud, the etiology of the actual neuroses was always sexual. In fact, in Freud's entire collected works, the word *Missbrauch* is used exclusively to refer to externally caused abuse, never to masturbation. This usage becomes especially clear in light of a subsequent letter that is quoted below.

This is the first evidence we have that Freud was beginning to explore areas that were outside the realm of Fliess's interests. Whereas the psychopathology of masturbation permitted a collaboration between Freud and Fliess (Freud could encourage the patient to give up the practice, and Fliess could use his surgical skills to repair the "damage" already done), if the cause of illness lay in something previously ignored, such as a real trauma from the external world, there would be little reason for Fliess's medical intervention.

Moreover, the preponderance of the psychological factor (both in the damage done and in the cure needed) would preclude any close collaboration. Their physical and psychological explanations were fundamentally incompatible, though this seems not to have become apparent to either Freud or Fliess for some time. It is evident, however, that Freud was embarking on a new kind of search.

The letter of which a portion follows, dated August 20, 1893, was omitted from the published version of the Freud-Fliess correspondence. Unlike the other omitted letters and passages, however, it was never seen by Ernst Kris, and it was not excised after the transcript was made. I came across it in Freud's desk at Maresfield Gardens. The relevant passage, from the end of the letter, reads:

For the rest, the etiology of the neuroses pursues me everywhere, as the Marlborough song follows the traveling Englishman. Recently I was consulted by the daughter of the innkeeper on the Rax; it was a nice case for me.

Fliess may not have perceived the implications of this important passage. He had already seen Freud's paper "The Etiology of the Neuroses," which referred to the actual neuroses, that is, neurasthenia (as opposed to the psychoneuroses—hysteria and obsessional neurosis), whose

etiology, according to Freud, lay in masturbation. But in this letter Freud was no longer referring to masturbation and coitus interruptus (Fliess's *abusus sexualis*) as "the etiology of the neuroses"; he was on the trail of something far more essential: childhood sexual seductions. For "the daughter of the innkeeper on the Rax" was none other than Katharina, whose story is told in *Studies on Hysteria*, which was not published until May of 1895. (This is the only reference Freud made to her outside of that book.)

That remarkable case history, written in a style unusual for the medical literature of the time, proceeds in dialogue form to reveal that Katharina had been sexually assaulted (*nächtlicher Überfall*, literally a nocturnal "attack") when she was thirteen or fourteen. That her seducer was her own father, however, we learn only from a footnote that Freud added to the 1924 edition of the book:

I venture after the lapse of so many years to lift the veil of discretion and reveal the fact that Katharina was not the niece but the daughter of the landlady. The girl fell ill, therefore, as a result of sexual attempts on the part of her own father. Distortions like the one which I introduced in the present instance should be altogether avoided in reporting a case history.

Freud said explicitly that Katharina was suffering from hysteria (hence not from an actual neurosis). So Freud had now applied his new etiological formula beyond the actual neuroses, to the psychoneuroses. He had, without knowing it, entered a realm where nobody was prepared to follow him.

In 1894, Freud was absorbed in collecting cases for his *Studies on Hysteria*, on which he was collaborating with his onetime mentor Josef Breuer, and we know from other sources how reluctant Breuer was to publish it. But nowhere is the reason for this reluctance more clearly revealed than in another passage omitted from the published version of a letter dated May 21, 1894, in which Freud wrote to Fliess:

Was not Marion Delorme a jewel? She will not be included in the collection with Breuer because the second level [*Stockwerk*, that is, of a building], that of the sexual motive, is not supposed to be disclosed there. The case history that I am writing now—a cure—is among my most difficult pieces of work. You will receive it before Breuer if you return it promptly. Among the gloomy thoughts of the past few months there was one, in second place, right after wife and children—that I shall no longer be able to prove the sexual thesis. After all, one does not want to die either immediately or completely.

When Freud said that he was afraid he might not be able to prove the "sexual thesis," he almost certainly meant that he might be prevented from proclaiming his new discovery that sexual violence against a child was the source of hysteria and obsessional neurosis. It is quite possible, then, that Freud altered the Katharina case for this book, by neglecting to identify her seducer as her father, at Breuer's request.

If one of Breuer's conditions for agreeing to joint publication was that this thesis of Freud's be omitted from the book, then some of the case histories take on a new meaning. For we can presume that Freud first wrote them with such seductions in mind. The following scene from the case history of one of Freud's patients, a "lively and gifted girl," now makes sense:

... I told her that I was quite convinced that her cousin's death had had nothing at all to do with her state, but that something else had happened which she had not mentioned. At this, she gave way to the extent of letting fall a single significant phrase; but she had hardly said a word before she stopped, and her old father, who was sitting behind her, began to sob bitterly. Naturally I pressed my investigation no further; but I never saw the patient again.

It seems likely that Freud was here depicting a scene in which a young girl accused her father of having raped her, whereupon he began to sob, acknowledging his guilt.

The reading that Freud was doing at this time was related to the subject of seduction. In his personal library are four copies of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*: the fifth edition (1890), seventh (1892), ninth (1894), and eleventh (1901). If we examine the passages that Freud marked in the 1894 edition, the only one he annotated, it becomes clear that most of his notations have to do with the sexual abuse of children (though Krafft-Ebing himself held no theories about this).

Two dominant influences were thus at work on Freud, encouraging his newly developed thesis about the importance of sexual seductions: the reading he was doing and the clinical work he was engaged in with his patients (which we can read about in the published letters to Fliess). Offsetting these influences was the disapproval of his onetime friend and protector Josef Breuer. But perhaps nothing would have a greater effect on Freud than the attitude taken by Fliess toward the subject, for Freud was now prepared to acknowledge publicly his scientific collaboration with Fliess.

In a published letter to Fliess dated August 29, 1894, Freud referred to the "Migraine of M.," which Kris took to be a reference to a work by Theodor Meynert. Actually, it is to a book by Möbius on migraine, which Freud reviewed in 1895, though his review was not known to Freud scholars or to the editors of the *Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*. This review contains Freud's first published recognition of Fliess's work. Its last paragraph reads as follows:

I would further like to emphasize a relationship—one that Möbius does not reject—between migraine and the nose . . . [which I mention because of my] intimate acquaintance with the work and the surprising therapeutic success of a researcher well known to the readers of this journal, Dr. W. Fliess in Berlin. According to Fliess, who went beyond his predecessor Hack in using cocaine as a diagnostic aid, in [adopting] the daring technique of mod-

ern therapy, and in [entertaining] viewpoints of general significance, the nose has to be accorded a role in the pathogenesis of all headaches whatsoever as well as of migraine, not only in exceptional cases but rather as a rule. . . .

By this time Freud knew the exact nature of the new therapy: surgery—and perhaps that was why he characterized it as “daring” (*kühn*). Thus, not only had Freud turned Emma Eckstein over to Fliess for an operation but he was now openly acknowledging his admiration for Fliess as a physician, after the operation had taken place.



IT IS MY CONTENTION THAT EMMA ECKSTEIN CATALYZED Freud's formulation of the seduction theory, and my reasons for suggesting this will become apparent in what follows. But is there any evidence that Emma Eckstein had herself been abused as a child? In “The Etiology of Hysteria,” written in 1896, while Eckstein was still a patient, Freud wrote:

If you submit my assertion that the etiology of hysteria lies in the sexual life to the strictest examination, you will find that it is supported by the fact that in some eighteen cases of hysteria I have been able to discover this connection in every single symptom, and, where the circumstances allowed, to confirm it by therapeutic success. . . . these eighteen cases are at the same time all the cases on which I have been able to carry out the work of analysis. . . . I therefore put forward the thesis that at the bottom of every case of hysteria there are one or more occurrences of premature sexual experience [seduction]. . . .

Freud certainly considered Emma Eckstein a hysteric, and it is apparent, therefore, that Freud believed that she had been seduced as a child.

Additional information on this point lies in Freud's “Project for a Scientific Psychology,” which he wrote in the autumn of 1895. Part II, Section 4, of the “Project” is an attempt to explain the origins of an apparently indecipherable symptom in a patient who is called Emma. The patient was, in fact, Emma Eckstein. Freud began (in the translation by James Strachey, the editor of the *Standard Edition*):

Emma is subject at the present time to a compulsion of not being able to go into shops *alone*. As a reason for this, [she produced] a memory from the time when she was twelve years old (shortly after puberty). She went into a shop to buy something, saw the two shop-assistants (one of whom she can remember) laughing together, and ran away in some kind of *affect of fright*. In connection with this, she was led to recall that the two of them were laughing at her clothes and that one of them had pleased her sexually.

In other words, Eckstein herself explained her symptoms by reference to this earlier experience. But Freud pushed on:

Further investigation now revealed a second memory, which she denies having had in mind at the moment of Scene I. . . . On two occasions when she was a child of eight she had gone into a small shop to buy some sweets, and the shopkeeper had grabbed at her genitals through her clothes. [Strachey has altered something here: Freud did not say “the shopkeeper,” he said “*der Edle*,” “the high-minded man”—Freud was expressing with sarcasm his contempt for the act of the shopkeeper, no doubt in sympathy with Emma Eckstein.] In spite of the first experience she had gone there a second time; after the second time she stopped [stayed] away. She now reproached herself for having gone there the second time, as though she had wanted in that way to provoke the assault. In fact a state of “oppressive bad conscience” is to be traced back to this experience.

At the end of the section, Freud concluded:

Here we have the case of a memory arousing an affect which it did not arouse as an experience, because in the meantime the change [brought about] in puberty had made possible a different understanding of what was remembered.

Now this case is typical of repression in hysteria. We invariably find that a memory is repressed which has only become a trauma by *deferred action*. The cause of this state of things is the retardation of puberty as compared with the rest of the individual's development.

Freud thus used the case of Emma Eckstein to explain repression. We do not know what Freud considered to be the root of Eckstein's problems. His theoretical position, often expressed, was that hysterical symptoms in latency (after the age of eight) or in adolescence almost invariably represent the effects of a much earlier sexual assault.

Freud was at that time convinced that Emma Eckstein's memories were real. “Scene” [*Szene*] as Freud used it in this passage from the “Project” is beyond any question a reference to something that actually took place. It was not until later that Freud would view such “scenes” as fantasies. This passage from the “Project” shows that in the aftermath of Emma Eckstein's operation, Freud was concerned with actual early events and traumas and their effects on the later emotional life of the victim.



FREUD'S NEW THEORY WAS FIRST MADE PUBLIC IN the French journal *Revue neurologique* on March 30, 1896. His article was entitled "*L'Hérédité et l'étiologie des névroses*." It contains the first published use of the words "psychoanalysis" and "psychoneurosis." Freud reported carrying out "a complete psychoanalysis in thirteen cases of hysteria." "In none of these cases," Freud wrote, "was an event of the kind defined above [seduction in childhood] missing. It was represented either by a brutal assault committed by an adult or by a seduction less rapid and less repulsive, but reaching the same conclusion."

Freud went on to say:

How is it possible to remain convinced of the reality of these analytic confessions which claim to be memories preserved from the earliest childhood? and how is one to arm oneself against the tendency to lies and the facility of invention which are attributed to hysterical subjects?

The answer that Freud gave is as true today as it was then—namely, that the feelings evoked by such memories cannot be the product of invention. Long-lost affects, which belong to the original event and have been locked away for years, surface:

The fact is that these patients never repeat these stories spontaneously, nor do they ever in the course of a treatment suddenly present the physician with the complete recollection of a scene of this kind. One only succeeds in awakening the psychical trace of a precocious sexual event under the most energetic pressure of the analytic procedure, and against an enormous resistance. Moreover, the memory must be extracted from them piece by piece, and while it is being awakened in their consciousness they become the prey to an emotion which it would be hard to counterfeit.

Freud ended this paper by saying:

I am convinced that nervous heredity by itself is unable to produce psychoneuroses if their specific etiology, precocious sexual excitation, is missing.

Freud submitted an even stronger paper to the *Neurologisches Zentralblatt*, "*Weitere Bemerkungen über die Abwehrneuropsychosen*" ("Further Remarks on the Neuro-psychoses of Defense"), on the same day; it was not

published, however, until May 15, 1896. In this paper, Freud was, for the first time, skeptical about the effect of masturbation (which Fliess, along with many other authors, regarded as one source of hysteria).

Active masturbation must be excluded from my list of the sexual noxae in early childhood which are pathogenic for hysteria. Although it is found so very often side by side with hysteria, this is due to the circumstance that masturbation itself is a much more frequent consequence of abuse or seduction than is supposed.

He noted that it is more common for girls to have been victims of sexual seductions, but Strachey's translation is misleading:

Furthermore, a path is laid open to an understanding of why hysteria is far and away more frequent in members of the female sex; for even in childhood they are more liable to provoke sexual attacks.

What Freud actually wrote (. . . *zu sexuellen Angriffen reizt*) was that it is the female sex that "stimulates [men] to sexual attacks." Strachey's version was to become the standard view, but it was not yet Freud's.

At some time during 1895 or 1896, Freud had become convinced that the persons most often guilty of the sexual abuse of young children (primarily girls) were their fathers. (In the published letter of September 21, 1897, to Fliess, Freud wrote: "Then the surprise that, in all cases, the *father* [emphasis in original], not excluding my own, had to be accused of being perverse.") But Freud did not say this publicly. The taboo against speaking about fathers seducing their children seems to have been handed down through the generations of analysts since Freud. Thus, the editors of *The Origins of Psychoanalysis*, Ernst Kris and Anna Freud, omitted from the letters several case histories in which a father seduced a child, thereby depriving posterity of the opportunity to judge or even become aware of the evidence Freud was finding in his clinical practice for his belief in the reality of early sexual traumas. This was systematically done for letters written after September 21, 1897 (the date on which Freud supposedly gave up the seduction hypothesis). The reason for these omissions, presumably, is that once Freud had given up this notion as a mistake, it would confuse future analysts to have information dating to a time when Freud had not yet understood the all-powerful nature of fantasy. An important document here is this case history, omitted from the published version of a letter of December 6, 1896:

A fragment from my daily experience: One of my patients, in whose history her highly perverse father plays the principal role, has a younger brother who is looked upon as a common scoundrel. One day the latter appeared in my office to declare, with tears in his eyes, that he was not a scoundrel but was ill, with abnormal impulses and inhibitions of will. By the way, he also complains, entirely as an aside, about what surely are nasal headaches. I direct him to his sister and brother-in-law, whom he indeed

visits. That evening the sister calls me because she is in an agitated state. Next day I learn that after her brother had left, she had an attack of the most dreadful headaches—which she otherwise never suffers from. Reason: the brother told her that when he was twelve years old, his sexual activity consisted in kissing (licking) the feet of his sisters when they were undressing at night. In association, she recovered from the unconscious the memory of a scene in which (at the age of four) she watched her papa, in the throes of sexual excitement, licking the feet of a wet nurse. In this way she surmised that the son's sexual preferences stemmed from the father; that the latter also was the seducer of the former. Now she allowed herself to identify herself with him and assume his headaches. She could do this, by the way, because during the same scene the raving father hit the child (hidden under the bed) on the head with his boot.

The brother abhors all perversity, while he suffers from compulsive impulses. That is to say, he has repressed certain impulses which are replaced by others with compulsions. This is, in general, the secret of compulsive impulses. If he could be perverse, he would be healthy, like the father.

Even if he did not go so far as to announce publicly that the father was the guilty party, by 1896 Freud was willing to take a stand on the reality of seduction.



BUT DURING THIS SAME TIME, FLIESS WAS MOVING in quite a different direction. Some of his ideas from this period contributed to Freud's final change of heart. For I believe that Fliess's views on the origin of neurosis were to affect Freud profoundly, causing him to adopt a totally new and skeptical attitude toward Emma Eckstein and her memories and, beyond that, toward his female patients from 1897 on. In his 1897 book, *Die Beziehungen zwischen Nase und weiblichen Geschlechtsorganen*, Fliess presented the case of three-year-old Fritz L.:

For one year the observant stepmother noticed that the little boy has very obvious feelings of shame, and is moreover quite clearly interested in the naked female body, touches it, etc. Since then he has pavor nocturnus [night terrors] and anxiety in the evening . . . that is almost always preceded by singultus [sobbing and crying] one or two days earlier, along with erections.

How did Fliess explain these observations? He said that the first attack of singultus came on October 11, the second on February 26, and the third on May 28—138 days apart, that is, six times 23, the "male period." "Female periods" of 28 days were carefully observed in the little boy. A few pages later, Fliess mentioned Freud's "The Etiology of Hysteria":

Here too I would like to refer to Freud's works, which are pathbreaking and which provide us with new and totally unsuspected insights into sexual relations and the effects of these on the nervous system.

But though he acknowledged Freud's work, he negated his praise by announcing elsewhere in the book that manifestations of infantile sexuality were entirely spontaneous and proceeded from biologically determined periods. A person's sexual life, according to Fliess, consisted in innate, inborn, constitutional givens that differed from individual to individual but were of no psychological significance and could not, by their very nature, be treated by psychological methods.

Whereas a certain amount has recently been written about Fliess's views, the passages quoted below have not been noted.

In the unpublished letters that Freud wrote to Fliess in 1896, periodicity came to play a greater and greater role. Freud was continually searching his own past to find what Fliess called "*Termine*," critical dates. These dates, according to Fliess, were always tied to 28 and 23 and numbers that were in some way related to them (for example, 5, the difference between the two). Fliess believed that all events in a person's life were determined by these critical dates. Along with this went a curious diagnostic megalomania. Fliess thought that his theories gave him special powers that allowed him to predict a person's death:

I have many times observed that the mother's last breath is taken at the exact same time as her daughter's monthly period sets in, even when the latter had no idea of the [impending] death. And, conversely, in cases of chronic disease which approached the final stage, I have been able to predict the dying day by tying it to such a day [menstruation]. "The mother will die on the day her daughter has her period." And then she died.

On November 24, 1937, when Marie Bonaparte visited Vienna to show Freud the letters from him to Fliess that she had purchased, she discussed Fliess with him. She wrote:

If he [Fliess] held so tenaciously to the theory of periods which determine people's death, if he imagined it, it must be, Freud believes, because of his remorse over the death of his younger sister. She died of pneumonia as Fliess was finishing his medical studies. He reproached himself for possibly having cared for her badly, or that she had been badly [cared for by others]. So if one died from a death [the date of which was] determined in advance, he could feel absolved.

Indeed, Fliess's own words strongly suggest this:

On the afternoon of March 24, 1899, my wife's sister, Melanie R., began to have labor pains, and six hours later her daughter Margaret was born. On the same afternoon my wife's period began, and, as we later learned, it was to be her last period [before becoming pregnant]. So one sister had continued the pregnant state of the other. This is more than a simple pattern. Behind it lies a hidden law of nature determining relationships. For if one continues 280 days from March 24, that is, 10 times 28, one comes to December 29, the very same date on which, 4 years earlier, my eldest son came into the world (December 29, 1895). And 20 years earlier, on December 29, 1879, my only sister became suddenly deathly ill with chills and died thirty hours later.

Hidden behind this supposed mathematical objectivity lies a peculiar grandiosity, since Fliess considered himself to be the only person to have understood these great laws of nature. It is not surprising, then, that Freud would have been under considerable pressure either to recognize the same laws or to begin to distance himself from Fliess.

A case history from Fliess's 1897 book (*Beziehungen*) alerts us to the explanations that he offered his patients. Mrs. N. was fifty-three years old. She had had her last period on March 1, 1892, when she was forty-nine. On March 12, 1896, Fliess probed what was left of her left middle nasal concha, most of which had been removed earlier (most likely by Fliess himself). As he was carrying out this examination, she began to bleed severely, and the flow could be stopped only by a very tight packing. At the same time, tears mixed with blood came pouring out of her right eye. On the night of the 13th she had a bloody discharge from her vagina. Fliess "explained" to her right away that the bleeding was vicarious. Proof: between March 1, 1892, and March 12, 1896, 1,472 days had elapsed, that is, 64 times 23, her male period.

Just as was to happen in the case of Emma Eckstein, Fliess's immediate response to the hemorrhage was to seek an explanation in terms of 28 and 23 rather than in terms of what he had done to the patient. While Freud could not go along with this in Eckstein's case without abandoning his views on the origins of neurosis, he, like Fliess (and no doubt for Fliess's benefit), turned his investigation away from the operation, that is, away from an external source, and sought the cause of the bleeding in Eckstein herself. To Eckstein, it would have been little comfort that Freud's was the more sophisticated procedure. The truth is that the source of her bleeding was to be found neither in series of 23-day and 28-day cycles nor in hysterical longing but in an unnecessary operation that was performed because of a *folie à deux* on the part of two misguided doctors.

Freud had the option to recognize this, confess it to Emma Eckstein, confront Fliess with the truth, and face the consequences. Or he could protect Fliess by excusing what had happened. But in order to do this, to efface the

external trauma of the operation, it would prove necessary to construct a theory based on hysterical fantasies, a theory whereby the external traumas suffered by the patient never happened, and were inventions. If Emma Eckstein's problems (her bleeding) had nothing to do with the real world (Fliess's operation), then her earlier accounts of seduction could well have been fantasies. The consequences of Freud's act of loyalty toward Fliess would reach far beyond this single case.

In the middle of 1896, Freud was faced with a conflict: on the one hand, his patients painfully recovered memories of traumas from their childhood; these he had no reason to disbelieve, and he published a series of fine clinical and theoretical essays embodying his new findings. On the other hand, one of the patients presenting him with evidence in this area had been severely injured by an operation that had been recommended by Freud and that had been carried out by his closest personal friend and scientific colleague. The tension between these two sets of events, which on their face did not seem irreconcilable, was bound to reach a breaking point. Freud would be forced to make a choice.

On April 16, 1896 (in a letter omitted from *The Origins of Psychoanalysis* but reproduced by Schur, as were the following two letters), Freud told Fliess that he had found

a completely surprising explanation of Eckstein's hemorrhages—which will give you much pleasure. I have already figured out the story, but I shall wait before communicating it until the patient herself has caught up.

On April 26, Freud wrote again:

First of all, Eckstein, I shall be able to prove to you that you were right, that her episodes of bleeding were hysterical, were occasioned by longing, and probably occurred at the sexually relevant times (the woman, out of resistance, has not yet supplied me with the dates).

It is clear from this passage that Fliess had told Freud that Emma Eckstein's nasal bleeding after the operation had nothing to do with the gauze he had left in her wound but was hysterical—caused by her fantasies, not by his inept medical care. The word Freud used for "sexually relevant times" was *Sexualtermine*, from Fliess's notion that sexual events were tied to special dates. The dates of the bleeding were what seem to have most interested Fliess.

On May 4, Freud provided the explanation:

As for Eckstein—I am taking notes on her history so that I can send it to you—so far I know only that she bled out of *longing*. She has always been a bleeder, when cutting herself and in similar circumstances; as a child she suffered from severe nosebleeds; during the years when she was not yet menstruating, she had headaches which were interpreted to her as malingering and which in truth had been generated by suggestion; for this reason she joyously welcomed her severe menstrual bleeding as proof that her illness was genuine, a proof that was also recognized as such by others. She described a scene, from the age of

15, when she suddenly began to bleed from the nose when she had the wish to be treated by a certain young doctor who was present (and who also appeared in the dream). When she saw how affected I was by her first hemorrhage while she was in the hands of Rosanes, she experienced this as the realization of an old wish to be loved in her illness, and in spite of the danger during the succeeding hours she felt happy as never before. Then, in the sanatorium, she became restless during the night because of an unconscious wish to entice me to go there, and since I did not come during the night, she renewed the bleedings, as an unfailing means of rearousing my affection. She bled spontaneously three times, and each bleeding lasted for four days, which must have some significance. She still owes me details and specific dates.

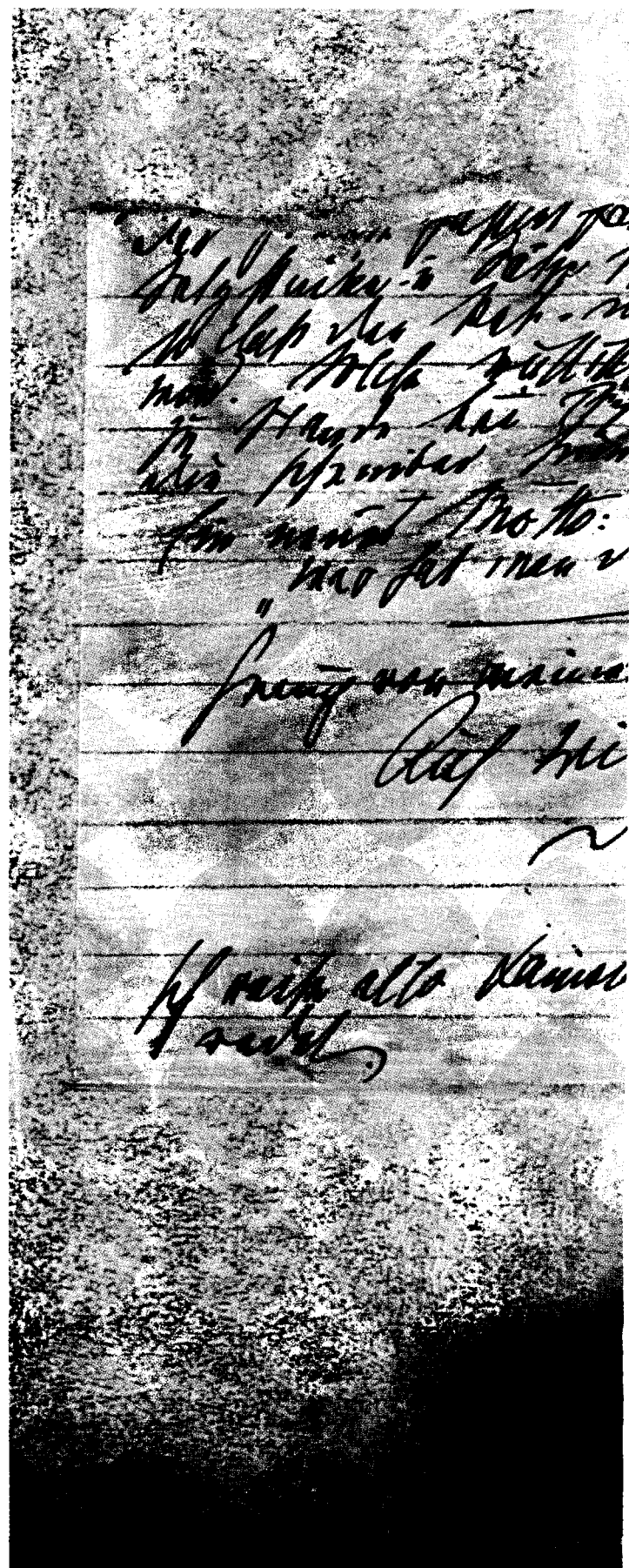
Freud was eager to be able to supply Fliess with the dates that would finally absolve him of any responsibility for Emma Eckstein's bleeding. There was an important shift in Freud's use of the word "scene." It began to take on connotations of fantasy; it was connected with "wish fulfillment," not just with real events. The shift would soon be completed.

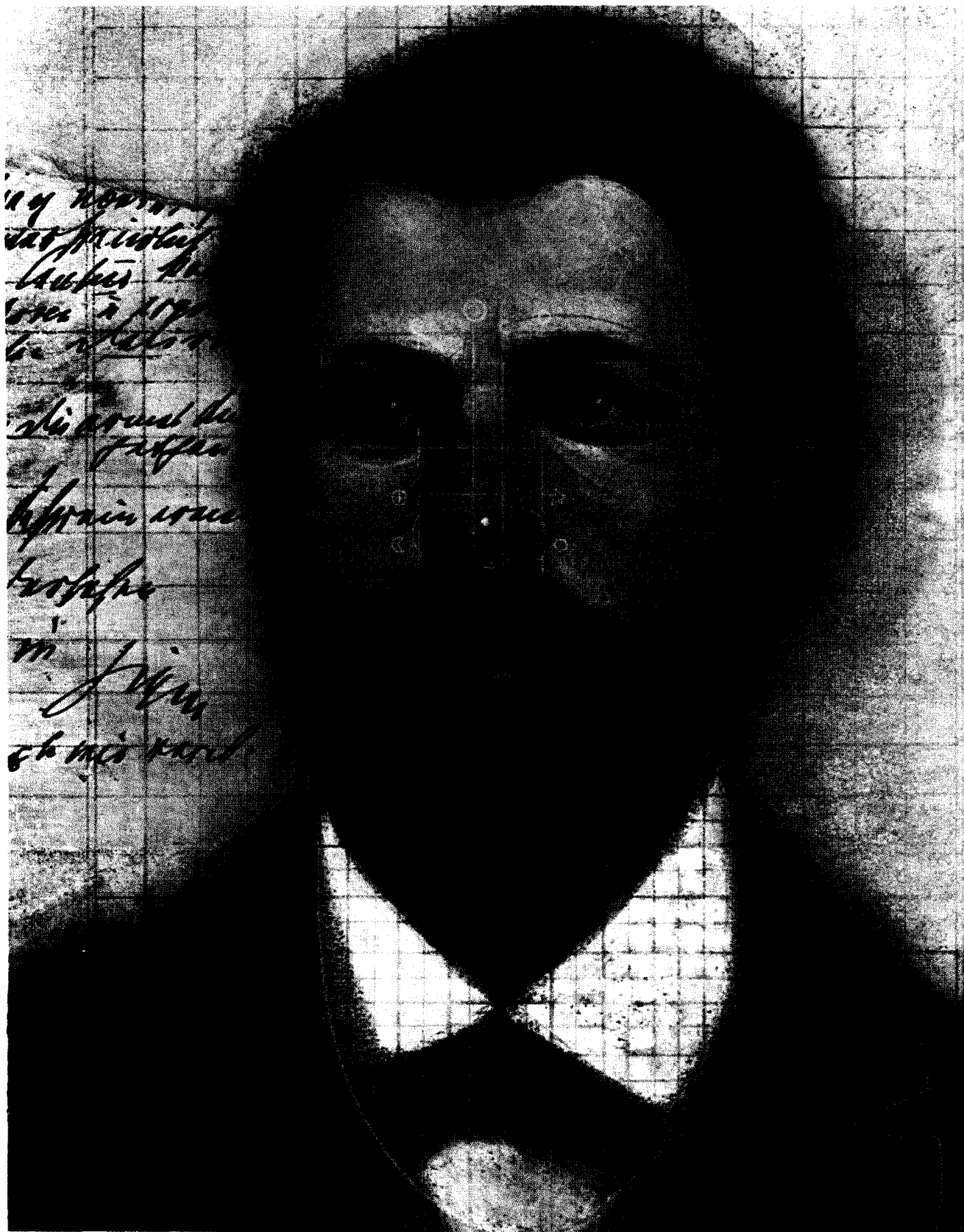
The next passage (unpublished) about Emma Eckstein appears not to have been noticed by Schur. Freud wrote to Fliess on June 4, 1896:

Eckstein's significant dates unfortunately cannot be obtained because they were not recorded at the sanatorium. Her story is becoming even clearer; there is no doubt that her hemorrhages were due to wishes; she has had several similar incidents, among them actual [*direkte*] simulations, in her childhood. Incidentally, she is doing exceedingly well.

Freud was attempting to rationalize the aftermath of the operation, in which Emma Eckstein nearly bled to death. The operation itself had receded far into the background; it had become only a minor incident. The true cause of Emma Eckstein's hemorrhaging was not the gauze that had been left in her nose but a wish to have Freud by her side. Evidence for this was that she had suffered from nosebleeds in childhood. How Emma Eckstein could have "simulated" a massive hemorrhage is difficult to understand.

Fliess seems to have written to Freud telling him that he suspected that Eckstein's hemorrhages did not stem from a physical cause but were "psychosomatic." By attempting to obtain Eckstein's "significant dates," Freud was tacitly accepting Fliess's supposition. The theory of hysterical bleeding could more easily be accommodated to Fliess's theories than could the recognition of the true source of Eckstein's bleeding. Fliess no doubt believed that her abdominal and menstrual symptoms were related to the genital spots in the nose. Removing those spots would remove the symptoms. Yet if the operation had really been needed, as Fliess thought, then surely Emma Eckstein should now be cured, and there would be no need for Freud to see her again, or any other patients, for that matter, since all their symptoms could be relieved by nasal





treatment. Could Freud believe that he was seeing Emma Eckstein now merely to treat her for her hysterical reaction to the operation? Perhaps. But Fliess had not decided to operate on Emma Eckstein because of hysterical bleeding. The bleeding, even by Freud's account, was a product of the operation, not its causal antecedent. Yet there is no word, here, about the operation itself. It seems to have been completely forgotten, "wished away," to use one of Freud's own phrases.



ON JANUARY 17, 1897, FREUD WROTE TO FLIESS AND, in a passage omitted from the published letters but included by Schur, mentioned Emma Eckstein: "Emma has a scene where the *Diabolus* sticks pins into her finger and puts a piece of candy on each drop of blood." When Freud had used the word "scene" in his 1896 papers, he had been referring to a real event. But his usage had changed. Max Schur writes about this passage:

The use of the word "scene" here . . . is very significant. We know from Freud's correspondence with Fliess that he still believed in the "seduction etiology" of hysteria. However, in the published portion of this letter and the preceding one he clearly describes what he later called fantasies. This holds true for Emma's "scenes." It would therefore seem that Emma was one of the first patients who offered Freud a clue to the crucial realization that what his patient had described to him as actual seduction episodes were fantasies. As we know, this realization opened the way to the discovery of early infantile sexuality and its manifestations in infancy.

The letter in which this passage occurs is the first letter that Freud wrote to Fliess on the subject of witchcraft. He stated:

What would you say, by the way, if I told you that my brand-new theory of the early etiology of hysteria was already well known and had been published a hundred times over, though several centuries ago? . . . But why did the devil who took possession of the poor things invariably abuse them sexually and in a loathsome manner? Why are their confessions under torture so like the communications made by my patients in psychological treatment?

The answer to this question is important, though. Freud did not provide it. For it very much matters whether one says that the reason the devil invariably abuses the witch sexually is that this is a fantasy on the part of the witch, originating in a childhood wish to be possessed by the father, or that the account of abuse is a distorted memory of a real and tragic event that is so painful it can only be recalled by means of this subterfuge. Schur is right: the hint that Freud threw out in this letter was that the witches *invented* the seductions out of longing. Similarly, Emma Eckstein associated blood with the devil and (sexual) pleasure. Freud continued his letter to Fliess with an astonishing sentence: "As far as the blood is concerned, you are completely without blame!"

A week later, on January 24, 1897, Freud again wrote to Fliess about witches, blood, and sexuality, in a passage (published by Schur) that could only be about Eckstein.

Imagine, I obtained a scene about the circumcision of a girl. The cutting off of a piece of the *labia minora* (which is still shorter today), sucking up the blood, following which the child was given a piece of the skin to eat.

Again, by "scene" Freud meant a fantasy, and he was providing Fliess with evidence that Eckstein was a hysteric who invented traumas. The point of doing this was to demonstrate to Fliess that his conduct of the operation had been completely blameless: Eckstein had hemorrhaged because she was filled with fantasies. Freud continued: "An operation once performed by you was affected by a hemophilia that originated in this way." In other words, Eckstein would have hemorrhaged no matter what was done to her. Fliess was not to blame. Freud went even further, for his mind was taken up with the question of the fantasy nature of seductions:

I dream, therefore, of a primeval devil religion whose rites are carried on secretly, and *I understand the harsh therapy of the witches' judges* [emphasis added].

Freud was implying here that the Sabbats (part of a ritualized religion in which sexual perversions were acted out) were *real* events. He seems to have been saying: The torture and the murder of the witches are understandable, for the judges were attempting to curtail a heinous cult.

Unpleasant chains of associations are set off: if Fliess was the judge, and Eckstein was the witch, then Freud, as the observer, suddenly understood why Fliess had to be so harsh in his punishment of her—she was, during the operation, secretly enacting her own ritual; using Fliess's operation as a kind of somatic compliance, she bled not in response to Fliess but in response to her own private, internal theater of fantasy. So if she nearly bled to death, it was not because of Fliess but because of her own perverse imagination.



FROM 1894 THROUGH 1897, FREUD WAS PREOCCUPIED with the reality of seduction and the fate of Emma Eckstein. The two topics seemed bound together. It is, in my opinion, no coincidence that once Freud had determined that Emma Eckstein's hemorrhages were hysterical, the result of sexual fantasies, he was free to abandon the seduction hypothesis. His preoccupation with seduction seemingly came to an abrupt end September 21, 1897, with a remarkable letter to Fliess. Ernest Jones's account of this letter in his biography of Freud is dramatic.

Up to the spring of 1897 Freud still held firmly to his conviction of the reality of childhood traumas, so strong was Charcot's teaching on traumatic experiences and so surely did the analysis of the patient's associations reproduce them. At that time doubts began to creep in although he made no mention of them in the records of his progress he was regularly sending to his friend Fliess. Then quite suddenly, he decided to confide to him "the great secret of something that in the past few months has gradually dawned on me." It was the awful truth that most—not all—of the seductions in childhood which his patients had revealed, and about which he had built his whole theory of hysteria, had never occurred. . . . The letter of September 21, 1897, in which he made this announcement to Fliess is perhaps the most valuable of that valuable series which was so fortunately preserved.

Because of the critical place this letter occupies in the history of Freud's thinking, it deserves to be quoted at length:

Dear Wilhelm:

Here I am again, arrived yesterday morning, refreshed, cheerful, impoverished, at present without work, and, having settled in again, I am writing to you first.

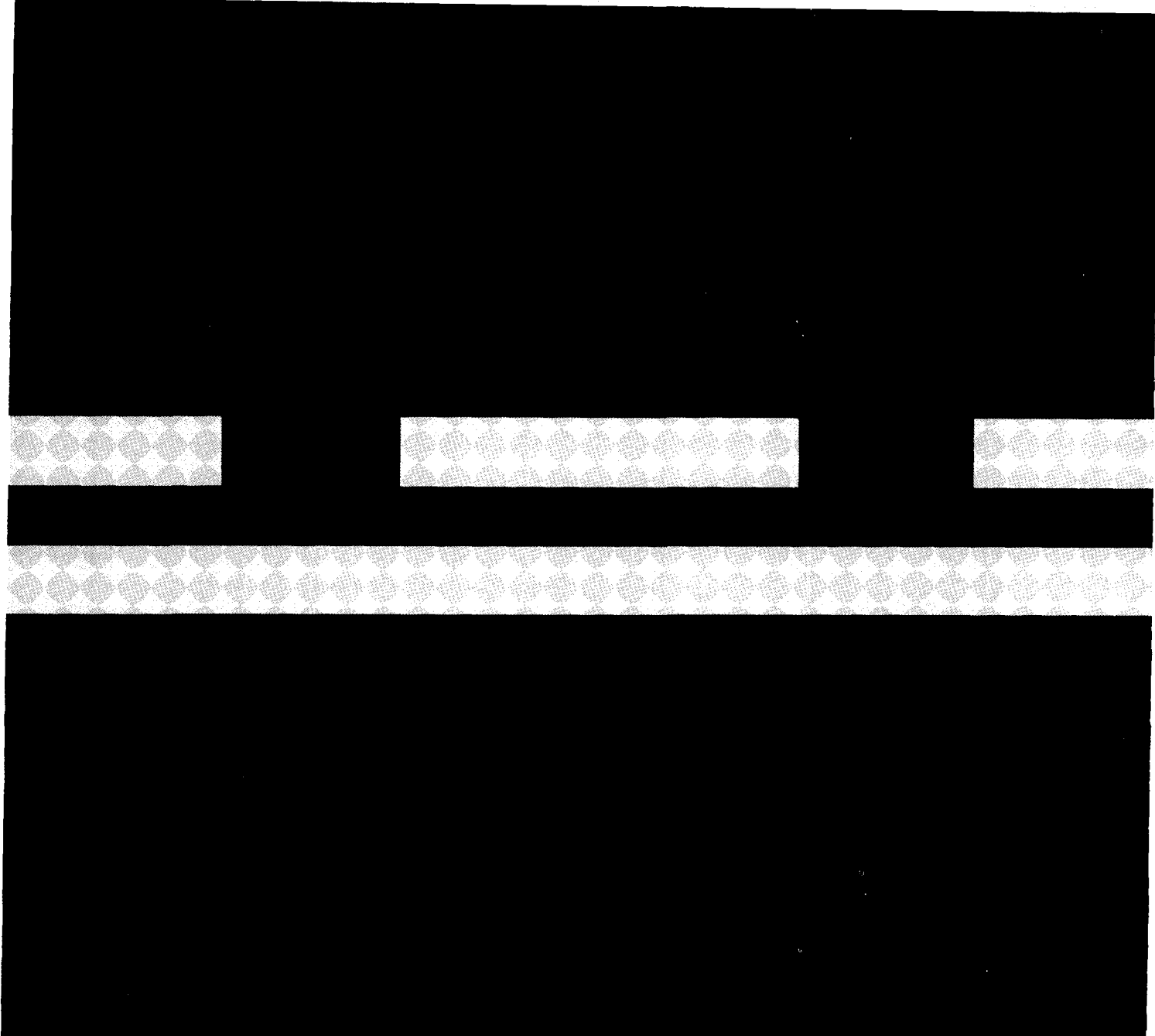
And now I want to confide in you immediately the great secret of something that in the past few months has gradually dawned on me. I no longer believe in my *neurotica* [theory of the neuroses]. This is probably not intelligible without an explanation; after all, you yourself found what I was able to tell you credible. So I will begin historically [and tell you] from where the reasons for disbelief came. The continual disappointment in my efforts to bring any analysis to a real conclusion; the running away of people who for a period of time had been most gripped [by analysis]; the absence of the complete suc-

cesses on which I had counted; the possibility of explaining to myself the partial successes in other ways, in the usual fashion—this was the first group. Then the surprise that, in all cases, the *father*, not excluding my own, had to be accused of being perverse—the realization of the unexpected frequency of hysteria, with precisely the same conditions prevailing in each, whereas surely such widespread perversions against children are not very probable. (The [incidence of] perversion would have to be immeasurably more frequent than the [resulting] hysteria because the illness, after all, occurs only where there has been an accumulation of events and there is a contributory factor that weakens the defense.) Then, third, the certain insight that there are no indications of reality in the unconscious, so that one cannot distinguish between truth and fiction that has been cathected with affect. (Accordingly, there would remain the solution that the sexual fantasy invariably seizes upon the theme of the parents.) Fourth, the consideration that in the most deep-reaching psychosis the unconscious memory does not break through, so that the secret of the childhood experiences is not disclosed even in the most confused delirium. If one thus sees that the unconscious never overcomes the resistance of the conscious, the expectation that in treatment the opposite is bound to happen to the point where the unconscious is completely tamed by the conscious also diminishes.

I was so far influenced [by this] that I was ready to give up two things: the complete resolution of a neurosis and the certain knowledge of its etiology in childhood. Now I have no idea of where I stand because I have not succeeded in gaining a theoretical understanding of repression and its interplay of forces. It seems once again arguable that only later experiences give the impetus to fantasies, which [then] hark back to childhood, and with this, the factor of a hereditary disposition regains a sphere of influence from which I had made it my task to dislodge it—in the interest of illuminating neurosis.

If I were depressed, confused, exhausted, such doubts would surely have to be interpreted as signs of weakness. Since I am in an opposite state, I must recognize them as the result of honest and vigorous intellectual work and must be proud that after going so deep I am still capable of such criticism. Can it be that this doubt merely represents an episode in the advance toward further insight?

It is strange, too, that no feelings of shame appeared, for which, after all, there could well be occasion. Of course I shall not tell it in Dan, nor speak of it in Askalon, in the land of the Philistines, but in your eyes and my own, I have more the feeling of a victory than a defeat (which is surely not right). . . . I vary Hamlet's saying: "To be in readiness": To be cheerful is everything! I could indeed feel very discontented. The expectation of eternal fame was so beautiful, as was that of certain wealth, complete independence, travels, and lifting the children above the severe worries which robbed me of my youth. Everything depended upon whether or not hysteria would come out right. Now I can once again remain quiet and modest, go on worrying and saving. A little story from my collection occurs to me: "Rebecca, take off your gown, you are no longer a bride [*Kalle*]."



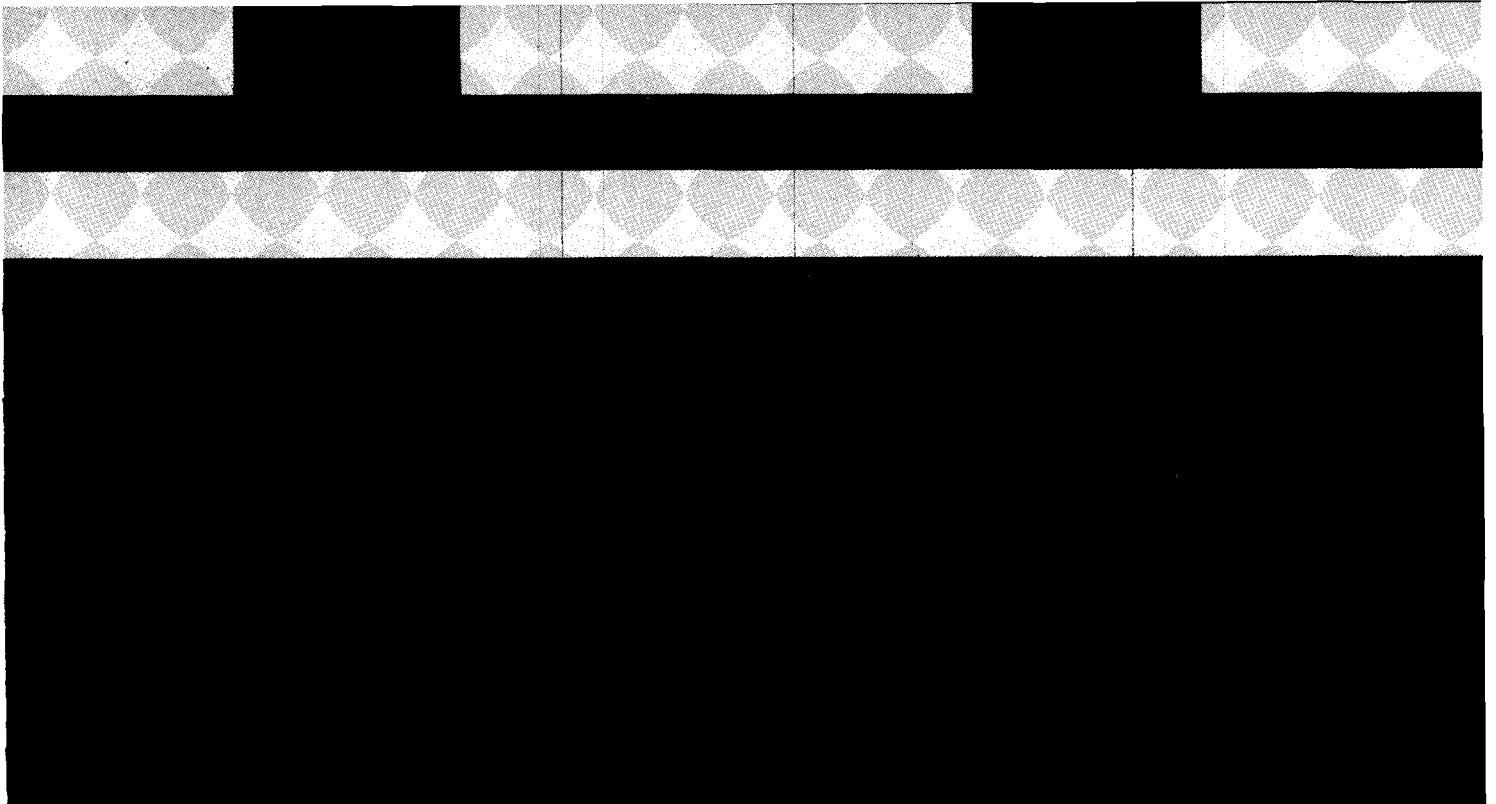
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Despite the many commentaries this letter has received from psychoanalysts, it still bristles with obscurities. The objections Freud raised in the letter to the reality of the sexual abuse of children sound like those raised earlier by his colleagues, critical of the theory from the beginning. Freud had answered those objections in his three 1896 papers on seduction, the papers in which he had established his belief in the reality of childhood seduction, providing evidence and answers to possible refutations. Let us briefly consider Freud's other objections. Is it really so surprising that people in analysis would "run away" after revealing



MOTHER RUIN

One fall after another. The snow
will oblige. It lies on its back in the drainage
of streetlight. It opens its dress
for the rain. *Old friend. I knew*

we'd be meeting again. Old prompter.
It gives up the bushes, gives up the stairs,
gives up the semblance of order
we've made, the pathways

that signify neighborliness. I am not a learned
iconographer, but I've seen how the patches hold out
under soot. Live long, said my father,
It'll do your mean heart good. Which the rain,

infecting the airborne and earthbound alike
with its news from the yellow sky,
rehearses to obsession: You'll have
your way with your betters at last.

And how the mild hands loosen
their hold. The snow has a mind to simplify,
as I do, I hope, and a body of blessed
amnesia. But always the rain

insinuates, which is death to abide by,
and always the honey-mouthed wind,
till the fastness that made things all of a piece
dissolves.

—Linda Gregerson

such tragic secrets about their pasts? Freud's doubts about the frequency of the father's guilt may be biographically interesting, but do they have any theoretical significance? Freud is right that the incidence of perversion would have to be widespread in order for the seduction theory to be true, but that possibility is conceivable once we abandon the kind of mystifying piety about "the family" that Freud never ceased to expose in other areas of human existence. Freud said that there are no indications of reality in the unconscious; still, there are means of distinguishing truth from fiction in the real world. Freud's expectation that in a psychosis the precipitating trauma would be remembered without distortion or resistance is unjustified, though certain psychotic symptoms could well hint at the nature of their underlying cause. Moreover, by speaking of "unconscious memories," Freud explicitly acknowledged the existence of a reality from which the memory stems. Finally, Freud was able to recover fragile memories in analysis by granting his patients permission to remember and by empathizing with their earliest sorrows. Once he began to doubt the reality of the events behind the memories, however, he quite naturally met with retreat and withdrawal. Taken all in all, then, this letter clearly symbolizes the beginning of an internal reconciliation with his colleagues. It is as if Freud were standing before his colleagues at the Society for Psychiatry and saying, "You were right, after all—what I thought was true is nothing but a scientific fairy tale."

The idea that Freud made a firm and permanent decision about seductions—that they were, by and large, unreal, the fantasies of hysterical women—has become standard in psychoanalytic thought. Marie Bonaparte, after she bought Freud's letters to Fliess, was the first to record this opinion. She kept a notebook about the letters, in which she summarized the contents of each. These summaries are remarkably objective and accurate. I found only a single misrepresentation of Freud's remarks in the letters. That single misrepresentation is her comment on the letter of September 21, 1897, which shows yet again how deeply charged with emotion the topic is for all analysts. For Marie Bonaparte wrote: "*Freud a percé à jour le 'mensonge' des hystériques. La séduction régulière par le père est un 'fantasme.'*" ("Freud dragged into the light the 'lie' of hysterics. The frequent seduction by the father is a 'fantasy.'") In fact, as we can see from reading the letter, Freud did not say that hysterics "lie," yet this is how the letter was to be understood by generations of psychoanalysts.

For example, Ernst Kris, who, with Anna Freud, made the selection of Freud's letters to Fliess for publication, wrote in his introduction to the volume:

In the spring of 1897, in spite of accumulating insight into the nature of infantile wish-phantasies, Freud could not make up his mind to take the decisive step demanded by his observations and abandon the idea of the traumatic



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless

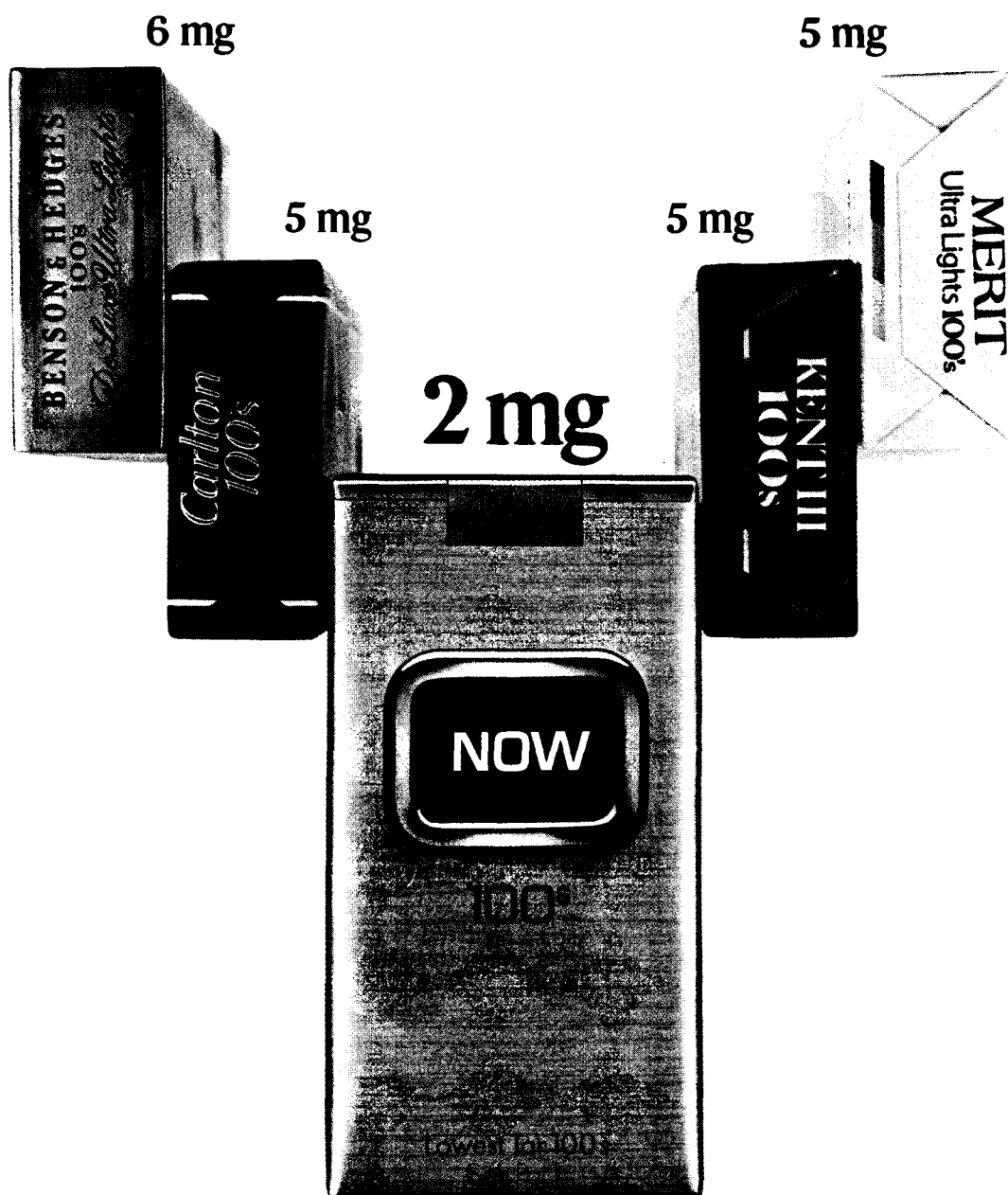


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role of seduction in favour of insight into the normal and necessary conditions of childish development and childish phantasy life. He reports his new impressions in his letters, but does not mention the conflict between them and the seduction hypothesis until one day, in his letter of September 21st, 1897 (Letter 69), he describes how he realized his error.

In explanation of this important step, Kris writes in a note:

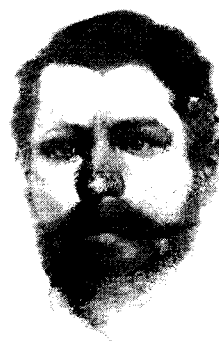
He had drawn near to the Oedipus complex, in which he recognized the aggressive impulses of children directed against their parents, but had still remained faithful to his belief in the reality of the seduction scenes. It seems reasonable to assume that it was only the self-analysis of this summer that made possible rejection of the seduction hypothesis.

Kris is correct: Freud had altered the direction of his thinking. Earlier, Freud had recognized the aggressive acts of parents against their children—for seduction is an act of violence. In 1897, a new insight was emerging, that children have aggressive impulses against their parents: "Hostile impulses against parents (a wish that they should die) are also an integral part of neuroses." Indeed, why should children not wish for vengeance for crimes committed against them? If the seductions had actually taken place, these aggressive impulses would have been healthy signs of protest. But once Freud had decided that the seductions had never occurred, that the parents had not done anything to their children in reality, then these aggressive impulses replaced seduction in Freud's theories. An act was replaced by an impulse, a deed by a fantasy. This new "reality" came to be so important for Freud that the impulses of parents against their children were forgotten, never to reclaim importance in his writings. It was not only the aggressive acts of a parent that were attributed to the fantasy life of a child; now aggressive impulses, too, belonged to the child, not the adult.

In a letter in response to my view that Freud was wrong to abandon the seduction hypothesis, Anna Freud wrote to me, on September 10, 1981:

Keeping up the seduction theory would mean to abandon the Oedipus complex, and with it the whole importance of phantasy life, conscious or unconscious phantasy. In fact, I think there would have been no psychoanalysis afterwards.

This is the standard view—that if Freud had not given up his seduction theory, he would never have become aware of the power of internal fantasy and would not have been able to go on to make the discoveries he did, including the Oedipus complex, leading to the creation of psychoanalysis as a science and a therapy. Of course, nobody can know what would have happened had Freud not abandoned the seduction hypothesis. What we do know for certain, however, is that the view held by Anna Freud and almost all other analysts is deeply engrained.



I MAINTAIN THAT BETWEEN 1897 AND 1903, FREUD came to believe that the case of his early patient Emma Eckstein was typical: most (though not all) of his women patients had deceived themselves and misled him. Their memories of seduction were nothing more than fantasies, or memories of fantasies—they were products of the Oedipus complex, part of normal childhood sexuality.

The new world that opened up to Freud with this "discovery" was a remarkable one, and it permitted him to make a large number of genuine discoveries that have retained their value over the years: the sexual and emotional passions of childhood; the reality of the unconscious; the nature of transference and resistance, repression, and unconscious fantasies; the power of unconscious emotions; the need to repeat early sorrows, and so on.

Whether psychoanalysis could have emerged had Freud retained his earlier belief that the memories of his patients were real, not fantasies, is hardly peripheral to the practice of psychoanalysis (and perhaps to the practice of psychotherapy in general, since most therapies are based, openly or implicitly, on Freudian theory). Psychoanalysts, beginning with Freud himself, agree that the abandonment of the seduction theory was the central stimulus to Freud's later discoveries. The original existence as well as the persistence of psychoanalysis is, by universal agreement, linked to the abandonment of the seduction theory. The preceding pages have been concerned with the influences that came to bear on Freud, leading him away from the initial and unpopular insights he gained concerning the reality of abuse, physical and sexual, of children. I have adduced a large number of facts that were unknown before, or simply unnoticed, to support my opinion that Freud gave up this theory not for theoretical or clinical reasons but for complex personal ones that had nothing to do with science. I do not think that Freud ever made a conscious decision to ignore his earlier experiences. No doubt he believed he was doing the right thing, and the difficult thing, when he shifted his attention from external trauma to internal fantasy as the causative agent in mental illness. But that does not mean it represents the truth.

In fact, in my opinion, Freud had abandoned an important truth: that sexual, physical, and emotional violence is a real and tragic part of the lives of many children. For this

abandoned truth to be erased from the history of psychoanalysis (it was certainly present at the beginning), the traces of it would also have to be removed from the later theory. This was a task best left to the psychoanalysts who came after Freud. I believe they have succeeded: by and large, most analysts would not agree with the insights that in my view are implicit in Freud's 1896 paper "The Etiology of Hysteria"—that many (probably most) of their patients had violent and unhappy childhoods not because of some character trait but because of something terrible that had been done to them by their parents. If this etiological formula is true, and if it is further true that such events form the core of every severe neurosis, then it will be impossible to achieve a successful cure of a neurosis if these central events are ignored. I am inclined to accept the views of many recent authors—Florence Rush, Alice Miller, Judith Herman, Louise Armstrong, and Diana Russell, among others—that the incidence of sexual abuse in the early lives of children is much higher than is generally acknowledged. (In a recent study, Diana Russell found the figure to be as high as one in every four women; it is undoubtedly higher among women who seek psychotherapy.) The analyst who sees a patient with memories of sexual abuse is trained to believe (whether it is openly stated or merely accepted as a hidden theoretical premise) that those memories are fantasies. An analyst trained this way, no matter how benevolent otherwise, does violence to the inner life of his patient and is in covert collusion with what made her ill in the first place.

Genuine psychological discoveries—the reality of the unconscious, for example—cannot be properly used in such an atmosphere. No doubt much of the humiliation, hurt, and rage of the abused child must, in order for that child to survive, be repressed. If the analyst does not believe in the reality of events that would cause such emotions, he has to ascribe the feelings to some constitutional factor in the patient (a greater-than-usual need to be loved, for example). The entire analysis is skewed. The irrational feelings that the patient develops for the analyst (the transference) become inexplicable, since they would be rationally based on rage at the analyst for behaving like a parent who denied what he or she had done to the child. This is not a transference; it is a dim awareness of something that was done to the patient in childhood surfacing in the adult. Though justified, such emotions escape the comprehension of the analyst. In such an atmosphere, treatment can be "successful" only if the patient continues to suppress her (or his) own knowledge of the past, and is led to believe, with the analyst, that she is in the throes of displaced emotions. To become "healthy," the patient would

have to come to share the view of the analyst—that is, to become more like him, or more like what the analyst wants her to be. This involves denying the patient's very self. It spells the death of the patient's independence and freedom. The silence demanded of the child by the person who violated her is perpetuated and enforced by the very person to whom she has come for help. Guilt entrenches itself, the patient's uncertainty about the past deepens, and her sense of who she is is undermined.

Free and honest retrieval of painful memories cannot occur in the face of skepticism and fear of the truth. If the analyst is frightened of the real history of his own science, he will never be able to face the past of any of his patients. Freud's announcement of his new discoveries in the 1896 address on the etiology of hysteria met with no reasoned refutation or scientific discussion, only disgust and disavowal. The idea of sexual violence in the family was so emotionally charged that the only response it received was irrational distaste. When Ferenczi, a generation later, was led by his patients to the same discovery, he met with a similar response, only this time Freud played the role that some forty years earlier had been Krafft-Ebing's. In 1981, I attempted to call the attention of psychoanalysts to new evidence suggesting that the seduction theory deserved serious reconsideration. Like Freud and Ferenczi, I met with irrational antagonism and ostracism. I was challenged not on the basis of my evidence but because I had revealed the evidence. It seems clear that this recurring hostility has not been based on any pre-existing animosity toward any individual proponent of the seduction theory but has its source in an emotionally charged aversion to the theory itself.

The time has come to cease hiding from what is, after all, one of the great issues of human history. For it is unforgivable that those entrusted with the lives of people who come to them in emotional pain, having suffered real wounds in childhood, should use their blind reliance on Freud's abandonment of the seduction theory to continue the abuse that their patients suffered as children. By shifting the emphasis from an actual world of sadness, misery, and cruelty to an internal stage on which actors perform invented dramas for an invisible audience of their own creation, Freud began a trend away from the real world which, it seems to me, is at the root of the present-day sterility of psychoanalysis and psychiatry throughout the world. If it is not possible for the therapeutic community to address this serious issue in an honest and open-minded manner, then it is time for patients to stop subjecting themselves to needless repetition of their earliest and deepest sorrow. □

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*The President, a skeptical journalist argues,
has exploited his theatrical background and a timid media
to present a false picture of himself and his policies*

RONALD REAGAN AND THE TECHNIQUES OF DECEPTION

BY JAMES NATHAN MILLER

ON JANUARY 8, 1982, THE U.S. TREASURY AND JUSTICE departments announced that the Reagan Administration was about to reverse an eleven-year-old policy in the field of civil-rights enforcement. The announcement set off a nationwide explosion of protest, and over the next ten days Ronald Reagan and his top aides produced a confusing series of explanations of the reversal, some of them contradictory. As the truth about the announcement began to emerge, grave questions about the President's personal credibility arose. Civil-rights leaders say the incident was just the first to come to public notice in a pattern of "astonishing misrepresentation" of Reagan's civil-rights policies. The facts behind this charge throw light on a much larger issue: the techniques Ronald Reagan has been using to explain his presidency to the electorate.

In the late 1950s, when the federal government began desegregating the nation's public schools, southern segregationists responded by setting up private, all-white academies that they hoped would be immune from government integration orders. But these schools were heavily dependent on what was in effect a government subsidy—the tax exemption they received as nonprofit, charitable institutions. In 1970, the Nixon Administration dealt the academies a heavy blow by giving the Internal Revenue Service the authority to cancel the exemption of any private school that violated the civil-rights laws by practicing segregation.

Though segregationists fought hard to quash the order to the IRS (one of their main arguments was that a tax-collecting agency had no right to enforce social policy), they got nowhere. Congress refused to rescind the order, and the courts ruled that using the tax system to enforce federal laws was perfectly proper. Between 1970 and 1982, more than a hundred private schools lost their exemptions. But their supporters continued to fight, and a year after Reagan was elected President, the Supreme Court agreed to hear their argument.

That was what triggered the Administration's announcement, which said that when the case came before the high court, the Justice Department would argue *against* the policy that it had successfully defended for eleven years. It would now claim that the IRS lacked the authority to cancel a private school's tax exemption. Why? Because, said Administration spokesmen, a tax-collecting agency has no right to enforce social policy.

Almost immediately, vigorous protests were heard from civil-rights groups, lawyers, Republicans and Democrats in Congress, even the two main associations of private schools. At the Justice Department, half the legal and administrative staff of the Civil Rights Division signed a letter of protest. The criticisms were mainly of two kinds. Some protesters said that the announcement proved that, for the sake of a political alliance with the far right, President Reagan was permitting anti-civil-rights groups to set his civil-rights policies. Others said that, given past court decisions on the matter, the Administration's position would inevitably be rejected by the Supreme Court. (Sixteen months later, in a forcefully worded 8-to-1 decision, the Court did reject it.)

As the objections poured in, Reagan and his aides began what one White House source later called "a salvage operation." It consisted of several artful explanations, the first from the President. He said that he was "unalterably opposed to racial discrimination in any form" and that the objections to the change in policy were the result of "misunderstandings" and "misperceptions" of the reason for it. Actually, he said, he believed the IRS *should* be allowed to cancel tax exemptions. But he had been forced to rescind the authority, because it involved "a procedure that we thought had no basis in law." He then suggested a new way out of the problem. Congress should rewrite the law to make it clear that the IRS *could* cancel exemptions. That would enable him to reverse the reversal he had announced the week before.

The second attempt to take the heat off the President came a couple of days later. White House counselor Edwin Meese III told *The New York Times* that the President had not been told until late on January 7 or early on January 8,

James Nathan Miller writes frequently on governmental affairs, primarily for the Reader's Digest.

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the day of the announcement, about the new policy; through an administrative mix-up, said Meese, he himself had okayed it without approval from the President.

Then came a third explanation, again from Reagan. "I'm the originator of the whole thing," he said, but he admitted that the matter had been badly handled. He would never have reversed the policy if he had realized that the Supreme Court was about to consider it. "I didn't know there was a legal case pending," he said.

What, then, is the truth of the matter? In late January, a copy of a memo from a White House aide to the President was leaked to the press. The memo bore a scribbled notation in the President's handwriting that appeared to contradict all three of the previous explanations. The memo had been written several weeks before the Administration's announcement. It summarized a letter that had been sent to Reagan by Representative Trent Lott, a conservative Republican from Mississippi who was one of the leaders of the fight to get the IRS tax-exemption authority killed. His letter had outlined a way to do it. Calling the President's attention to the fact that the issue was about to go before the Supreme Court, Lott had suggested that the Administration intervene in the case on the side of those who wanted to curtail the authority of the IRS. In the margin of the memo was Reagan's scribbled notation: "I think we should."

But that was not the end of the President's misrepresentations in the matter. Five months later, during a talk Reagan gave at a predominantly black high school in Chicago, someone in the audience asked him what was the last major political decision he had made that hadn't worked out as he had expected. He could think of one example, he said, that was a "beaut"—his decision in the IRS case. "This is the first time," he told them, "that anyone's ever publicly asked me to try and explain what I was doing." He had made the decision, he said, because "I was under the impression that the problem of segregated schools had been settled, and maybe I was wrong. I didn't know there were any court cases pending." Then he added a remarkable afterthought: "I've had to answer some of your questions with figures of what I claim are facts. Don't let me get away with it. Check me out. Make sure that what I told you checks out and is true. . . . Don't be the sucker generation." (When reporters tried to take him up on this challenge by submitting further questions through the White House press office, principal deputy press secretary Larry Speakes refused to accept them. "Don't try to pick me apart on these mistakes again" was all he would say.)

Which brings us back to the charge by civil-rights leaders that Reagan has been pushing his civil-rights policies with a campaign of "astonishing misrepresentation." The President denies it. It is *he*, he says, who has been the victim of a campaign of misrepresentation. "A pretty good hatchet job has been done on us," he says. "I'd have perfect confidence in our chances with black voters if we could get the truth to them."

WHAT IS THE "TRUTH" HE WANTS BLACKS TO know? An analysis of the Administration's major speeches, congressional testimony, and press-conference statements on civil rights shows Reagan to have expressed the greatest pride in what he says he has done in six civil-rights areas: (1) reversing previous federal policies on both the forced busing of schoolchildren and the imposition of racially determined job quotas; (2) desegregating schools through means other than busing; (3) protecting minorities' voting rights; (4) punishing criminal violations of the civil-rights laws; (5) cracking down on discrimination in housing; and (6) appointing blacks to high Administration jobs.

What exactly has Reagan done on these fronts? Leaving aside for the moment the first item on the list, here are the claims he has made in each area, along with the facts.

School desegregation. In a speech last July to the National Council of Negro Women, Reagan asserted that his Administration had been "aggressively combating segregation in schools." As proof, he cited, without elaboration, two pieces of evidence. First: "We have authorized for filing three school-desegregation cases, more than were authorized by the previous Administration during its first thirty months in office." This seemingly straightforward twenty-four-word sentence contains three carefully crafted semantic deceptions.

First, did Reagan actually file more school-desegregation cases than Carter? No. He filed only one, and Carter filed two.

Second, why then did Reagan say he had filed more cases than Carter? He didn't say so—he just seemed to. What he actually said was that three suits had been "authorized" for filing. What does this mean? When I put this question to William Bradford Reynolds, the assistant attorney general in charge of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division (to whom the White House press office had referred me for all my questions on enforcement matters), he said that before the President made the speech the Justice Department had notified two schools that it was *planning* to file suits against them. Reynolds told me this three months after the speech. When I asked Reynolds if he had yet filed the remaining two suits, he would admit only that the suits were "authorized" for filing. He also refused to say when he would file them or to identify the two schools involved.

Third, had Carter, like Reagan, merely *authorized* filings, without filing the suits? No. Carter had actually filed the two suits. Then why did Reagan say he had "authorized" them? Reynolds answered the question this way: Carter couldn't have *filed* them without first *authorizing* their filing; therefore, the sentence was "absolutely accurate." (Here's another version of the same one-up-on-Carter claim, this one from a speech last July by Attorney General William French Smith to The Conference Board [a business-research group]: "The Department has authorized for filing a total of three new school-desegregation

suits. For people who keep such records, that is one more than the Carter Administration compiled during the comparable period.”)

The second piece of evidence that the President cited to support his claim of aggressive action in school desegregation pertained to the single case that his Administration actually *had* filed. He said, “The Justice Department . . . has recently taken action against one state, charging discrimination in its higher-education system.” He did not provide the details that follow.

When Reagan took office, the U.S. Department of Education was under a 1980 federal-court order to accelerate its attempts to force the state of Alabama (among others) to desegregate its dual system of predominantly white and predominantly black colleges. The negotiations with Alabama had been dragging on for several years, with no results, and the court said that if no agreement was reached by May 15, 1981—four months after Reagan’s inauguration—the Administration must prepare either to cut off all federal education funds to Alabama or to take the state to court. The Reagan Administration did neither. Instead, it asked the judge to grant it a further delay. The judge pushed the deadline back seven more months. But it wasn’t until last July—a year and a half after the second deadline—that the Justice Department took Alabama to court. Ralph Neas, head of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, comments: “This is the first President I know of who claims he’s taking aggressive action when he obeys a court order to stop dragging his feet.”

Voting rights. In 1982, Congress passed a toughly worded extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The measure represented a major triumph for civil-rights groups, which had managed to fend off a concerted effort by anti-civil-rights forces and the Reagan Administration to extend the law in emasculated form. Yet when Reagan signed the extension, he claimed that its passage represented a triumph for his Administration as well. Here are the facts behind this claim.

The Voting Rights Act is widely regarded as the toughest and most effective piece of civil-rights legislation ever passed by Congress. (Since 1965, it has revolutionized politics in the South by doubling black registration overall and increasing it tenfold in some districts.) What makes the act so effective is that it not only outlaws discriminatory voting rules (literacy tests, gerrymanders, etc.) but also gives a specific agency—the Justice Department—both the responsibility for preventing these practices and extraordinary powers to act on that responsibility.

The law says that *every* voting district with a past history of discrimination must submit *every* proposed change in its balloting procedures—from major redistrictings down to such minor matters as changes in polling hours—to the department’s Civil Rights Division for review. And it gives the department power to veto any changes, out of the

thousands submitted to it each year, that it views as discriminatory.

These policing powers were what opponents of the act wanted to weaken. They proposed two amendments—one that would make it much harder for the department to prove that voting rules were discriminatory, and the other to reduce substantially the number of districts obliged to submit their changes for review.

What position did the President take on these amendments? At first he refused to take any position, saying that he was studying the problem. His neutrality enabled civil-rights forces to score a smashing victory in the House of Representatives, which rejected the amendments and sent the bill to the Senate by the landslide margin of 389 to 24. Then, shortly after the House action, the President stepped into the fight. Calling the House version “pretty extreme,” he urged the Senate to adopt the two amendments. He also authorized his two top voting-rights enforcement officials, William French Smith and William Bradford Reynolds, to lobby for the amendments, and he backed them up by threatening to veto the bill if it was passed without the amendments.

But the President soon realized that his position was setting him up for a major political defeat. The Senate Republican leadership refused to support the amendments he wanted, sixty-five senators signed up as cosponsors of the House version, and even the conservatives on the Judiciary Committee who had wanted to weaken the bill began backing away from the amendments. The showdown came on May 3, 1982, when one of the most influential Republicans on the Judiciary Committee, Robert Dole, of Kansas, held a press conference and announced his support of a clarifying “compromise” amendment designed to end the stalemate. The amendment (which had been okayed by civil-rights leaders, since it did nothing to weaken the bill) was bitterly opposed by Smith and Reynolds. Dole’s announcement was, in effect, an ultimatum to the President—if he did not reverse himself, he would take a shelling from his own party. Within an hour of Dole’s announcement, the President withdrew his opposition to the bill.

A month later, when the bill reached the President’s desk (backed by a veto-proof Senate vote of 85 to 8), Reagan invited an incredulous group of civil-rights leaders to the White House to share credit with him for its passage. His remarks featured a glowing description of the right to vote as “the crown jewel of American liberties,” and he unblushingly told his guests—most of whom knew firsthand about his attempt to weaken the bill—that “this legislation proves our unbending commitment to voting rights.”

In addition to giving himself credit for the passage of the bill in unweakened form, Reagan now claims credit for tough enforcement of it. In a speech last August to the American Bar Association (ABA), he declared, “The Department of Justice has reviewed twenty-five thousand

proposed electoral changes under the Voting Rights Act [and has] objected to a hundred and sixty-five on the basis of racial discrimination."

What the President did not say was that the act *requires* the department's lawyers to make the reviews and the objections enumerated; they would be violating the law if they did not do so. Moreover, the sections of the law requiring these actions are the ones Reagan called "extreme" and sought to weaken; if he'd had his way, both the number of reviews and the number of objections would have been substantially smaller. Finally, the 165 changes that the Justice Department objected to out of the 25,000 submitted to it represent a drastic *reduction* in the rate of objections. From 1965 until Reagan took office, the department had vetoed 2.4 out of every 100 changes it examined. The figures the President cited show a veto rate of .7 changes per 100—a decrease of 71 percent.

Criminal litigation. In his speech to the ABA, Reagan said that in his first thirty months in office the Justice Department had filed more than a hundred cases charging criminal violations of citizens' civil rights. (Most of them involved police brutality.) "That's not just a respectable number," he said, "it's substantially more than any prior Administration during a comparable period." But the President was careful to cite statistics on only one part—the less important part—of the department's litigation work. To understand the reason for this selectiveness, consider the strange legal history of the figures the President cited.

During the century following the Civil War, the federal government possessed only one legal weapon with which it could protect the civil rights of blacks: the criminal laws. But they were an exceedingly limited weapon, usable almost exclusively in cases of physical violence. For example, the government could file a criminal suit if a black was physically prevented from entering a voting booth, but it was powerless to move against any of the nonviolent techniques, such as poll taxes, that were often used to keep blacks from voting.

Indeed, the four main techniques that were used for a century to keep blacks in an inferior position—educational segregation, housing bias, job discrimination, and restrictive voting rules—were all beyond the reach of the criminal laws. The impotence of criminal laws in these areas is what led to the *Brown v. the Board of Education of Topeka* decision and to the watershed civil-rights statutes of the 1960s—the Fair Housing Act, the Equal Employment Opportunity Act, the Voting Rights Act, and so forth. These laws were the triumph of the civil-rights movement, finally allowing government lawyers to move beyond "physical abuse" and get at the pervasive peaceful methods of oppressing blacks.

Blacks have seen these laws as their principal hope for achieving equality with whites. Moreover, since their passage, violence toward blacks has substantially decreased (and state and local protection of blacks' rights has sub-

stantially improved), which has made federal enforcement of the criminal laws even less important in the overall scheme of things. "We've come a long way on that score," says William L. Taylor, head of the Center for National Policy Review, a Washington civil-rights group. "Violence is no longer the central problem. Today, the critical measure of any Administration's civil-rights enforcement is its record in civil cases—housing, jobs, and all the rest." (One measure of the need for stronger enforcement is that although it is now illegal to refuse to sell or rent a house to a person on the basis of race, 2 million blacks and Hispanics are refused housing each year solely because of their race, according to Department of Housing and Urban Development estimates. Other estimates put the figure at twice as high.)

What President Reagan mentioned in his speech was the number of criminal cases filed during his first thirty months. In this category he is a bit ahead of the Carter Administration: 101 cases were filed by Carter, 114 by Reagan—an increase of 13 percent. But in total cases filed, criminal and civil, Reagan is well behind Carter: 225 cases for Carter, 156 for Reagan—a 31 percent decrease. And if civil cases are considered alone, the decrease under Reagan is a precipitous 66 percent (124 cases filed by Carter, 42 by Reagan).

Fair-housing enforcement. Reagan also told the ABA that he was rigorously enforcing the fair-housing laws and that, to make future enforcement even tougher, he had just sent Congress a new housing bill with "real teeth." But civil-rights groups say that he has virtually abandoned housing enforcement and that his housing bill is far weaker than the one they have been pushing in Congress, with strong bipartisan support. What are the facts behind *these* claims of Reagan's? The merits of Reagan's housing bill cannot yet be judged, since it is brand-new and has not been subjected to the scrutiny of committee hearings. But evidence is available to support the charge that Reagan has not been enforcing the present housing law.

At a press conference last July, a reporter asked William Reynolds why the Administration had filed only two fair-housing suits during its first two and a half years. Reynolds replied, "Well, that again is some more misinformation. . . . We actually have filed nine housing cases—as compared, by the way, to eight housing cases that were filed in 1980, the comparable period of the prior Administration." Although the reporter's figure *was* wrong, his error is insignificant compared with the errors in Reynolds's reply.

First, Reynolds suggested that a twelve-month period under Carter was comparable to a thirty-month period under Reagan. Second, Carter filed *twelve* housing suits in 1980, not eight, whereas Reagan filed *six* suits during his first thirty months, not nine. Third, the cases Carter filed were in no way comparable to those Reagan filed. Beginning in 1979, Carter's Justice Department began a new policy in fair-housing enforcement, abandoning its former

practice of bringing a large number of randomly selected suits—some legally important, some insignificant—and instead concentrating its legal resources on a small number of nationally significant, precedent-setting cases. As soon as Reagan took office, the department abandoned this policy and resumed the scatter-gun approach. Thus, qualitatively, Reagan was even further behind Carter than the numbers indicate. He averaged only one randomly selected case every five months, whereas Carter's average was one significant case every month. Finally, if Reynolds had given his listeners the figures for the truly comparable periods—the first thirty months of each Administration, when both were bringing randomly selected cases—the comparison would have reflected even more unfavorably on Reagan: forty-six cases filed by Carter, six by Reagan—an 87 percent drop.

(In a 1982 speech to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Reynolds said that under Reagan the Justice Department's civil-rights litigation activity had "outstripped that of the prior Administration . . . in virtually every area of civil-rights enforcement" and that anyone who claimed otherwise hadn't looked up the facts. "Nowhere," he said, "have those engaging in such political rhetoric invoked the record." When I invoked the record by citing the figures on his housing litigation and asking him how he could have been so wrong in such an important area, he had no answer beyond that he would look into the matter and provide me with an explanation. As subsequently relayed to me by his public-relations man, the explanation was, "Apparently he was confusing something in his own mind.")

Presidential appointments. In his ABA speech, Reagan said, "We are committed to appointing outstanding blacks, Hispanics, and women to judicial and top-level policy-making positions in our Administration. . . . In our first two years we appointed more women to top policy posts than any Administration before us." What do the facts show about these claims?

Last year, on the basis of a five-month study of the 980 presidential appointments that Reagan had made in his first two and a half years, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission issued a comparison of his appointments of women and members of minorities with those of Jimmy Carter. Meticulously separating the recipients into groups by race and sex, and the appointments into types of jobs (Cabinet posts, judgeships, ambassadorships, etc.), the analysis showed that in thirty-three of the categories, minority and female appointments had declined proportionately since Reagan took office; in only eight categories had they risen. Here are the comparative percentages in three of the categories the President singled out for mention in his speech: Carter 22.1 percent, Reagan 3.3 percent in appointments of blacks and Hispanics to the judiciary; Carter 15.1 percent, Reagan 8.3 percent in appointments of women to the judiciary; Carter 22 percent, Reagan 8 percent in appointments of women in all posts.

IN EVALUATING THIS RECORD OF ANTI-CIVIL-RIGHTS actions, we need to keep in mind that the examples were taken not from a list provided by the President's critics but from his own enumeration of the accomplishments of which he is proudest—the actions he says he's confident would win him support among blacks "if we could get the truth to them."

What do we make, then, of a President who assures us that he is "unalterably opposed to discrimination in any form" but orders his Justice Department to argue in favor of giving tax subsidies to schools that discriminate; who takes credit for the passage of a law that he lobbied against; who claims commitment to the appointment of minorities and women but brings about a drastic reduction in such appointments; and who says that he has been waging a campaign of aggressive litigation to enforce the civil-rights laws at the same time that he has staged a retreat from their enforcement on all significant fronts?

I can think of three factors that are helping Reagan to get away with these deceptions—all of which, I believe, also help to explain how Reagan has been getting away with similar deceptions in foreign policy and in other areas of domestic policy. The first is the brilliant use he has made of what might be called his "decoy issue," the issue that is first on his list of civil-rights accomplishments: his opposition to busing and job quotas. With many opinion polls showing that he has a majority of the public behind him on this question, he waves the issue before his audiences the way a magician waves his left hand to distract his audience while his right hand goes under the table for the rabbit.

Observe, for instance, the battle Reagan has been waging against the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, the only government agency that seems to have noticed how he has pulled back from enforcement. Reagan has been carrying on an offensive against the commission, with the aim of firing its independent-minded commissioners and replacing them with his own appointees.

But he has conducted this offensive in such a way as to make it appear that he is solely concerned with busing and quotas. In his ABA speech, for instance, the longest discussion of the civil-rights issue—and the section for which he reserved the headline-making language—was the following defense of his Civil Rights Commission nominees: "They don't worship at the altar of forced busing and mandatory quotas. They don't believe you can remedy past discrimination by mandating new discrimination. . . . But these fine Americans are under fire. My nominating them supposedly compromises the independence of the commission. Well, forgive me, but that's pure hogwash." (That evening, the "pure hogwash" quote was the featured snippet from the speech on ABC and NBC network news broadcasts.)

Civil-rights leaders gnash their teeth in frustration at the success the President has been having with this technique. They say the public has no idea that their main complaint is about Reagan's systematic dismantling of the en-

forcement mechanism. No matter how much they try to explain it, they say, the public seems convinced that the argument is strictly over busing and quotas.

The malleability of the news media when confronted by these public-relations techniques has been the second factor enabling Reagan to get away with his deceptions. Out of ignorance or timidity, the media have failed to challenge him. For example, when Reynolds, "confusing something," presented incorrect figures on Reagan's and Carter's fair-housing cases, he did so before a roomful of White House reporters. Not one of them questioned him on where the figures came from, nor did any subsequent report mention the deception.

Finally, Reagan has made skillful use of the manipulative techniques of Hollywood. Employing an array of acting and scriptwriting clichés—the self-deprecating joke; the heartwarming anecdote; the boyish grin; the look of principled determination; even, on occasion, the catch in the voice and the hint of a tear in the eye—he has cast himself in the classic Hollywood role of the embattled Honest Politician, a role that was most memorably played by his friend Jimmy Stewart, in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*.

Note, for instance, the President's response to a question on his civil-rights policies put to him during a White House meeting last February with Washington, D.C., television anchormen. Would he comment on "an apparent continuing perception among a number of black leaders that the White House continues to be, if not hostile, at least not welcome to black viewpoints?"

"I'm aware of all that," Reagan began, "and it's very disturbing to me, because anyone who knows my life story knows that long before there was a thing called the civil-rights movement, I was busy on that side."

This seemingly artless statement is actually a masterful piece of stage setting. The first key phrase is "my life story," which established the form of what was to come. Specifically, it allowed Reagan to move the discourse out of the form he is least comfortable with—a discussion of the facts, in this case the facts of his civil-rights record—and into the form he handles best: a dramatic narrative based on unverifiable material about his personal life.

The second is "long before there was such a thing as the civil-rights movement," which shifted the locus of his comments to a time and place so far removed from present-day Washington that nobody among his listeners—indeed, nobody in Washington but the President himself—could know whether the plot was fact or fiction.

So skillfully did this first sentence of Reagan's reply segue into a flashback that when he started the second sentence he was addressing the anchormen in the past tense: "As a sports announcer, I didn't have any Willie Mays or Reggie Jacksons to talk about when I was broadcasting major-league baseball. The opening line of the *Spalding*

Baseball Guide said, 'Baseball is a game for Caucasian gentlemen.' And as a sports announcer I was one of a very small fraternity that used that job to editorialize against that ridiculous blocking of so many fine athletes and so many fine Americans from participating in what was called the great American game."

From there he went immediately to a second flashback, in which he faded into the even more remote past and introduced his parents. "God bless them, my father and mother, both long gone now, but I can remember when I was only that high and one of the all-time great motion-picture classics, *Birth of a Nation*, came to our town. In our household my father simply announced that no member of our family would see that picture because it was based on the Ku Klux Klan. And to this day I have never seen that great motion-picture classic."

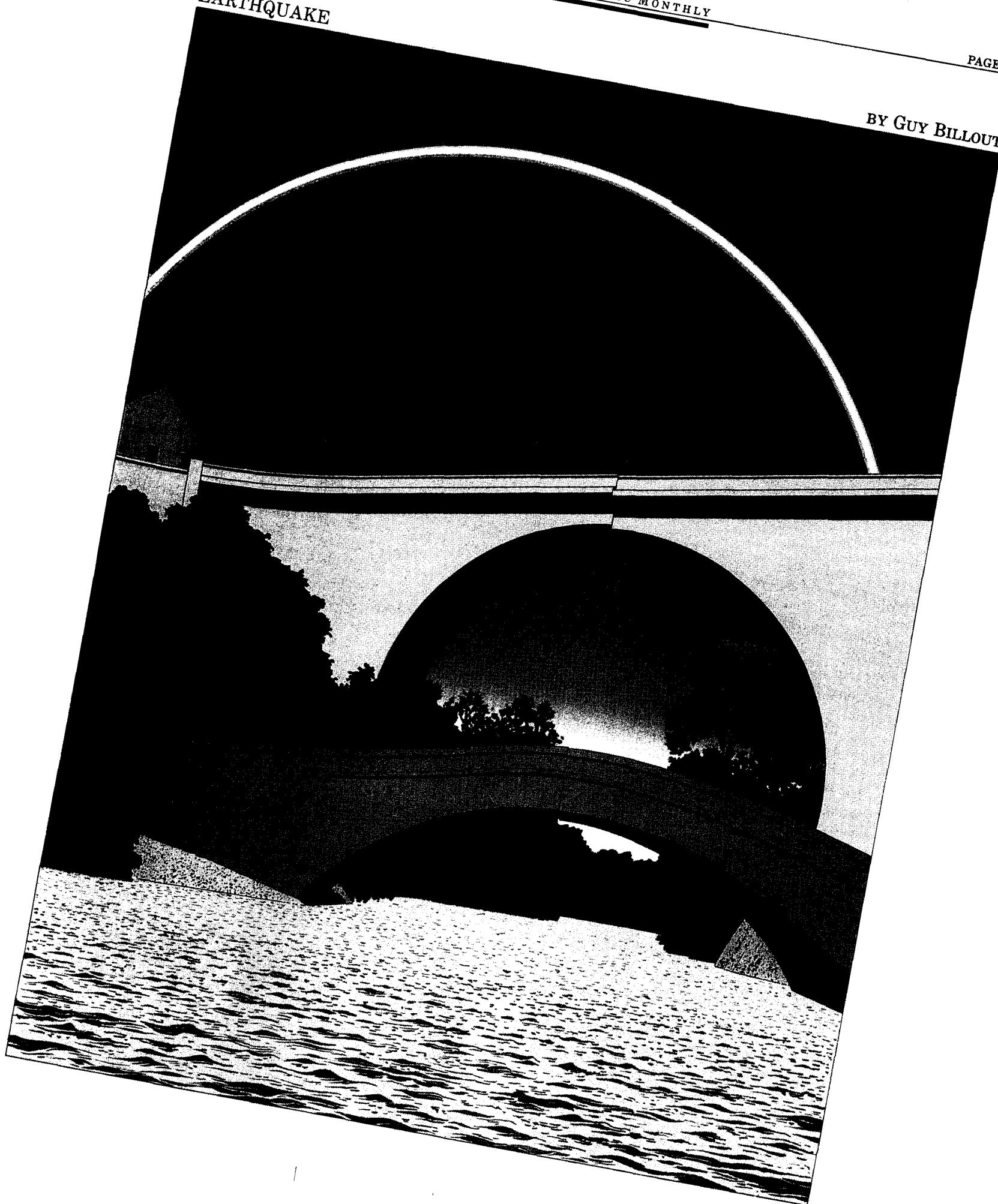
Reagan has a copious supply of such memories. (Significantly, they tend to refer to activities and attitudes so non-controversial that they would not offend even a conservative hard-liner.) His father, he says, once slept in a car "during an Illinois blizzard" rather than stay at a hotel that barred Jews. The only thing his parents were intolerant of was intolerance. When he played football in college, his "closest teammate and buddy" was a black.

To the best of my knowledge, no member of the press has ever asked Reagan what relevance these ramblings have to the criticisms of his policies by civil-rights leaders. (They might be intended as replies to charges that he's a racist, except that civil-rights leaders have scrupulously avoided such charges.) Regardless of their relevance, the anecdotes have unquestionably had an impact on the general public. Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, has remarked that the main "anomaly" of Reagan's standing in the public-opinion polls has been that his personal popularity ratings have remained consistently high, even when his job-performance ratings have been low. The reason seems clear. Through his mastery of storytelling techniques, he has managed to separate his character, in the public mind, from his actions as President. This most anti-civil-rights of postwar Presidents has succeeded in making a large part of the electorate *want* to believe that he's *not* anti-civil rights. This achievement represents a transfer of a specific show-business objective—the willing suspension of disbelief—to politics. He has, in short, mesmerized us with that steady gaze.

Since so few reporters and political writers have learned to cope with this new form of political discourse, the voters have been given little help in separating the truth from its opposite in what the President tells them. The best advice one can offer to both press and public is the suggestion Ronald Reagan himself gave to the students in Chicago right after delivering two whoppers in a row: "Don't let me get away with it. Check me out. Don't be the sucker generation." □

EARTHQUAKE

BY GUY BILLOUT



THE PIANO TUNER

A SHORT STORY
BY PETER MEINKE

THE PIANO TUNER WAS A HUGE MAN, CROWDING THE doorway. I hadn't known he was coming, but I got up from my desk to let him in; my wife was still out shopping. His head was small for his body, and his belt was almost hidden by the belly folding over it. I suppose I came up to about his shoulders, and the reek of his sweat was stunning. His stained T-shirt announced THE PIANO EXCHANGE.

"Where's the piano?" he said.

"In there." I pointed toward the music room. "But there's nothing much wrong with it."

"Yeah, we'll see." His voice resonated like the bass in a barbershop quartet.

I led him through the living room to the small music room. In one corner, the mahogany of my wife's Russian-made harp glowed in the late-afternoon sunlight. By the casement windows on the right stood my old piano, painted black.

"It's an 1899 Kimball," I told him. I was proud of this handsome antique, with its scrolled legs and matching bench.

"No, it's not that old," the piano tuner said sourly, "but it looks like a Kimball, all right."

"It says Kimball." I pointed to the gold lettering.

He bent over the keys, shaking his little head. "That means zilch. This'll take some time; I'll go get my tools." He straightened up with a sudden intake of breath, as if someone had kicked him in a kidney. "Jesus," he said.

I wanted to go back to my desk to continue my work. Fredericks would be furious if my review was late again, but this one was proving particularly troublesome. The problem was, I knew all the authors; there was no one I could attack with relative impunity. Van Buren was clearly the weakest, but he had said such good things about *my* last book, I had to reciprocate somewhat. Pro-

kol was a friend of Fredericks's. I had just about decided to stick it to Foreman, who was pretty good but without influence, when the piano tuner had rung.

I wished my wife wouldn't make these appointments without telling me. Besides, it was my piano, and it sounded all right to me. I had been practicing Durand's *Valse*, a not-too-difficult but flashy piece, with lots of runs on the right hand and oompah on the left, and I hadn't noticed anything. Maybe the B-flat stuck a little now and then. I practiced hard when my wife was out, though I pretended never to practice at all. She was a pretty good harpist, but had to work hard at it.

I wouldn't feel right going back to my study with this massive lout of a piano tuner lumbering through the house. Who was he to say my piano was not that old? We had a lot of expensive—irreplaceable, really—souvenirs scattered around; he might just slip our Wedgwood ashtray into his pocket, or a wooden plate from Poland into the khakis bunched below his gargantuan stomach. Where was he, anyway? I looked out the front door.

He was standing in our driveway, next to a dilapidated VW van, talking to a thin black man about half his size. The van's windows were painted crudely, in childlike strokes, with a continuous forest scene; on the back were

what appeared to be the turrets of a castle. Whenever a car wandered down our narrow, curving street, the black man would lean back and deliver a sharp karate-style kick toward the car, which would swerve to the other side and then move on. The piano tuner paid no attention to this but kept talking intently, crouched over, fingers jabbing the air. When he saw me watching, he called out, "Help me with these, will you?" I noticed two large metal toolboxes at his feet.

The thought occurred to me that there were just two boxes and he had two hands, but his tone was so peremp-



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tory that I walked down the driveway to comply. Up close, the black man was startling to look at: the skin on his face, arms, and hands had large, irregular patches of pink. I was consciously not staring at him, but he said, "What you lookin' at, man?" Of course, I didn't reply, and turned to the piano tuner instead.

"If I was a little more diseased," the black man said, stepping between us, "I be white like you." He leaned away, aiming his foot at me, but as I jumped backward he reversed and bent steeply toward me, snapping his foot behind him into the side of the van, leaving a good-sized dent.

The piano tuner had already started toward the house, carrying one of the toolboxes as lightly as if it were empty, and he didn't turn around. I hefted the other one and lurched after him. "Watch out for the flowers!" I shouted, not knowing whether to look in front or in back of me. His great square-toed boot had just crushed one of our azalea cuttings alongside the driveway. I had told my wife it was asking for trouble, planting them so close to where people walk, but she was an incurable optimist, believing somehow that everyone would be careful and sensible, would keep within the proper boundaries. Twice a year she pruned our azaleas, potting the cuttings for two months in just the proper mixture of vermiculite and peat moss before transferring them to various parts of our property in her ongoing beautification program. She was the neighborhood's answer to Lady Bird Johnson.

The piano tuner paused on the doorstep, waiting for me to open the door for him. "My wife loves azaleas," I said, "so please be careful of them."

"I don't like flowers, myself," he said. "They bother my asthma." I had already noticed his heavy breathing. With a sinking heart, I opened the door and led him in, trying to get him to follow my example of not stepping on our delicate Persian rugs, mementos of our year in Iran. But he blindly and heavily—greasily, muddily—tramped straight across them into the music room.

With remarkable dexterity and speed for such a heavy man, he had the top and front panels of the piano off in a minute. The exposed keys huddled together like ranks of suddenly naked soldiers. He set up the tuning hammer and began hitting single notes over and over.

"I think it's all right," I said.

"It's flat," he replied, without looking at me. "I'll have to bring it up almost a whole tone. That'll cost you fifty dollars."

"Sometimes the B-flat sticks," I said, trying to show some knowledgeability about the subject. I could read music, but I was tone-deaf; his jarring notes meant nothing to me.

"Yeah, you need some new hammers. Some turkey tried to fix them with Scotch tape. That'll cost extra." I could

see the dried-out tape peeling off the pegs like old gauze bandages. The piano tuner did not sit down but stood humped over the keyboard, left hand prodding the notes, right hand working the tuning hammer. His fingers were so large it was hard to believe he could press down a single key at a time.

I WENT BACK TO MY STUDY BUT WAS UNABLE TO WORK in that comfortable, windowless room; the repetitive striking of notes was too irritating. At the same time, I felt I needed the door open so I could keep an eye on the piano tuner, whom I instinctively mistrusted. After sitting immobile at my desk for what seemed hours, I got up and made myself a drink. What was keeping my wife? Evening was coming on. Looking out the living-room window, I saw the black man still in the driveway. Now he had headphones on, and an expensive-looking portable stereo sat against the pole supporting the basketball backboard our son had loved so much before he ran away. The man was dancing to the silent music, making Eastern motions with his chin, neck, and hands, not unlike his earlier karate movements.

I walked over to the music room. "That man is still out there," I announced somewhat superfluously, since he could be clearly seen through the casement windows.

"It's a free country," said the piano tuner, looking up. Rivulets of sweat ran down his face, and his thin hair gleamed on the bullet-shaped head. Dark wet spots patched his T-shirt, and his chin was going black with stubble, rougher and thicker than when he arrived. He was staring at my drink.

"Do you want a glass of water, or a beer?" I asked.

"No," he said, "maybe a little whiskey. Beer hurts my stomach. You got some Jim Beam or something?"

"I've got a little bourbon, I forget what it is."

"Sure, a little bourbon, it's good for the digestion. My digestion is terrible."

"Have you eaten?" I said. My conversation seemed to pop out of me against my will.

He pulled on the tuner with a grunt. "No, when could I eat? I'll eat later, I'm used to it. I meant to say, if a string breaks, you got to pay for that, too."

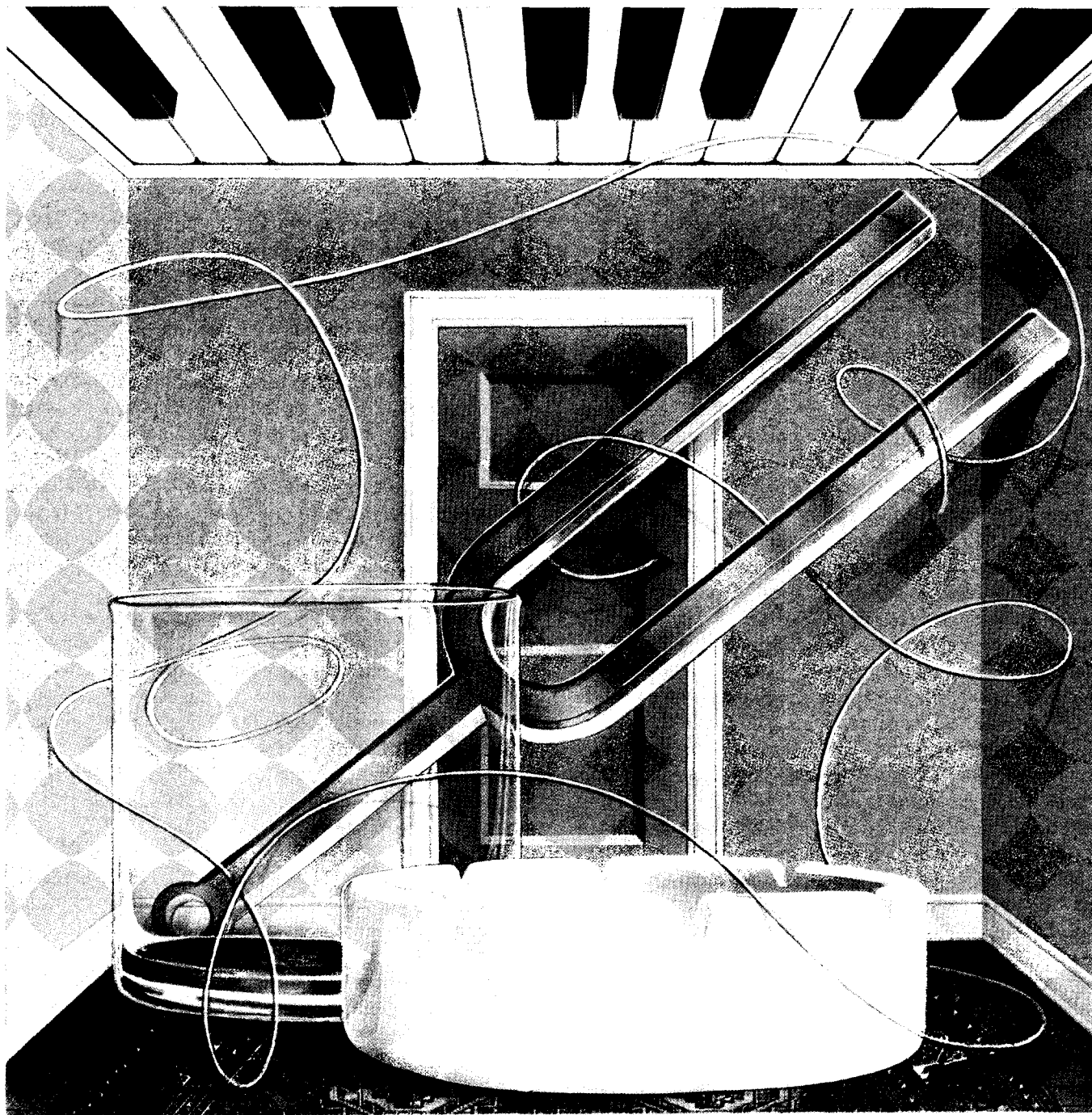
When I brought him his drink, he sat down with a sigh, hiking his pants up tight around his crotch. I asked him how long the tuning would take; if it was going to take too long, maybe he should come back another day.

"No," he said, "you got to work nights, overtime, if you're a piano tuner. And even then, you can't afford to buy a woman." He banged the piano so hard that some whiskey splashed out of his glass.

I spoke smiling into the silence, trying to be man to man. "I didn't know people still had to buy women nowadays."

He looked at me as if I had thrown up on his boots. "Are you kiddin'? Do you live under a rock, or what? Y'ever been downtown, see those babes on the street corners?

Peter Meinke directs the writing workshop at Eckerd College. His story "The Ponoos" was included in the 1983 O. Henry collection.



What d'you think they are, goddamn city engineers?" He finished his bourbon in a gulp. "These felts are all eaten by roaches," he continued, peering into the piano. "That's going to cost ya."

I looked over his shoulder: the felt pads were indeed ragged and in places completely gone.

"And if you don't buy a woman," he went on, "you get in terrible trouble. I had a best friend once, and I was getting it on with his old lady; they had four kids. When he found out about it he just up and left, after twenty years! Took the car, too. God knows where he went." The piano tuner's sweat was splashing on the keys as he tightened the

strings; his lower lip stuck out as though he might burst into tears, or perhaps he was just pouting at the world's injustices, or straining with the effort of his work.

"Look," I said, "don't feel bad. If you could ruin a marriage like that, it probably wasn't worth saving anyway. It would've collapsed sooner or later. Don't blame yourself."

"Yeah," he said. "We're all going to die sooner or later, so I might as well strangle you now."

There was another silence while he stared at me. I was trying to smile.

"Am I right?" he said.

I couldn't believe my wife wasn't home yet. It was past supper time. This had happened before, but she had always left something in the oven for me. It wasn't like her to be so careless. I kept looking around, half expecting her to materialize through the walls.

The piano tuner sat down again and groped a cigarette out of a wrinkled pack. I dashed out to the kitchen for one of our old glass ashtrays and brought it to him.

"My wife and I are trying to give up smoking," I explained.

"People who smoke have more lead in their pencil," he said with conviction. "What do you think of just four smokes a day?"

"I heard you could smoke up to six a day without bad effects, but I could never hold myself down to that few." The smoke from his cigarette was making me dizzy; some of his ashes fell on the keys.

"I have four a day," he said. "I can't afford to get sick, but you got to have something to enjoy."

"Yes, everyone does."

"The rich don't get sick. They get all the women they want, and good food, too. The poor get exercise and diet."

"It's a tough life," I said, trying to back out.

"Could be worse." He hit a few chords on the piano. "I pass blood every day but they won't give me one of those scans; I don't know why. I did five push-ups three days in a row and I haven't recovered. I told the doc I'm a right-handed piano tuner, I can't afford to get arthritis in my right hand."

"How's the piano sounding?" I asked, trying to switch the conversation to more professional ground.

He ran a series of scales, starting from the bass and winding up high in the treble. "Some uprights are lemons, but this old Kimball is worth keeping up. I know a guy that refinished one and sold it for twenty-nine hundred dollars. The dampers are stuck, though," he said, working the pedals. "That has to be extra too."

By now it was dark out. I brought him another bourbon. "How long is this going to take?"

"A long time," he wheezed, pulling on the tuner. "This is really flat. I have to bring it up a long way. It could take all night, but after nine o'clock I get double time." This was a depressing prospect in several ways, so I said, "I don't know if I can afford it."

"Listen, it's worth it. This is a good instrument here. Almost as good as that harp." The harp looked outrageously expensive in the soft light.

"Well, we got that in Russia," I said. "It wasn't too expensive over there."

"Over here it's plenty expensive; this is real money," he said, waving his hand vaguely around. "You know, that harp's got over two thousand moving parts?" He peered backward toward the harp. "And that's gut string, the real thing. A lot of dead animals in this room, I'll tell you. Look"—he lifted his sloping shoulders with a groan—"I could use another bourbon." He had swallowed it like wa-

ter, but I was ready for another one myself, so I went obediently to the kitchen.

After I got him the drink—a small one this time; I didn't want a drunken piano tuner on my hands—I went back to my study and sat down. I was worried about my wife. She really was very dependable. I had been taking her too much for granted, getting irritated by her high nasal voice, which, after all, was hardly her fault. She was still very attractive. When she came home, I would tell her that. She had probably gone to a matinee with Iris and they had stayed to discuss the movie over a bite to eat. I hated talking about movies. I never knew what to say. But why hadn't she called me?

On impulse I got up and went to the phone. I had avoided it before because the phone was on the wall near the music room, and it was somehow embarrassing to be looking for my wife in front of the piano tuner. He was working on the higher register now. Iris's line was busy. He hadn't paused while I was dialing, but when I hung up he stopped, and the quiet was a great relief from the insanely repetitious notes.

"I've got a Reserve meeting tomorrow," I told him. "I have to find out what time I should leave." This was true enough, though my reluctance to speak about my wife in front of him puzzled me.

"You in the Army?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I'm a captain in the Reserve. It brings in some nice extra income." At once, I regretted saying that; he seemed to make me babble like an idiot.

"Were you in the war?" he asked—ambiguously, considering recent history.

"Yes, but I was stationed in Washington, reading documents."

"I was in the Navy in the sixties, during Vietnam." The piano tuner sighed. "Didn't do much, but you know what I liked?" His square-tipped left fingers kept striking notes while his right hand pulled the tuning key to tighten the strings. His little head bent close to the keys. "I liked laying in bed listening to the engine and feeling it shake the bunk, like a big cat purring or something. Sometimes I'd wake up and there'd be this bird outside my porthole movin' right along with the ship without waving its wings or anything, just like it was painted there, its little black feet tucked under its belly like miniature bombs. That was a helluva way to sleep." He stood up, gasping, suddenly towering over me. "Now I got me a bad back and nobody gives a shit. Look, you got a vacuum? I need to clean the inside of this thing."

"Sure, in the bedroom upstairs. I'll get it for you."

"No need." With the swiftness that kept catching me off-guard, he stepped by me onto the stair landing. "I got to stretch these legs." As soon as he disappeared, I called Iris again; this time it rang, but there was no answer.

It was totally dark by now. I peered out the window. His van squatted like an armored car in the driveway, the streetlamp throwing the trees' shadows across it like cam-

ouffage; no one was near it. The piano tuner was using the bathroom upstairs, so I made myself a stiff drink and sat down in my study to wait him out. If only my wife were here! It came to me that she was the one who threw people out of the house—that was *her* job. She slammed the door in salesmen's faces, hung up on telephone solicitors. While I had a reputation as a stinging, even withering, critic, I was not programmed for face-to-face confrontations. I had even been known to lie on the kitchen floor while the Seventh Day Adventists prowled our neighborhood with their books, leaflets, and sermons; the alternative, for me, was suffering through a dreary, hour-long lecture-debate. My wife, on the other hand, would just give them the raspberry and send them on their way.

Now the vacuum cleaner was going, and I breathed a relieved sigh. It must be almost over. A man's home *is* his castle, after all. I settled down at my typewriter and tried to concentrate on the review. After a while, I was aware that the piano tuner was padding to the kitchen and back again, but I was determined to ignore him. Time passed, though I got little done. I found myself thinking about when I first met my wife. She stood at the top of a staircase in a summer dress, her eyes bright with energy and good will, her long legs tan and slim. No one expected more from the world than she, and right then and there I resolved that I would get it for her. Now, looking around, I realized I didn't even have a picture of her on my desk, just one of our son shooting baskets in the driveway. I remembered how the endless bouncing of that ball had driven me crazy.

SUDDENLY THE PIANO BURST INTO SONG: THE PIANO tuner was playing, of all things, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"; his low voice accompanied the piano. I stuck my checkbook into my back pocket and walked to the music room. The piano was still apart and the bottle of bourbon sat beside the vacuum cleaner; the tools were spread across the floor—I couldn't believe the mess.

"I thought you were finished!" I shouted. I almost felt like crying.

"God, I love this song," he said, his deep voice slurred. He was playing it slowly, ponderously. "Listen, what do you think of it?"

"It's all right," I said, dragged in again, trying to control myself, thinking of the best way to get rid of him. "I've always liked the sound of the words, like *vintage* . . ."

"No! No! I mean it makes me feel like flying the flag, you know what I mean? Gettin' out there, marching down the streets." He struck the chords again.

"Well." I tried to smile, humoring him. "I've never been what you call patriotic, 'My country right or wrong' . . ."

The piano tuner swiveled his bloated body toward me and glared.

"Look," I said, "you're through. You must be tired. I know I am. Let me pay you and you can go home."

"I haven't done the felts yet; that's a big job. That'll cost quite a bit. I just vacuumed the old felts out of here."

"Look," I repeated, "that's enough. You've been here long enough today. Call us tomorrow and we'll make an appointment for you to finish."

He picked up the bottle and sloshed some whiskey into his glass. He took a large sip and began to cough. His face turned purplish red. "Don't bother me," he said between coughs. "I'll just put the felts in. We got a contract."

"What contract? There isn't any contract, for God's sake!" I put my hand on his shoulder, where his crumpled cigarettes were rolled up in his T-shirt sleeve, the way tough high school kids had carried them in the fifties.

He sprang up and staggered through the debris on the floor, miraculously missing the bourbon bottle. He held me two inches above the elbow. "You just work at your desk till I finish," he said, propelling me across the living room. The only way for me to resist would have been to twist around and hit him or to sag to the floor. Naturally, I did neither.

"You'll get in trouble, you know," I said, feeling cowardly and humiliated. But he was a hundred pounds heavier than I was; what was I supposed to do? He gave me one last shove, a flick of his thick and hairy wrist, and I stumbled into my office. The door banged shut behind me and the key, always in the keyhole, turned in the lock.

He had locked me in my own office! For the first time in several hours I was no longer nervous or afraid—just furious. I banged on the door, I shook it, I kicked it. Suddenly, it swung open. The thought occurred to me that he was joking—this was the idiot's sense of humor; but I was not amused.

He was standing right there, of course, and I said, "*Get out of my house*," with all the force I could muster. Like a frog snatching a fluttering moth, his right hand shot out and caught my left. He bent my little finger in on itself and the joints popped as I sank down on my knees. I felt a searing pain in my neck and dug my fingers under the piano wire he had looped over my head. He jerked me to my feet, four of my fingers still under the wire.

"Listen, the next time you bother me I'll pop your eyes out," he whispered. He shoved me back into the study and locked the door.

I lay on the floor a long time. For a while, the piano tuner played as if bashing the piano with his fists. Keys were breaking, wood splintering, in some sort of devil's symphony. Radio music, turned up, competed with the piano. Absurdly I thought, What will the neighbors think? Where are my neighbors? And I remembered that I didn't even know their names. After some time, I became aware of my own sobbing, and something else, frail and familiar. I rolled over and put my ear to the door. Under the din I could hear my wife's voice. "Oh," she was saying. When had she come in? "Oh, my God," she cried. "Oh! Oh!" □

There is a lock, five blocks long and six stories high. Come find the key.

Crossing the Distance

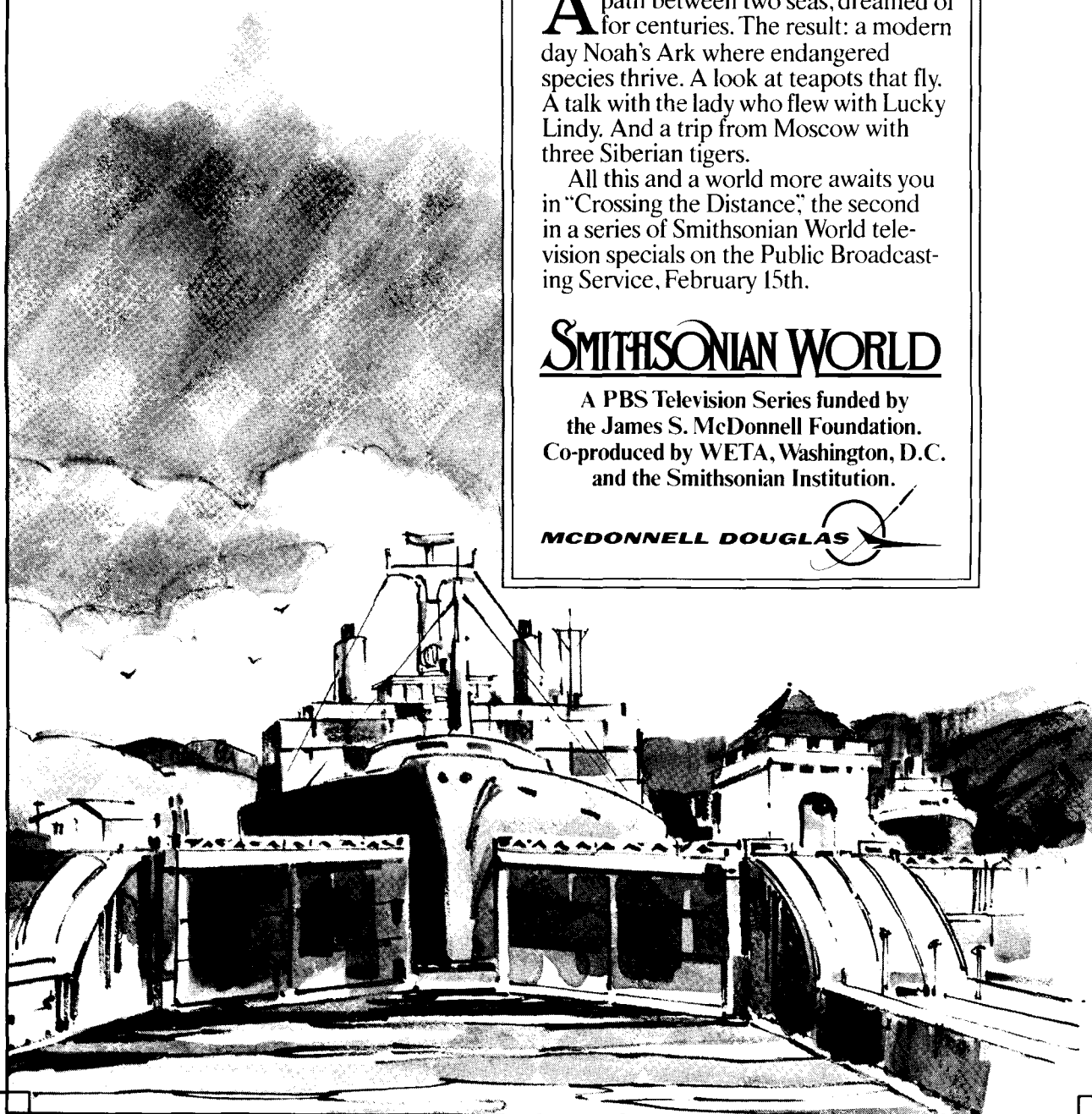
A path between two seas, dreamed of for centuries. The result: a modern day Noah's Ark where endangered species thrive. A look at teapots that fly. A talk with the lady who flew with Lucky Lindy. And a trip from Moscow with three Siberian tigers.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



*The domestic and international problems of a government
trying to carry out the first socialist revolution based on tourism*

GRENADA BEFORE AND AFTER

BY MICHAEL MASSING

THREE MONTHS AFTER THE INVASION OF GRENADA, two things can be said for sure: the intervention was supported by the vast majority of Grenadians, and it was applauded by most Americans. Beyond that, however, not much is clear. Neither the United States government nor American news organizations did much to help us understand what was going on.

To some extent, the quality of the reporting reflected the U.S. government's determination to keep reporters off the island in the crucial first days of the invasion. Most news organizations were uncomfortably dependent on information handed them by the Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House. The overall effect of the coverage, then, was to reinforce President Reagan's assertions that Grenada was "a Soviet-Cuban colony being readied as a major military bastion," and that "we got there just in time."

So much attention was focused on the Cubans and the Soviets, in fact, that we learned little about Grenada itself. With Maurice Bishop, one of the region's great orators, fallen mute, many came forward to make claims on his behalf. Even the U.S. government seemed eager to portray Bishop as a "moderate" whose peace overtures to Washington had run afoul of the "hard-line Marxist" Bernard Coard and had ultimately caused Bishop's demise.

Who was Maurice Bishop? What was his revolution like? How did the United States treat his regime? And why did his government meet the end it did? Only after we have answered these questions can we understand the U.S. invasion and the ramifications it is likely to have.

I visited Grenada for two weeks last March and returned there shortly after the invasion. On my first trip, I found a gentle, overgrown island whose beauty was made all the more stunning by the Grenadians' own pleasure in it. Tucked away at the end of the Windward Islands chain, Grenada was a languid, unassuming place, without much sense of the outside world. The foreigners I encountered were a mixed lot, come to witness Grenada's experiment in Caribbean socialism: gee-whizzing members of solidarity groups from Canada and Western Europe; curious American leftists, old and new; a coterie of West German radicals, who had arrived after reading a glowing account of the revolution in a left-wing weekly; Jamaicans trying to

recover from Michael Manley's defeat; and Guyanese fleeing the paranoid politics of Forbes Burnham.

By November, Grenada had become a carnival, providing plenty of amusement—and lots of native black help—for the many whites who came after the shooting had stopped. The Grenadians, euphoric about the arrival of the Marines, had not realized that the troops would be followed by a second invasion—of Agency for International Development officials, diplomats, economic advisers, disaster-relief experts, and journalists. The journalists could be seen everywhere, lining up to interview innkeepers, clerks, schoolchildren, and fishmongers, all of whom obliged with unfailing courtesy. The Americans took over three of the island's best hotels, installed a psychological-operations team at the radio station, and converted the local university center into a press office. There was talk of naming the new airport after Ronald Reagan.

In an effort to make some sense of the events that had engulfed Grenada, I dropped in on a few of the people I'd met during my first visit. One was Richard Gray, owner of the Cinnamon Hill and Beach Club, a tier of plush cottages in the hills off the Grand Anse beach. Gray, a native of Britain who moved to Grenada more than a decade ago and is a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, had spent a leisurely afternoon with me last March sipping drinks and describing cooperative efforts between the government and businessmen to promote local investment.

In post-invasion Grenada, however, the Chamber had become an important power broker, and Gray's time was given over to endless meetings. I caught him as he was about to go talk with the governor general, and joined him for the ride. "I know where the government was going—over to the Russians," Gray told me. "Bernard Coard was a hard-line radical. He wished to establish a Marxist-Leninist state. Bishop had to sign agreements with the Russians or hand over power. He didn't, and paid for it with his life." Gray expressed relief that the country had rid itself of socialism and could now get down to business.

I received a totally different account from Lyden Ramdhanny, the minister of tourism and deputy finance minister under Bishop. To reach him, I took a taxi across the island to Grenville, the second largest town, and up into the surrounding hills, where Ramdhanny lives in a luxurious house overlooking the sea. One of two businessmen to serve in Bishop's cabinet, Ramdhanny had gone under-

Michael Massing is a writer who lives in New York.

ground for a week after the October 19 upheaval to escape being killed. He explained that the conflict between Bishop and Coard had been primarily a power struggle. "There was no question of ideology," he said. "It was simply a grab for power." He dismissed as nonsense claims about a Cuban takeover.

I was curious how he, an ardent Bishop supporter, regarded the invasion. "I recognize the majority of Grenadians are happy at being rescued," he said. "For the first time in our history, we had a military dictatorship. After the mass killing, the people wanted any way out, so the invasion was quite acceptable to them. And I like to be guided by what the people want."

The invasion, then, appeared to be a liberation—but for diverse reasons. For some, it was a liberation from socialist "slavery," as one man put it; for others, it was a liberation from the madmen who killed socialism when they killed Bishop. True to the way I remembered it, the island was full of contradictions.

UNDER MAURICE BISHOP, GRENADA CONSISTENTLY defied the stereotypes of revolution. While I was taking a bus back to town last March, after attending an impassioned government rally held to denounce U.S. imperialism, I overheard a group of young boys heat-

edly debating the Scriptures, particularly whether it is possible to see the Creator. On another occasion, I watched the army parade on a field in St. George's, the capital; no sooner had it finished than the grounds were taken over by students from the St. George's medical school, who started an impromptu softball game.

I attended a rally at the tiny headquarters of the national telephone company. Eighty or so workers gathered with members of the People's Revolutionary Government (PRG) to commemorate the opening of a new telephone exchange for the capital—the first part of a new system being installed by East Germany. The featured speaker was Bernard Coard, who praised the telephone workers for their role in the March, 1979, revolution. "With workers like you," he said, "no force can turn back the Grenadian revolution." He and the other notables adjourned to the second floor, where the cables and wires of the new exchange hung in coils. As Grenada's archdeacon prepared to give the benediction, Coard and his colleagues reverently bowed their heads. "Unless God blesses all we do," the archdeacon intoned, "it is worth nothing. We thank God for the new building and our new exchange." He concluded with the Lord's Prayer and sprinkled holy water on the East German circuitry. Coard cut the ribbon, a bottle of champagne was popped open, and everyone excitedly began inspecting the island's new, sanctified phone exchange.



ALEX WEBB/MAGNUM PHOTOS

ST. GEORGE'S

For Grenada's tourists, this Cuban-Soviet bastion was just another sun-drenched island in the Caribbean. One day last March, as a Cuban ship unloaded cement intended for the airport, a mammoth Cunard liner pulled into harbor and disgorged hundreds of Americans into the streets of St. George's. Nearby, a military band struck up "Capitalism Gone Mad," a calypso hit song by The Mighty Sparrow. Before long, in a scene common throughout the Caribbean, the tourists were haggling with young black children peddling trinkets and spice containers.

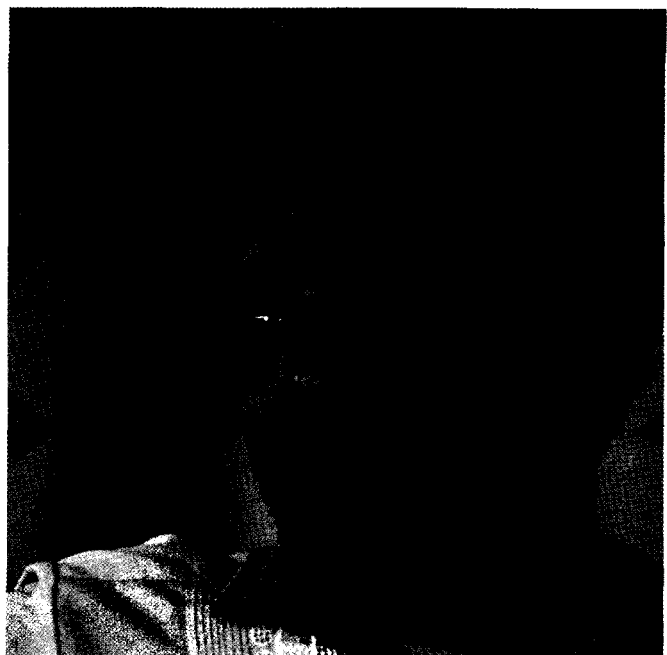
The PRG sought to carry out the first socialist revolution based on tourism. Initially, the government had displayed considerable hostility toward tourism, and in its first months angry armed soldiers had patrolled the beaches. Before long, however, the government faced the reality that, like most small Third World countries, Grenada has few resources. The island, which is overwhelmingly rural, depends on nutmeg, cocoa beans, and a few other primary crops. When the bottom drops out of the world market for one of these, as happened recently with nutmeg, the country's export earnings take a dive. Farming techniques are not much removed from those employed in the seventeenth century, and productivity is very low. Industrialization is nonexistent, save for some token production of furniture, garments, and processed foods.

On the other hand, Grenada's rugged, volcanic terrain abounds with mangoes, bananas, tamarinds, breadfruit, and spices. Verdant mountains descend to the sea, producing a dramatic coastline of coves, cliffs, and beaches. The mile-and-a-half-long Grand Anse must rank among the world's great beaches. St. George's itself, a hilly port with clusters of quaint, bright-roofed buildings, has been likened to the Italian seacoast resort of Portofino.

So the government decided to embrace tourism. To counter the unflattering coverage appearing in the U.S. press (a PRG survey in 1981 turned up 169 negative articles about Grenada in one month alone), the government hired a public-relations firm in New York and, in 1982, paid for forty travel writers to come down and look around. It also did away with tedious customs checks that had antagonized tourists in the first months of the revolution.

Such pragmatism characterized the socialist government's economic program as a whole. Its architect was Bernard Coard, who, as finance minister, introduced comprehensive economic planning to the island. The PRG set out to upgrade roads, water supplies, the power system, and other components of the country's infrastructure, and advertised its efforts on billboards throughout the island. (An example: "This Is Where Your Tax Money Goes. Project: Port Expansion. Cost: \$6,000,000.00.") In August of last year, Coard succeeded in obtaining a \$14 million loan from the International Monetary Fund, which was approved despite objections from the United States.

The PRG was committed to a mixed economy, and the private sector retained control of some two thirds of all economic activity. Although businessmen were wary of the



MAURICE BISHOP

ALEX WEBB/MAGNUM PHOTOS



BERNARD COARD

O. FRANKENSGMA

government's intentions, the PRG's relations with the business community were relatively cordial. Richard Meneses, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, told me during my first visit that the "name-calling" had stopped. "I haven't heard one unkind word against us in the longest while," he said. He pointed to the government's new investment law offering incentives that had been worked out with the Chamber.

What struck me was the gap between this sober economic approach and the level of rhetoric and ideology I encountered. Political discourse in Grenada was swollen with the vocabulary of revolution. Agriculture was the



1980 RALLY COMMEMORATING RUPERT BISHOP

"main pillar" of the economy. The people were the "masses," and workers were in the "vanguard." Work was "struggle," actions were "decisive," and reality was always "concrete." Men were "comrades," women "sisters." All speeches ended with a recitation of the PRG's motto, "Forward Ever, Backward Never."

Nineteen eighty-three was the "year of political and academic education," and employees in many enterprises were required to attend "worker-education" classes in ideology. By the time of the coup, people were threatened with losing their jobs if they failed to show up. For many Grenadians, accustomed to an easygoing way of life, the classes were an unacceptable burden.

Even more disturbing to them were the government's tight political controls. Contrary to the often lurid reports reaching the United States, Grenada was not a police state. Unlike the governments in Chile, Haiti, or El Salvador, the Grenadian government did not kill people or make them disappear. Armed men were not a conspicuous presence, except when the militia was called into the streets.

But dissent was not tolerated. The government closed down three newspapers, including one, the *Grenadian Voice*, that in its first issue had declared itself loyal to but critical of the revolution; that was the only issue ever to come out. Furthermore, the PRG held a large number of

political prisoners. An exact total was hard to come by, since no lists were published, but at times it was probably on the order of 100, or about one in every thousand Grenadians. Few of these prisoners were charged with crimes, and even fewer tried. The Richmond Hill prison, perched on a bluff overlooking St. George's and visible throughout the capital, stood as a squat reminder of where loose lips could land you.

Then there was the question of elections. "Elections are not an issue in Grenada," I was told in March by Kenrick Radix, the minister of industrial development. "We had elections from 1951 on, and during that time a man's vote could be bought with rum and corned beef. People now see a lot of changes—roads being built, buses on the road, the airport, free education. Whenever the masses want elections, they'll get them. Don't take my word for it. Ask people in the street."

I did, frequently. Radix was partly right. People were pleased with the social improvements brought about by the revolution. Secondary education was provided free, a literacy campaign was under way, and the number of university scholarships had greatly increased. Medical care, too, was free, and health clinics had been opened in the countryside (thanks largely to the Cubans). Free milk and other foodstuffs were being distributed to the public, as

were materials for home improvement. Cultural and sports programs had been set up for young people.

Yet, to a majority of the Grenadians I talked with, these gains did not make up for the lack of elections and the restrictions on free expression. A typical comment came from the manager of a small spice company, who told me, "We're celebrating four years of revolution. Everyone sighed for relief when there was a change. But now there's a lot of dissatisfaction. I, for one, don't want to live in a country where you rule my life. You can take care of me, provide me with a job, education, housing. But I don't have the freedom to use my imagination and initiative to do things on my own."

Despite an unhappy experience with parliamentary democracy during its colonial days, Grenada, like the rest of the English-speaking Caribbean, is imbued with the political traditions left by the British. Moreover, Grenadians have long been pro-American and anti-communist. It is estimated that more of them live in the U.S. than on the island itself, the result of a historical migration in search of jobs. Even Radix, in the course of criticizing U.S. foreign policy, boasted to me that he had twenty cousins living in the United States. Thus the Bishop government's close ties with Cuba did not go down well. Rumors swirled about the Cubans on the island—they had stolen Grenadians' girlfriends, had gotten into fights with the locals, had even engaged in unnatural acts with animals.

Overall, I found that Bishop was perceived as a patriot working selflessly for the national good and that he was immensely popular among Grenadians of all ages; his government was not. Support for the PRG was concentrated among the young, and even there it was flagging. According to minutes of party meetings discovered after the invasion, Bishop's New Jewel Movement was on the verge of dissolution because of popular hostility. "The revolution now faces the greatest danger since 1979," the minutes state, owing to the "great dispiritiveness and dissatisfaction among the people." The unhappiness was having a serious effect on the economy: though the government claimed that the GNP grew by 5.5 percent in 1982, it is clear that by the time of the coup economic growth had come to a halt. Bishop evidently hoped that his appointment of a commission to draw up a constitution, thereby paving the way for elections, would help regain some of the revolution's lost credit.

How had the People's Revolutionary Government reached such a pass? The answer requires a brief look at the rise of the New Jewel Movement and the early history of the revolution.

LIKE ITS NEIGHBORS, GRENADA WAS ONCE A SUGAR-producing slave colony, first under France and then under Britain. But that experience left fewer scars on Grenada than it did on most other islands. Emancipation, declared in 1838, vitiated the plantation system as

newly freed slaves obtained their own plots and became small farmers. The old plantocracy slowly died out, and land became fairly evenly distributed; so did income. People in Grenada are very poor, but because the land and the sea are so bountiful, few of them go hungry, and other signs of severe poverty, such as shantytowns, are scarce. The country's population is homogeneous—predominantly black and Roman Catholic.

For all its comparative advantages, Grenada in its recent history had to contend with one unique burden: Eric Gairy. The frequent claims that the U.S. invasion sought to "restore democracy" betray unfamiliarity with this man, who from 1951 to 1979 (excepting a five-year gap) headed a ruthless dictatorship in the mold of "Papa Doc" Duvalier's, in Haiti. For Sir Eric, politics was an exercise in self-aggrandizement, and he amassed an impressive collection of hotels, nightclubs, restaurants, and mansions. He demanded commissions on business deals and forced women to provide sexual favors. He was obsessed with witchcraft and astral projection, which he claimed was proof of his divinity. He often left the island to attend UFO conventions, and he addressed the UN General Assembly on the need for funding "psychic research" on UFOs.

Elections during Gairy's regime were a sham; votes were brazenly bought and electoral lists doctored. To further cement his power, Gairy created paramilitary squads (one was called the "Mongoose Gang") which were used to intimidate the opposition. These failed, however, to stem the growth of left-wing groups on the island. The most important was the New Jewel Movement, founded in 1973 by Maurice Bishop and Unison Whiteman (who later became foreign minister). On the one hand, the NJM took inspiration from the tradition of Caribbean populism, which stressed social justice, nationalism, and grass-roots participation. On the other, it drew on the Black Power movement then sweeping the United States. This particularly influenced Bishop, who had just returned from studying law in England, where he had seen firsthand the oppression of West Indian blacks.

At the same time, a second group, the Organization for Revolutionary Education and Liberation, developed around Bernard Coard, who had studied economics at Brandeis and Sussex universities. OREL was rooted in another doctrine with a traditional, if somewhat rarefied, place in Caribbean politics—Marxism. OREL was not a political party: it served primarily as a study group, and through it Coard instructed his students in the teachings of Marx and in how they might be applied to a small, underdeveloped country like Grenada.

Gairy unleashed his repressive apparatus on the growing opposition. On November 18, 1973—"Bloody Sunday"—Bishop and five other NJM leaders were badly beaten and thrown into prison. Two months later, on "Bloody Monday," Gairy's police shot and killed Rupert Bishop, Maurice's father, during street demonstrations.

The thuggery only helped strengthen the NJM, which in

1976 decided to contest the national elections. Despite widespread fraud by Gairy supporters, an NJM-led alliance took 48 percent of the vote and six of the fifteen seats in parliament. Enraged by this challenge to his authority, Gairy cracked down harder and, to help bolster his regime, forged close ties with the Chilean government of Augusto Pinochet. In 1978, Grenadian dissidents began to disappear. The NJM developed a clandestine structure that penetrated the ranks of the army, the police, and trade unions.

On March 13, 1979, when Gairy was out of the country, the party struck. Forty armed men seized a key army barracks and the island's only radio station, where they began broadcasting appeals to the citizenry to rise up. Thousands did, descending on police stations with crude weapons. Within twelve hours, Gairy's regime had been routed. Only three people were killed in the takeover.

Speaking to the nation over the radio that day, Maurice Bishop said, "Let me assure the people of Grenada that all democratic freedoms, including freedom of elections, religion, and public opinion, will be fully restored to the people." He added that "this revolution is for work, for food, for decent housing and health services, and for a bright future for our children and great-grandchildren."

THE PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT brought together the populist nationalism of Bishop, who became prime minister, and the Marxism of Coard, his deputy. It pledged adherence to a mixed economy and named representatives of the private sector to the cabinet. Popular support for the new regime was overwhelming. When, a week after the takeover, Gairy officially announced his resignation, 20,000 Grenadians turned out at a rally and sang, "Freedom come, Gairy go, Gairy gone with UFO."

The new government faced two urgent problems. One was getting the country going again. Gairy's rule had brought about high unemployment, flagging production, substandard services, and a decaying infrastructure. Even more pressing, however, was a threat from Gairy, who issued calls for a counter-coup from his base in San Diego.

Bishop approached a number of countries for assistance, including the United States and Cuba. Cuba responded at once, sending small amounts of economic aid. This did not sit well with Washington. When Frank Ortiz, the U.S. ambassador to Barbados—who had responsibility for the eastern Caribbean, including Grenada—visited the island in early April of 1979, he got straight to the point. The United States, he warned Bishop, would not look with favor on any effort by Grenada to develop closer ties with Cuba. If the government persisted, Ortiz said, it might discover a lessening in the flow of American tourists to the island. The Grenadians took this as a threat. They were further provoked by what they reported to be Ortiz's offer of all of \$5,000 in assistance.

To the young government, eager to demonstrate its independence, Ortiz's lecture seemed to confirm suspicions about the American colossus. Ortiz "attempted to call the shots," says Lyden Ramdhanny, who was a cabinet member at the time. "We said we'd like to have relations with everybody, left-leaning and right-leaning; he said he saw difficulty in that." His offer of \$5,000 was "a slap in the face," Ramdhanny says. "Then the war of words began."

In a speech delivered three days after the meeting with Ortiz, Bishop said:

We have always striven to have and develop the closest and friendliest relations with the United States, as well as Canada, Britain, and all our Caribbean neighbors. . . . But no one must misunderstand our friendliness as an excuse for rudeness and meddling in our affairs, and no one, no matter how mighty and powerful they are, will be permitted to dictate to the government and people of Grenada who we can have friendly relations with and what kind of relations we must have with other countries. We are not in anybody's back yard.

Within days, the first arms from Cuba arrived, and the PRG quickly strengthened its ties with the socialist bloc. Its growing alignment with the East was apparent in its UN vote against condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. At home, the government, citing counter-revolutionary threats, moved leftward. *The Torchlight*, a right-wing paper that had harshly attacked the link with Cuba, was shut down; the promise of elections began to fade; more people were thrown into jail. The government's fears seemed to be confirmed in June of 1980, when a bomb went off at a large government rally in St. George's, killing three young women and injuring close to a hundred other people.

The Carter Administration reacted strongly against the government's actions. The National Security Council considered a blockade of the island (but ultimately decided against it). The State Department barred Sally Shelton, Frank Ortiz's successor in Barbados, from visiting the island; not long after, it refused to accept the credentials of Dessima Williams, Bishop's designated envoy to Washington.

The tactics of the United States became more aggressive after the election of Ronald Reagan. The Republican Administration worked to deny Grenada loans from the IMF (unsuccessfully) and from the World Bank (successfully). It told the Caribbean Development Bank, a regional institution based in Barbados, that it would contribute \$4 million toward a "basic human needs" program—but only if Grenada was excluded. The demand outraged the bank's directors, who turned down the contribution rather than submit to pressure. Some State Department officials now look back on the episode as a critical blunder that succeeded only in pushing Grenada further away from the United States. Finally, in August of 1981, the United States began staging large naval maneuvers in the Caribbean. Among the exercises in "Ocean Venture '81" was a mock invasion

mock invasion of an island off Puerto Rico fictitiously named "Amber and the Amberdines," said to be "our enemy in the eastern Caribbean."

The PRG saw the operation as a warm-up for a possible invasion and began stepping up its military activities. It also turned up the volume on its rhetoric, as in this excerpt from a speech Bishop gave in November of 1981:

Today the assumption of power by a fascist clique in the U.S. and the failure of imperialism's attempt to destroy our process has brought our revolution face to face with the ugliest side of imperialism—naked military aggression. . . . But it is not only here in our Caribbean that the enemies of peace have been rattling their sabers. These neutron warmongers have been seeking military confrontation on several continents.

With U.S. coffers sealed, Grenada looked elsewhere for help. Venezuela donated school supplies, housing materials, and 10,000 barrels of fuel. East Germans came to install the new telephone system, and North Koreans to set up an irrigation system. Canada developed a program to revive the island's cocoa industry, laid low by plant disease. In 1982, according to government estimates, major donors to the island included the Common Market (30 percent), Canada (15 percent), the Middle East (15 percent), Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union (15 percent), and Cuba (20 percent).

Cuba's presence was by far the most visible. Cuban teachers, doctors, and dentists could be seen throughout the island. Cuba provided technical assistance in transportation, agriculture, fishing, culture, and sports. It even supplied two magicians, who turned up regularly at social events, to the evident delight of Grenadian audiences. Cuba also began secretly shipping more arms to the island. One night in 1982, for instance, a Cuban ship pulled into harbor, St. George's suddenly went dark, and weapons were carried by trucks to hidden depots around the island.

THE CUBANS WERE MOST EVIDENT, OF COURSE, AT the new airport at Point Salines. In his "Star Wars" speech last March, President Reagan singled out the airport as a threat to Americans: "The Cubans, with Soviet financing and backing, are in the process of building an airfield with a 10,000-foot runway. Grenada doesn't even have an air force. Who is it intended for?" Clearly, he said, the airport was part of the "Soviet-Cuban militarization of Grenada. . . ." Most reporters described the airport in similar terms during the invasion. In fact it was immensely popular with Grenadians, who looked forward to the many tourists it would bring. "One project that's had unanimous support is the airport," Richard Menezes, of the Chamber of Commerce, made a point of telling me, in November. "Not many people outside Grenada know the extent to which Grenadians have put their money and

sweat into this." Many citizens bought bonds to support construction of the airport.

Newsmen traveling to Grenada to cover the invasion flew into Point Salines on C-130 transports. Had they arrived at the old airport, at Pearls, they might have seen why the facility under construction was so popular. Pearls's 5,300-foot runway, chiseled out of the mountains, can accommodate only small prop planes; tourists must first fly to Barbados and change planes there. And, because Pearls cannot be used at night, Grenada-bound visitors who arrive in Barbados late in the day must often spend the night there.

Point Salines, with its 9,000-foot runway, would accommodate wide-bodied jets, making the stop in Barbados unnecessary. According to the International Civil Aviation Organization, in Montreal, which sets standards for airports around the world, a 9,000-foot runway is short for an airport intended to service jumbo jets. Indeed, the airport at Barbados, whose intended use Reagan never questioned, boasts an 11,000-foot runway; so does the one in the Bahamas. Martinique's runway is 10,800 feet, and Guadeloupe's, 11,500 feet.

The case of St. Lucia shows what a new airport can do for an island in the Caribbean. In the early 1970s, when St. Lucia had a small airport, it received about the same number of tourists per year as Grenada—roughly 25,000. St. Lucia built a new airport with a 9,000-foot runway, and within three years the number of tourist arrivals almost tripled. The number in Grenada remained steady. The PRG projected an increase in arrivals to 40,000 in the first year after opening Point Salines.

The Bishop government first approached the United States, Britain, and Canada for funds to build the new airport. The United States refused, and persuaded the others to follow suit. Later, in 1981, when Grenada scheduled a conference in Brussels to seek loans, the United States pressured its European allies to stay away. Most did. Cuba was willing to pick up much of the slack, with help from the Common Market (which gives aid independent of its individual members), Libya, Algeria, Syria, Iraq, and Venezuela. A U.S. firm, Layne Dredging, of Miami, dredged the inlet across which the runway extends, and Plessey, a British company, was contracted to install navigation and communications systems.

Soon after the invasion, Plessey issued a statement denying that Point Salines could have been used as a military base, citing the absence of eleven facilities, such as radar and underground fuel tanks, that it said a base would require. The State Department claimed nonetheless that the airfield had posed a serious strategic threat, saying that it would provide Cuban planes with a refueling stop on their way to Angola and would enable Soviet-bloc planes to control the sea-lanes through which much U.S. oil passes. But the Cubans have been reaching Angola for eight years without Grenada; for a number of years they refueled in Barbados. As for the threat to oil tankers, the



A GRAND ANSE PRIMARY SCHOOL

countries that should logically have felt most threatened are neighboring Venezuela and Trinidad, both oil producers. Venezuela was the only non-socialist country to maintain an embassy in Grenada, and it even contributed to the airport; Trinidad opposed the U.S. invasion. (After arms-laden Libyan planes headed for Nicaragua were intercepted in Brazil last year, the State Department added the "trans-shipment of arms" to the list of dangers it claimed the airport presented.)

Even within the State Department, I found considerable skepticism about U.S. opposition to the airport. On my way to Grenada last March, I talked with a well-placed official who said of the facility, "I confess to not being terribly worried." He added, "I never put much stress on the strategic importance of this whole region, much less Grenada." Another State Department official said he thought that moves by the United States to block the airport's construction had served to "push Bishop further to the left."

DURING MY VISIT IN MARCH, I WITNESSED A striking example of the contrast between the policies of the United States and Cuba toward the island. It occurred during celebrations commemorating the fourth anniversary of the March 13 revolution. In previous

years, the date had been marked by mass rallies; this time, the People's Revolutionary Government scheduled a series of modest ceremonies to inaugurate new public projects—a road, a spice-grinding facility, a livestock center. The government hoped to shore up its popularity by impressing Grenadians with the revolution's material progress.

But the tone of the planned events soon changed. *The Washington Post* revealed on February 27 that the CIA had proposed a plan to destabilize Grenada (it later backed off because of Senate opposition). Then the United States and its NATO allies began holding joint maneuvers off Puerto Rico, involving two aircraft carriers and thirty-four U.S. warships. Finally, on March 10, President Reagan denounced Grenada in a speech to the National Association of Manufacturers. "It is not nutmeg that is at stake in the Caribbean and Central America," he said in a now-famous remark. "It is the United States' national security."

The PRG took those remarks as a direct threat and, accordingly, urged people to turn out in force at a rally scheduled for March 12 to thank Cuba for a cement-block factory it had constructed. The plant, named after Augusto Sandino, the Nicaraguan revolutionary, was intended both to produce materials for the airport and to manufacture prefabricated housing units. The Grenadian and Cuban flags fluttered over the grounds of the plant, where about a

thousand people had gathered, including a hundred or so Cuban construction workers. A series of speakers, including a member of the Cuban Communist Party, praised the new plant as a monument to "internationalism" and Cuban-Grenadian friendship.

Then, as it grew dark, the time came for the keynote address. With Bishop out of the country, attending a summit of nonaligned nations in New Delhi, Deputy Prime Minister Coard took his place. The speech lasted forty-five minutes, and it was masterly, the tone alternately indignant, hurt, angry, and ironic. "If we are to believe certain madmen," railed Coard, who was flanked by bodyguards, "this tiny island of Grenada, with a hundred thousand people, twenty-one by twelve miles, is a superpower. We must be a superpower, because the U.S., the mightiest power on earth, is trembling at us."

In the context of the threats from the United States, the Sandino plant had "tremendous significance," Coard declared.

In a country with only twenty thousand families, a housing plant that can produce five hundred homes a year is a giant step forward. In a fairly short space of time, this country will be able to wipe out its housing problem. And for this we must thank the government and people of Cuba.

What Reagan and his cowboys really fear Cuba for is not their military aid but their economic assistance. They are frightened by twenty-five doctors training in Cuba. They are afraid the masses of English-speaking Caribbean society will ask, If Grenada could build five hundred housing units a year, why can't we? . . . They are afraid that Grenada is being held up as a model for the developing world.

Coard ended with a surprise announcement: Prime Minister Bishop had just touched down at Pearls on his return from New Delhi and would soon arrive at the rally. "Long live Maurice," he shouted.

Ten minutes later, horns began honking and the glare of headlights appeared. The crowd parted. A string of shiny cars pulled onto the grounds of the plant and rolled up to the speakers' platform. Bishop emerged from one of the cars and hopped up onto the dais, where he, Coard, and other members of the government joined hands and listened to the cheers of the crowd. Though visibly exhausted from his long trip, the Prime Minister moved to the microphone and launched into a twenty-minute denunciation of U.S. imperialism. "This latest threat from Ronald Reagan," he said,

means a throwing down of the gauntlet to our revolution. He is clearly signaling that they are getting ready for an



SLOGANS OF THE REVOLUTION, ST. GEORGE'S

all-out assault against our revolutionary process. . . . They are now sitting down and planning the final stages of armed attack against our revolution. But we are not going to be threatened or intimidated. They can drop a bomb and wipe our country off the face of the earth, but if they come to try and invade, when they land, they will discover the fighting will of the Grenadian people. We will never give up.

The climax did not come until the following day, the anniversary, when the government staged a military parade. For about half an hour, a few hundred soldiers, accompanied by heavy trucks, personnel carriers, and anti-aircraft guns, marched around a field in St. George's. The soldiers then jumped into vehicles and, with Bishop in the lead, set off on a motorcade around the island, intended to mobilize the citizenry against the threat from the United States. The procession returned to the capital by nightfall and gathered on the waterfront for yet another rally. Hundreds of militia members, their Russian AK-47 rifles on their shoulders, stood at the ready as their leaders urged national vigilance.

These events came to mind on my second visit to Grenada when I stopped by the warehouses of arms that had been discovered by the U.S. forces. The Reagan Administration claimed that the volume of weapons far exceeded the defensive needs of the island, and thus could only have been intended for aggressive purposes. But then the State Department released copies of Grenada's arms pacts with the Soviet Union, Cuba, and North Korea, and they contained little evidence to back up the claim. An equally plausible explanation was that Grenada's government, feeling beleaguered, was seeking to bolster its puny military. "We have never hidden the fact that we had arms, more arms than other Caribbean countries," Lyden Ramdhanny said in November. "These arms were brought in to defend the country. We were under the threat of external aggression." Ramdhanny added that the PRG had actually anticipated an attack not by the Marines but by bands of invaders similar to those working to overthrow the Sandinistas in Nicaragua.

However justified the arms buildup might have seemed to the PRG, the militarization of the island proved to be a tragic miscalculation. The Grenadian people had little notion of how to use guns and even less desire to learn. As the secret arsenal grew, it became a destabilizing force in itself, serving finally not to defend the revolution but to undo it.

THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE BLOODBATH OF October 19 have been described in great detail: the demand by the Coard faction for joint leadership; the house arrest of Maurice Bishop, his liberation by a crowd, and the march on Fort Rupert; the shootings there that took the lives of Bishop and scores of others; the creation of General Hudson Austin's repressive military jun-

ta. News reports were in general agreement on the significance of the events: *Time*, for example, reported that after Bishop traveled to Washington, last June, seeking a dialogue with the United States, "Cuba encouraged the hard-line deputy, Coard, to push Bishop out."

Bishop and Fidel Castro in reality had had a deep personal friendship. Immediately after Bishop's death, Cuba condemned the executions, demanded punishment of those responsible, and declared a three-day period of mourning. Castro turned down a request from Austin for arms to defend against an expected invasion. Three days before the invasion, Cuba sent the State Department a communiqué asking to negotiate so as to avoid a resort to force. (It received a response only after the invasion had begun.)

As to the struggle between Bishop and Coard, it seemed to fit a classic pattern: the moderate, threatening to betray the revolution, is liquidated by the extremists. Much in the party's minutes seems to bear out this interpretation. According to one NJM account, the party had to choose between two options: the "petty-bourgeois route," attributed to Bishop, which would lead to the "deterioration of the party into a Social Democratic party and hence the degeneration of the revolution"; and the "communist route," championed by Coard, which was based on "Leninist standards." The document concludes that "the party must be put on a Leninist footing."

But the language used by government and party officials, such as references to "right opportunism," "economism," and "class struggle," was often drained of meaning. Those involved in the dispute between Bishop and Coard (who after the invasion remained silent in Richmond Hill prison) seem to agree that it was not a matter of right against left, moderate against extreme; in fact, they say, the rift didn't have much to do with policy. Rather, it was primarily personal. The Coard group simply "wanted to seize power for themselves, to use the revolution for their own purposes," says George Louison, the minister of agriculture under Bishop and one of his closest associates. Although Coard's rhetoric was "ultraleft," Louison says, his programs "would have been very similar to Bishop's" had he acceded to power. Such matters as the mixed economy and relations with the United States seem hardly to have been mentioned during central-committee discussions.

"There were differences in the approaches to implementing certain policies, differences in method and style," Don Rojas, Bishop's press secretary, said in a press conference soon after the invasion. "Maurice Bishop was more flexible, more understanding of the need to make tactical moves. Bernard Coard saw things in more clear-cut terms. On fundamental ideological issues, there were no major differences." Both, then, were committed Marxists, but the traditions from which they came—Bishop's nationalistic populism and Coard's ideological dogmatism—proved irreconcilable. Once Bishop was removed, the revolution lost its chief claim to legitimacy. Why the rupture took such a violent turn remains a mystery.



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INSIDE A NUTMEG- AND MACE-PROCESSING PLANT

UNDERSTANDING THE SELF-IMMOLATION OF Grenada's socialist revolution requires a look at the international context in which it unfolded. Many officials at the State Department believe that Grenada was headed into the socialist bloc from the very start. Sally Shelton, the ambassador in Barbados from 1979 to 1981, says, "We went the extra mile to be accommodating. They clearly were not interested. I question whether Bishop was a moderate and wanted good relations. I'm tired of people blaming us." Still, Shelton concedes that U.S. policy was not all it could have been. "I'm one of those who urged that we should have had a more forthcoming policy," she says. The United States "should have tried longer" to improve relations. She says that it was a mistake to break off ambassadorial contacts in 1980, because doing so made dialogue impossible.

During my first stay in Grenada, I found almost unanimous agreement on the subject of U.S. policy. Even leading critics of the PRG were appalled by America's behavior. One such critic was Alister Hughes, the island's best-known journalist and a constant thorn in the side of the Bishop government. Later, he would praise the U.S. invasion, which probably saved his life—he was jailed after the October 19 killings. In March, however, he had said, "I have no faith that Ronald Reagan will allow this revolution

to prosper without taking steps against it. I believe the Americans have very conveniently opened the door for this government to turn toward Cuba. Frank Ortiz made some very stupid statements here. You don't tell an independent country whether it can have relations with Cuba."

Ortiz's performance is recalled bitterly by many in the State Department, who believe that, had he been more adept in dealing with the Grenadian government, the course of relations between the two countries could have been smoother. But such a view misses the point. Whatever Ortiz's skills as a diplomat, he did deliver the message the State Department had entrusted to him: if Grenada wanted U.S. assistance, it had to forgo its relations with Cuba.

The reasoning behind this approach, seemingly so counterproductive, became clear to me in the course of a long discussion in March with the same State Department official who had candidly dismissed Grenada's strategic importance. I pressed him to explain why he supported the government's policy of isolating the island. His answer was predictable: "We think they've been committed to a close association with Cuba from day one." But, I asked, why should ties with Cuba preclude relations with the United States? "Think of the precedent it would set," he replied, and mentioned potential instability in other eastern Carib-

bean islands such as St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Antigua. "Throughout the region, there are little-bitty leftist groups with power ambitions. If we improved relations with Grenada at no cost to the [pro-Cuban] government, imagine what it would say to other putative authorities in the eastern Caribbean. They would say, 'We can pull off a coup and then, after three or four years of a little trouble with Uncle Sam, he'll come around.' " The official concluded, "We obviously don't like being put in the position of the heavy. We want to act like a mature, responsible world power. But here's a little country saying insolent things, and we're forced to reply."

Leave aside the 9,000-foot runway, the arms caches, the documents, the reports of terrorist training camps and exportation of Marxism. Also leave aside the failure to call elections, the holding of political prisoners, the closing of newspapers. The real sticking point for the United States seems to have been that this tiny island, so close to the United States, insisted on its right to conduct an independent foreign policy, and proclaimed that right repeatedly and insistently. The United States could not tolerate such a challenge in its immediate sphere of influence. Seen in this light, the rapprochement seemingly promised by the meeting last June between Bishop and William Clark was a mirage. The U.S. was not interested in kind words and friendly overtures. It wanted one thing from Bishop—for him to kick out the Cubans. And that he could not do.

Was Bishop in Castro's pocket? Certainly, Grenada depended on Cuba for a great deal of economic and military aid. But a simplistic "pawn of Cuba" analysis represents a serious misreading of left-wing politics in the Caribbean and even in the Third World. It overlooks the fact that, in terms of political experiences, Bishop had a lot more in common with Fidel Castro than he had with, say, the current U.S. ambassador in Barbados, Milan Bish, a former Nebraska highway commissioner.

More important, Grenada's links with Havana and its estrangement from Washington reflect the island's history as a slave colony, its centuries of poverty and underdevelopment, and its suffering under Eric Gairy, whose repressive policies raised no protests from the United States. There is also the history of U.S. intervention in Latin America. The PRG, like other revolutionary governments, often invoked Nicaragua in the 1920s, Guatemala in 1954, Cuba in 1961, the Dominican Republic in 1965, Chile in 1973, Central America in the 1980s. In the future, Grenada in 1983 will probably be on the list—making it all the more difficult for the United States to work with other Maurice Bishops who might emerge.

As Grenada drew closer and closer to the socialist world, that world exercised a gravitational pull on the revolution that wrenched it from Grenadian reality. To prove its revo-

lutionary mettle, the PRG adopted an increasingly radical world view, stressing ideological purity, the primary role of the party, and the advanced consciousness of the workers. Such strict doctrine was incongruous on an out-of-the-way tropical island. Grenada was not like Nicaragua and Jamaica, countries characterized by deep social divisions and extremes of wealth, in which radical political philosophies might address a real need. One of the tragedies of Grenada's revolution is that its leaders felt compelled to stir up class antagonism in a society in which sharply defined classes do not exist.

When the "masses" (itself an incongruous term on an island of 110,000 people) did not respond, the party lost its way. As it began to disintegrate, Coard and his former students, who believed that the party and the revolution were synonymous, made a last, insane effort to salvage both. Their desperation is summed up in a communiqué issued by the Revolutionary Military Council after Bishop's death which proclaimed, "Long live the Grenada Revolution! Forward Ever! Backward Never! Socialism or Death!"

Now that Grenada has been removed from the socialist orbit, the United States will no doubt seek to make the island a model for the rest of the eastern Caribbean. The State Department will likely adapt its blueprint for Jamaica, providing large doses of assistance—more than \$30 million in economic and military aid was offered within a month of the invasion—in exchange for Grenada's establishing the private sector as the motor of development. In addition, the United States will probably encourage centrist, pro-capitalist parties. That means preventing the return of Eric Gairy, which would be a major embarrassment for the United States, or the resurrection of the New Jewel Movement, which would be even worse. The remaining traces of the NJM are already being eradicated. The United States may be portraying Maurice Bishop as a martyr, but it is doing its best to lay his political movement to rest.

Nonalignment is likely to remain as elusive as ever for Grenada. Chamber of Commerce president Richard Meneses told me that although he welcomed U.S. assistance, he didn't want Grenada to become "some offshore enclave." He said, "I don't want to have to completely give up our national interests as a result of liberation. The U.S. must recognize the pitfalls of our becoming overly aligned in one direction."

"It's sad," a former official in the Bishop government said wearily. "The majority of Grenadians never intended to become this bone of contention between East and West." But the Grenadians do not have much choice. In a world divided into competing blocs and dominated by superpowers, there is little place for small nations seeking to chart a middle course. □

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HOW TO EVICT YOUR LANDLORD

BY ROBERT M. STROZIER



MOST TENANTS DON'T realize that they need not have a landlord, if they prefer not to. He (or she) can be gradually eased out of your life or, if drastic measures are called for, evicted.

Let us first define *landlord*. Unfortunately, a physical description will not be possible, since landlords are rarely seen. They are generally represented by agents, managers, and lawyers, who communicate by certified mail. The building superintendent usually serves as the mouthpiece of the landlord, but he, too, rarely makes his appearance known. Thus it might seem, by the evidence available, that landlords don't exist at all, but long experience has shown us that they do. (If you have a lease, then you definitely have a landlord, although if you have a landlord it doesn't necessarily mean that you have a lease.)

I hear someone ask, *But the landlord owns the building and collects the rent; how do I get him out of my life?* One approach is simply to stop thinking about him as much. By willing him to vacate the "dwelling" of your mind, you can be happy. This requires continuous effort, however, and the landlord may often steal back into your head while you are asleep. Upon waking, you realize with a start: I still have a landlord!

Another tactic is to force landlords back by unnerving them. Sometimes I make out my rent check to United Charities or the March of Dimes or the Coalition Against Landlords, and then the landlord must send it back. Time is bought and a moral advantage gained. Not signing the check is another surefire way to put a crimp in the check-clearing process. Or you can pay your rent early. This throws the landlord off completely. Thinking that you must be up to something, he eventually panics and takes you to court, but the judge always rules in your favor. That's because you *didn't do anything wrong*.

More-aggressive steps are usually required, however, and so let us turn to

the Real Property Law, Section 7893-C. Most people don't know about this law, which supersedes any lease you have signed. Here are the articles that pertain to eviction:

☞ "Landlord shall be said to default on the lease if he: (1) fails to carry out the express covenants of it, (2) unduly pressures tenant for the rent if tenant would prefer not to pay it at that time, or (3) behaves in an objectionable manner."

☞ "The behavior of landlord will be shown to be objectionable if he: (1) acts in a wholly objectionable way, (2) pursues a course that is objectionable, (3) leaves an unmistakable impression that there is much to object to in him, or (4) behaves so objectionably that it seems all the above apply at once."

☞ "If landlord defaults, tenant may serve him written notice to correct the specified behavior within ten days. If landlord fails to comply within five days, tenant may terminate the lease, cease paying rent, and continue to live in the apartment."

☞ "Once lease is ended by tenant, landlord is obligated to: (1) apologize in writing, (2) pay tenant damages for loss of peace of mind, and (3) give him \$100."

☞ "If landlord refuses to consent to any of these conditions, tenant may in the manner required by law evict him. Tenant may then move into landlord's apartment, or rent it out."

IF THE LANDLORD (whom we will now designate as the "tenant") desires to move back into his former apartment, you (now the "landlord") will prepare a lease for his signature. Let us now examine the key provisions of *your* "landlord's lease."

☞ "Tenant is required to give landlord a security deposit double the amount of the rent, which is deposited in an interest-bearing account that landlord can draw on, and every six months he will give landlord another one, just in case. When tenant moves out, the deposit will be returned to him, unless the apartment shows the effects of ordinary wear and tear."

Robert M. Strozier is a frequent contributor to The Atlantic.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PIERRE LE-TAN



☞ "If tenant works or lives at home during the day, he shall pay a monthly surcharge of 20 percent for what is called 'use and occupancy'."

☞ "Rent may be increased 1/40th of the cost of any new equipment that is installed in landlord's apartment. Landlord may also at any point hike the rent to meet increasing costs of: (1) fuel, (2) maintenance, (3) food, (4) clothes, (5) software, (6) goods, or (7) products."

☞ "Tenant must provide three duplicates of key to his apartment. Landlord may enter it at any time, without giving reasonable notice, to: (1) erect, use, and maintain pipes in and through walls, ceilings, floors, and windows, (2) make holes for said purpose, without completing installations, (3) utilize for any purpose, (4) show to persons who may wish to supplant tenant, or (5) cause to be in a different condition."

☞ "The following utilities shall be provided: none."

☞ "Landlord will provide both cold and cold running water as required by tenant, except as set forth in various attached parts."

☞ "It is understood that landlord may suspend essential or other services in the event of: (1) labor trouble, (2) emergencies, (3) economic hardships, (4) national holidays, (5) weekends, (6) threatening weather, (7) passage of time, or (8) occurrence of events."

☞ "Tenant may not install or use existing air-conditioners, refrigerator,

stove, dishwasher, garbage-disposal unit, or any other electrical or battery-run equipment that might overload the existing wiring installation."

☞ "Tenant must remove at his own expense all wall coverings, bookcases, cabinets, mirrors, painted murals, wallpaper, art, and other attachments, even if they were originally installed with landlord's consent."

☞ "Nor may tenant place in the apartment water-filled beds, convertible couches, tables, chairs, or any other wood-constituted, metal-reinforced, or material-embellished furniture. Carpets shall not be shaken out of windows or placed on floors."

☞ "Tenant agrees not to dry clothes on the roof or use the terrace, if there is one. Windows may not be cleaned from the outside or inside or, considering the dust and other refuse that may blow in, opened."

☞ "Doormen shall not sign for deliveries, and if any parcels are left, they may keep them."

☞ "Tenant may not use the storerooms, laundry room, or any other building facility, and he travels in the coin-operated elevator at his own risk."

☞ "Tenant will not mortgage or pledge his apartment to anyone else, and the lease will be terminated if visitors, immediate family, or spouse is seen entering or leaving the building."

☞ "If tenant blocks the entrance, vestibule, stairways, fire escape, or other public areas, his doorknobs will be removed."

☞ "Tenant releases and waives all rights of recovery against landlord or anyone claiming through or under each by way of subrogation. See Article 67 for an explanation of what this sentence means."

☞ "Tenant shall not keep or harbor: (1) dogs or cats, (2) shopping carts, (3) children, (4) plants, (5) stuffed animals, (6) carved figurines, (7) shoe trees, (8) Elmer's glue, (9) colanders, or (10) sprouting onions."

☞ "Tenant must be seen and not heard, and not seen either. He shall keep shirt tucked in and attach mittens to his sleeves with safety pins."

☞ "Landlord may, without filing for permission, divide tenant's apartment into smallerized units, assign him one of them, and impose a largerized rent."

☞ "Under the Fairness of Eviction Act, landlord may at any point, pursuant to not letting tenant know that he will, bring action in court to evict tenant from the de-

mised premises. When tenant moves out, landlord may: (1) levy a vacancy-decontrol, post-departure tax against him and all his descendants, (2) donate all his clothes to a block fair, and (3) require that he be run through a spanking machine manned by the Conciliations and Appeals Board."

And now let's talk about the rider that's attached to the lease . . . ☐

TELEVISION A WINTER'S TALE

BY LLOYD ROSE



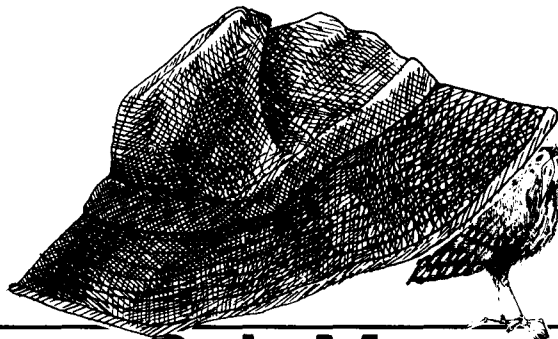
THE PHYSICAL AUDACITY of Laurence Olivier's great classical performances is legendary—his fall as Coriolanus, his leap to Juliet's balcony as Romeo, his scream as the blinded Oedipus. He has attempted no such feats on the screen, but his best movie and television performances are vital in the way one imagines, reading reviews of his stage career, that his theatrical work must have been. No matter the role—and this is probably what he means when he claims he always plays himself—he infuses it with wit and pride and a fierce, amoral sort of joy; his character may be in defeat, but his acting is always high-spirited. Combined with his superb physical equipment (except for height, he had it all: voice, eyes, grace of movement, profile), this has brought something of the beauty of the athlete to his best performances. As in watching an athlete, our wonder is that such a magical partnership of spirit and flesh should ever come about; our awe arises from our sense of its rarity and transience.

Playing Lear in the Granada Television production of *King Lear*, directed by Michael Elliott, which was broadcast on January 25, Olivier bases his characterization in this transience. His Lear is an old man, helpless and querulous, a victim of the loss of his physical powers as well as his worldly ones. He makes the King's lunacy senile dementia. Mad in the fields of Dover, he kneels by a stream to drink, and Lear's torn clothing

Lloyd Rose is the literary manager of the New Playwrights' Theatre, in Washington, D.C.

exposes one of Olivier's sagging, womanish paps. The actor's acceptance and use of the wreck of his beauty and health merges with the King's growing awareness of the limitations, humiliations, and end of old age. Olivier stares into Lear as if into a mirror, and he doesn't flinch from showing us what stares back at him. This psychological bravery gives his performance an aching, merciless heart. It may have little to do with technique as such, but it has everything to do with what makes an actor great.

Lear's progress through the play becomes a series of losses: his kingdom, his family, his sanity—one sense of identity after another. The body and the spirit sink toward nothingness together. The spoiled King, with his child's petulant sensitivity (he casts off Cordelia out of deep, surprised hurt rather than anger), discovers that in giving away his kingdom he has given away who he is. Nothing is the same anymore—servants are rude to him; trusted courtiers challenge his decisions; his elder daughters are impatient, patronizing, and, finally, cruel. Though he has his spurts of ineffectual rage, Lear is less furious than terrified. After Goneril rejects him, he is almost fawning with Regan; he seems to stop just short of begging her to take him and his retinue in. It's not so much shelter he wants, or even love, as a sense of himself: no longer a king, perhaps he can still be a father. What pushes him into madness is not that his daughters are ungrateful but that their ingratitude denies him this identity too. His wrath toward them springs from a more lethal wound than being unloved, and as long as he dwells so obsessively on their treachery, he is still a father, even if a spurned one. Self-pity protects him through the raging speeches on the heath (Olivier makes "I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning" a whining complaint rather than a rant against injustice), but the sight of "unaccommodated man" in the form of a half-naked lunatic (Gloucester's son, Edgar, in disguise) is too grim a vision for his sanity to bear. A few moments later, he is mistaking a chicken for Regan, claiming that its "warped looks proclaim/What store her heart is made on." Near the play's end, with Cordelia restored to him, he gains for a while a small hold on reality: he is a father again, a good father, a true father. Then her death rips this from him, and there is nothing left for him but to die.



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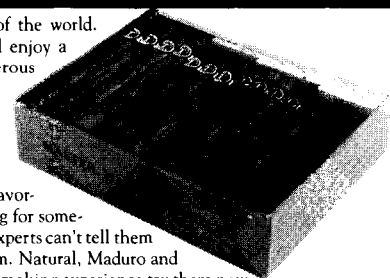
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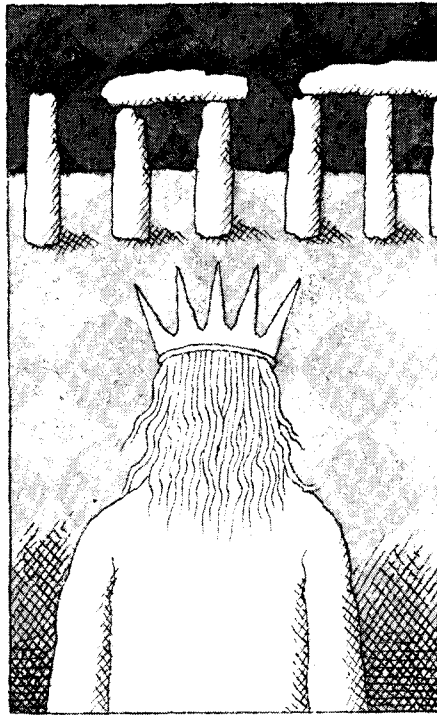
This is a bold, wintry characterization, reductionist and cauterizing. Olivier smashes the traditional, comfortable notion that the King learns compassion through his sufferings and is the better man for it. His Lear learns only that he is old, and that to be old is to die soon. Yet Olivier never falls into the trendy nihilism of Peter Brook's film version of the play (based on his stage production, with Paul Scofield as Lear), which found its inspiration in the critic and theorist Jan Kott's insight that *King Lear* could have been written by Samuel Beckett. He is focused not on chaos but on the grimmest, most basic definition of being a man. His portrayal has its own terrible humanism, of a mortal rather than a moral nature.

Watching the most revered actor in the English-speaking world, himself an icon, demythologize a sacred text is exciting, even at times breathtaking. But the performance is not entirely satisfying. One of the tenets of tragedy has always been that human suffering has meaning. This may be a sentimental notion—Olivier certainly treats it as one—but without it there is no tragedy, only pathos and despair.

The vision Olivier gives us of our human predicament is so bravely harsh that it's impossible not to respond to his concept of the role. Beneath the physicality and fluid, instinctive spirit of his performances, Olivier is essentially a thesis actor. He gets an idea about a character—Hamlet is in love with his mother; Othello is too proud; James Tyrone cannot stop acting—and exposes all the complexities of it. Part of his genius is in this ability to show us how varied and surprising the apparently simple can be. His exploration in *Lear* of the terrible ramifications of aging is extraordinary, and we admire it. But this Lear is cut loose from too much in the play—all the ideas about the meaning of justice, for example, and the sense of nature gone awry as children turn against their parents—for the performance really to work. We're seeing King Lear, but not *King Lear*.

Play and characterization fuse in one exalted sequence: the mad scene at Dover. Decked with flowers and greatly pleased with his appearance, Lear is lightheaded and a little dotty. Clearly, this is "second childishness and mere oblivion." It's the very whimsy of Olivier's reading (in another context, the old man's behavior would be funny) that

infuses Lear's madness with such horror. Taking more chances here than anywhere else in the play, Olivier is also on his safest ground, able to draw upon that superb comic sense that he himself has said is more natural to him than his sense of tragedy. "Every inch a king" is spoken without pathos or irony, shrugged away. When blind Gloucester wants to kiss Lear's hand, the retort—"Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality"—is fussy, as if the King had got his hand sticky from eating an orange. The contrast between behavior and substance is stretched about as far as it can go. This is stratospheric acting—high, cold, clear, terrifying.



YET THIS ASTONISHING scene begins with one of the worst things in an extremely peculiar production: Lear scoops an organ out of a dead rabbit and pops it into his mouth like a toffee. One wouldn't expect such a mistake from a director with Michael Elliott's experience—in the early sixties, he was an associate director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and directed Vanessa Redgrave in *As You Like It*; three years ago, his production of *The Dresser* played on Broadway. How can we possibly respond except by wondering whether Lord Olivier is *really* eating raw rabbit viscera? (I vote not.)

There are other kitschy oddities: Lear's holding court in Stonehenge (roughly 2,000 years out of date and

chilly for the purpose); Lear and Cordelia, surrounded by sword-pointing soldiers in a circle, shot from slightly overhead, Busby Berkeley style; Goneril's entering like the Vampire Queen in a horror movie, to a thrill of ominous music. And in the final scene, Elliott drags Lear back from Dover (where Shakespeare had him die) to Stonehenge again, so that he can expire amid picturesque surroundings.

None of the supporting actors survives this nonsense except Diana Rigg. Still slender and beautiful, and seeming to tower over most of the cast, she brings to Regan the strengths of her own personality. Her intelligence and sophistication float her where others, trying to "act," flounder and sink. When she gets her chances to go all-out, she's ready. Her matter-of-fact killing of the servant who attacks Cornwall—she just walks over and stabs him—gives deadly, witty life to the cliché "cold-blooded murder." And when she realizes that Goneril has poisoned her and she turns, bent with cramp, and advances on her sister, she looks as dangerous as a swaying hooded cobra.

The rest of the cast, all of whom have done fine work elsewhere, seem inadequate and are sometimes embarrassing. Some of them, particularly David Threlfall as Edgar, suffer from having had their roles cut out from under them. None of them is helped by the director's habit of moving in for a closeup whenever a soliloquy starts—there they are, stuck, acting away into the lens. Only Olivier, wily in craft as well as art, knows how to make the camera's scrutiny work for him, by using his eloquent, heavy-lidded eyes.

It's impossible to tell in what ways Elliott has either hurt or aided Olivier's performance—it is so superior to its housing that it almost could have been edited in from some other version of the play. But Elliott wasn't forced on Olivier. According to David Plowright, the managing director of Granada Television (and Olivier's brother-in-law), the actor and the director worked out the production's concept together and collaborated in editing the text. The great, fallen-short performance and the second-rate production surrounding it both issue from Olivier. This mysterious combination of genius and schlock is what he leaves us with in what is probably his last appearance in a major Shakespearean role. □

BOOKS

A DICTIONARY OF DESTRUCTION

BY THOMAS POWERS

ARSENAL: UNDERSTANDING WEAPONS IN THE NUCLEAR AGE
by Kosta Tsipis. Simon and Schuster, \$16.95.



FOR YEARS I HAVE been trying to find out how a missile-guidance system works. The subject is important. Experts in the Pentagon claim that ICBMs are now accurate enough to hit anything in a known location on the surface of the earth, and they have been reworking their war plans to reflect this new capability. This is what war-fighting strategies and counterforce targeting are all about. Both make the world a more dangerous place, but if the experts are right about missile accuracy, then they have no choice but to plan to use them in the traditional military way. I myself am scientifically and technologically illiterate, and this has given me a lot of trouble when I have tried to understand why the defense establishment wants certain types of weapons—in particular, the ones they call hard-target killers, like the MX. Let me give three examples of my difficulties.

A few years ago, I had an interview with General Daniel O. Graham, a former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA). He told me that intelligence analysts *knew* that part of the Soviet strategic-missile force was aimed at Minuteman ICBM fields in the American Midwest. I asked how they knew. Graham did not want to dwell on the details, but we wrestled with the question for a while, and this is roughly what he told me: a photo analyst at the DIA noticed a strange feature near the Russian missile silos. No one knew what the feature was for. The analyst eventually concluded that it was an aid to lining up the missile's guidance system with the azimuth of its target. I did not know what an azimuth was, and I did not understand why a guidance system had to be lined up with it. Graham tried to explain. I couldn't understand him. He grew impatient. He wore the pained expression of an electrician explaining why you have to screw in the light bulb. We moved on

to other subjects. Later, I looked up *azimuth* in the dictionary. An azimuth is the line from something to a given point on the horizon—the line, in short, from a missile toward its target. But how did you line up the guidance system with an azimuth? To me, a “guidance system” was just words. I had no idea what was in it.

Some months later, I had lunch with a friend who was also interested in these matters. An expert at Rand had told him that the Russians had been rigging tests to hide the increasing accuracy of their missiles. The expert had said how it was done, but my friend was also scientifically and technologically illiterate. My friend explained that the alleged deception had something to do with averaging the results of three accelerometers. What was an accelerometer? Why three? Neither of us knew. It was all very confusing. The charge of deception was highly technical in nature. Most experts thought it farfetched. How could we determine who was right without a clear fix on the argument? We puzzled over the problem earnestly, like thick-fingered men in gloves trying to pick up pins.

The third example also bears on missile accuracy. A Minuteman launch-control officer once told me that retargeting early versions of the Minuteman was time-consuming and difficult. The guidance crew had to visit the missile at night, roll back the huge hatch cover from the silo, climb down to the missile, and open a little window in the side of the upper stage, which carries the warhead. The guidance system was then re-jiggered in some fashion by being fixed on a star. The whole process took several hours. It could be done only on a clear night. In winter, in sub-zero temperatures, the procedure was difficult. The implications of all this were considerable. War plans had to be fixed in advance and were inflexible. But what the guidance crew actually did was a mystery.

Well, now I understand these techni-

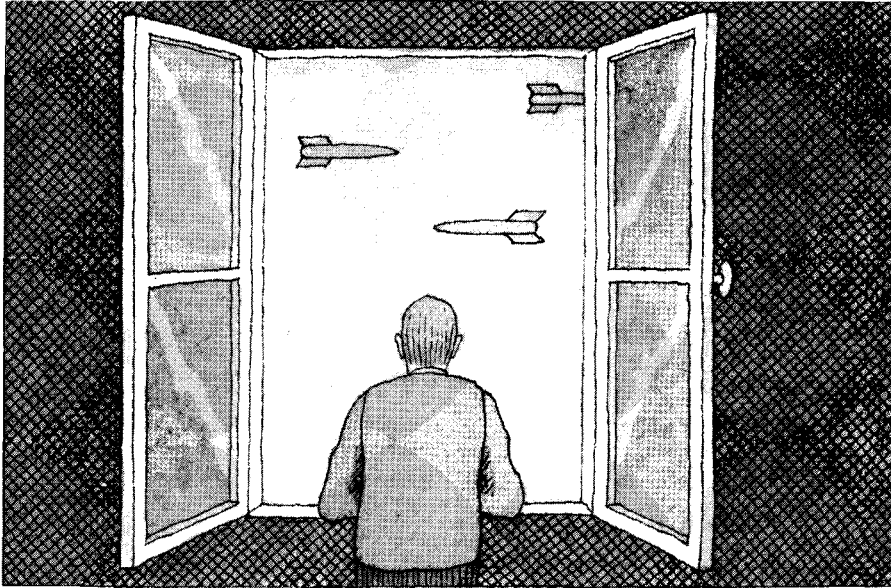
cal matters a bit better, thanks to Kosta Tsipis's lucid new book, *Arsenal: Understanding Weapons in the Nuclear Age*. Tsipis, a physicist at MIT, is a leading member of an informal group of scientists trying to head off an extension of the arms race into space. But *Arsenal*, although skeptical of some of the wilder claims made for technology, is not a tendentious book. It is a kind of primer, and the light it throws on the mechanics of missile accuracy is characteristic of the whole.

The principle at the heart of a missile's inertial guidance system, Tsipis writes, was discovered by the French philosopher René Descartes, in the early 1600s. As Tsipis tells it, Descartes was a slow riser. He liked to lie abed in the morning. One day his eye was caught by an upper corner of his room, where the walls met the ceiling. The way the three flat surfaces met at right angles to one another seemed to trigger something in his mind. After he had mused for a while, it came to him: you can describe where something *is* as the meeting point of three planes perpendicular to one another. He further realized that you can establish where something is *going* by its movement along those three planes. This is the principle of missile guidance.

The guidance package of a missile includes three accelerometers aligned at right angles to one another. Each accelerometer consists of a “test mass”—that is, something with a precisely calibrated weight—and what amounts to a scale to measure the force experienced by the test mass as acceleration increases. A calculation suffices to establish velocity, and velocity multiplied by time equals distance. Each of the three accelerometers measures distance traveled along one of Descartes's three planes. The combination of these distances—so far up, so far forward, so far to this side or that—describes where the missile is, compared with where it was when it started. A computer in the guidance package keeps track of the three distances, and in effect shuts off the rocket motor when the missile is in the right place going in the right direction at the right speed.

Now I can see what General Graham was talking about. “Lining up” a missile means aligning one of the accelerometers, and the plane it represents, with the azimuth of the target. Imagine the plane as a pane of glass, big enough to slice right through the whole planet. The

Thomas Powers, a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of *Thinking About the Next War*.



plane of a properly aligned accelerometer would cut through both the missile and its target. The feature noticed by the DIA analyst in photos of Russian missile sites was a device used to align an accelerometer. Knowing this is not simply interesting. It also convinces me that the intelligence analysts really did know that part of the Soviet missile force was aimed at American ICBMs, and that whatever the Russians might say about military strategy, what they *did* means they intended to fight a nuclear war in a traditional way, with attacks on military targets, if the shooting ever got started.

With Tsipis's help, I can also see how badly garbled was my friend's "explanation" of alleged Soviet deception in the conduct of its missile tests. Whatever the truth of the charge, it certainly had nothing to do with "averaging" three accelerometers. And now I can grasp what the guidance crews had to do in order to retarget early versions of the Minuteman, and why the MX, which can be retargeted by a simple command from a remote launch-control center, marks such an advance in guidance technology.

If this sort of detail strikes you as heavy going, as something better left to the experts, then *Arsenal* isn't for you. But for anyone with an uneasy sense that the technology of weaponry is running away with us, Tsipis's book is a fine introduction to the awful quandaries posed by human genius. His purpose is a simple one—to tell ordinary citizens what they need to know in order to judge the claims of experts—and it is admirably achieved. Eleven chapters, brief and

clearly written, cover the basics of bombs, missiles, guidance, verification, anti-submarine warfare, and the fancier proposals for space-based defense systems—laser and beam weapons—intended to shoot down incoming missiles. Thirteen appendices offer supporting detail for anyone who would like to work the numbers on his own. Attentive readers will come to understand why it is supremely difficult to locate submarines at sea, how the electromagnetic pulse generated by nuclear detonations could "blind" the United States in the opening minutes of a nuclear war, and why space-based defense systems are more likely to bankrupt the United States than to protect it from attacking missiles.

THE MARVELS OF modern weaponry were not achieved in a day. The feasibility of global push-button war, imagined in a moment back in 1945, has been a long time coming. Many analysts quickly grasped the implications of the marriage of missiles and nuclear warheads, but the American military was slow to recognize the possibilities. Air Force generals in particular, pilots by training and preference, pushed for a manned bomber fleet. Missiles were dismissed as "Buck Rogers stuff." The few missile enthusiasts even dropped the word "rocket" from their vocabulary, thinking it smacked too much of science fiction. Vannevar Bush, a principal scientific adviser to the government, was outspokenly contemptuous of visionary talk about missiles. Nuclear weapons were too heavy for the missiles we could build, and the missiles weren't accurate

enough to do meaningful damage with the warheads they could carry. In December of 1945, testifying before a congressional committee, Bush said:

There has been a great deal said about a 3,000-mile high-angle rocket. In my opinion such a thing is impossible and will be impossible for many years. The people who have been writing these things that annoy me have been talking about a 3,000-mile high-angle rocket shot from one continent to another carrying an atomic bomb, and so directed as to be a precise weapon which would land on a certain target such as this city. I say technically I don't think anybody in the world knows how to do such a thing, and I feel confident it will not be done for a very long period of time to come. I think we can leave that out of our thinking.

The "very long period of time" turned out to be fourteen years. The first American ICBM, the Atlas, carrying a multi-megaton warhead accurate enough to attack cities, was deployed in 1959. Modern ICBMs, armed with many independently targetable warheads accurate enough to land within a few hundred feet of a target thousands of miles away, are all the proof we need of human technical genius. We are approaching the end of a century of dazzling innovation in weaponry. The old remember the first aircraft and tanks, the middle-aged remember the first atomic weapons, the young remember the first missiles. The children of today may live to see a world ringed with orbiting laser weapons and other marvels as yet barely dreamed of. Perhaps they won't.

The Reagan Administration has embarked on a major program to build new weapons, but it would be unfair to blame this new turn in the arms race wholly on Reagan. Much of his program had been proposed by Carter, who adopted programs begun under Ford and Nixon, who inherited the weaponry of Johnson and Kennedy, which had been conceived in the time of Eisenhower and of Truman, who learned about the bomb the day he took office. The curious aspect of Reagan's policy is its note of urgency. The American failures of recent years had nothing to do with the strategic balance, likewise the successes of "the other side" in Vietnam, Angola, Ethiopia, and Nicaragua. We failed in those places—if failure it was—not because we were weak but because we were divided. Americans

simply could not agree on whether American interests were involved, or whether those interests were important enough to justify war. They cannot agree now about the proper American role in Lebanon or El Salvador.

The paradox is that Reagan is apparently trying to compensate for this very real constraint on American power—one entirely intellectual and spiritual in nature—by the purchase of strategic weaponry that scares the living daylights out of everyone—allies, enemies, and ourselves alike. What has missile accuracy to do with revolution in Central America? Can laser-beam weapons bring peace between Syria and Israel? Will Russia cease to oppose us when we can pinpoint her submarines at sea? Was it lack of cruise missiles that lost the war in Vietnam? Will the Stealth bomber restore Polish freedom? The weapons builders get their due in Kosta Tsipis's fine book. It is clear that their weapons can find, hit, and above all destroy whatever they are aimed at. They can do anything but make us safe. □

THE LONDON LITERATURE MARKET

BY JAMES ATLAS

The British literary establishment has adopted American marketing techniques but has ignored American fiction



“THE ENGLISH WAY of getting things done is quite distinct from the American way,” Edmund Wilson noted, visiting London after the Second World War. “It is quieter, more orderly, politer.” I wonder what Wilson would have thought of the latest Booker Prize ceremony, televised live from Stationers’ Hall, in London, this past October, or the Book Marketing Council’s “Best Novels of Our Time” promotional campaign, which starts in earnest this month with a “lunchtime launch” honoring those who made the list. The Booker, a much coveted literary prize given annually to the novel “best suited to winning

the Booker Prize” (to quote one judge’s enigmatic definition), has generated so much publicity that last year officials from The American Book Awards came over to see how it was done, and the “Best Novels” list was front-page news when the winners were announced, last November. Our image of English intellectual life as a cozy world of Bloomsbury tea parties and musty old bookshops on Charing Cross Road is out of date; literature is big business in London these days.

The “Best Novels of Our Time” campaign is the culmination of an aggressive effort by the Book Marketing Council to increase the public’s awareness of modern fiction. The opening shot was a promotion two years ago entitled “Best of British Authors.” Described by the council as “an exercise in market expansion,” the inaugural “best” list caused a good deal of commotion on the London literary scene. W. H. Smith and John Menzies, Britain’s largest book chains, displayed the works of the “best” authors in the windows of their many stores; the BBC’s *Omnibus* devoted a show to the promotion; the London *Sunday Times* magazine ran a lengthy piece with a photograph by Lord Snowdon. “Listing twenty of Britain’s best authors was an effective way of creating healthy controversy and interest,” said Desmond Clarke, the director of the Book Marketing Council, in a brochure about the council’s campaign. “People love lists.”

Flush with the success of its debut promotion, which resulted in the sale of more than a quarter of a million books by the chosen score, the council launched a sequel: “Best of Young British Novelists” (“young” meant under forty). Again, there were twenty winners, and, again, there was lots of publicity: window displays, posters and bookmarks distributed to public libraries, lavish commentary in the press. The scheme worked. Publishers estimated that some three quarters of a million dollars’ worth of the young novelists’ books were sold during the fortnight of the promotion.

If the idea behind the Book Marketing Council’s third and final campaign, “Best Novels of Our Time,” was “to get books talked about,” as one of the judges contended, it’s been a great success. “Best books list sets the fur flying,” ran the headline above *The Observer*’s front-page story on what it called “a splendid furore in the literary world”; “List of best novels creates uproar,” declared the



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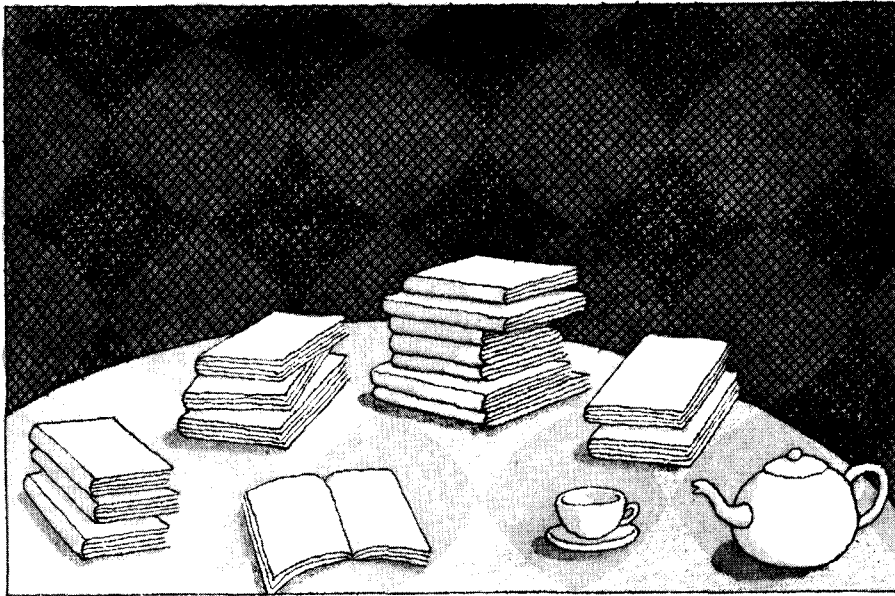
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UNBELIEVABLE INDIA

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

Times. Even before the council revealed the titles on the list, the novelist Malcolm Bradbury, anticipating his own absence from it, suggested in the *Times* that the proliferation of highly publicized prizes had spawned a "literary losers' lobby," and the morning after the selection was announced, there were cries of outrage in the London papers. Kingsley Amis, whose *Take a Girl Like You* made the list (and whose ex-wife was one of the judges), gave it his "lightly qualified approval," but he was about the only one who did. Miles Kington, a *Times* columnist, offered a list of "The Twelve Greatest Pop-Up Books of All Time," and the *Daily Telegraph* declared in an editorial that the choices "could have been knocked together in many a public bar."



The promotion was an exercise in "Berkeley Square hype," Paul Johnson complained in *The Spectator*, deriding the Book Marketing Council as "a body of (fairly) hard-faced men whose job is to flog books like milk, as a wholesome commodity people need."

Desmond Clarke, whose idea the whole thing was, declared himself unperturbed. "All this is playing into our hands beautifully," he told me when I spoke to him at the Book Marketing Council's offices, in London. "Our ambition from the start has been to stimulate public interest in literature. There's an enormous potential market for modern fiction," Clarke maintained, citing a survey of "public awareness of selected writers" that the Book Marketing Council had undertaken to monitor the results of its "Best of British Authors" cam-

paign. Of those polled, 46 percent were "currently reading a book," and four out of five said they had "heard of" at least one author on the list (though many "wrongly associated" names they claimed to know: nearly half confused Anthony Burgess with the spy Guy Burgess, and the children's novelist Rosemary Sutcliffe was identified by several respondents as the wife of Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper).

The goal of the first two campaigns, "to promote one of Britain's greatest assets—her authors and their books," could have served as a rallying cry for this third campaign as well. When the judges announced their selection of "the twelve novels which the judges esteem to be the most prominent works of liter-

ary merit to have emerged from post-war society" (novels, that is, "written in the English language"), J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, and Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* were the only non-British novels chosen. The other ten of this "baker's dozen" ("We just couldn't narrow it down to twelve," explained one of the judges) were British assets: George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, Evelyn Waugh's *Sword of Honour* trilogy, William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, Elizabeth Taylor's *Angel*, Kingsley Amis's *Take a Girl Like You*, Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*, Anthony Powell's twelve-volume *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul*, Iris Murdoch's *The Sea, The Sea*, and Ivy Compton-Burnett's *Manservant and Maid-servant*.

THIS BRITISH EMPHASIS wasn't surprising, given the judges: the novelist Elizabeth Jane Howard, the critic Richard Hoggart ("the odd-job man of the Cultural Establishment," as Paul Johnson called him in the *Spectator*), and Sir Peter Parker, the former chairman of British Rail (dubbed by Claire Tomalin, of the London *Times*, "the man of a thousand committees"). It was, after all, a British panel, sponsored by a British organization, and convened for a British audience. No doubt a panel composed of Mary McCarthy, Alfred Kazin, and a businessman in this country who could correspond to the Book Marketing Council's description of Sir Peter, as "a great lover of books and reading . . . particularly interested in Blake" (I can't think of any), would have chosen differently. But the "Best Novels" judges belong to the English establishment ("a committee of nobs," as Paul Johnson unkindly put it), and their choices reflected their somewhat mandarin tastes. It was "an honorable list but mostly a safe list," wrote Claire Tomalin—the list "of a clubman with an educated wife who fills her leisure with reading." (Richard Hoggart must rue his description of novels by woman writers as "books my wife had read and I hadn't had time to until now.")

Still, no one could say the judges hadn't been conscientious. For two months they had labored over bibliographies compiled by the Book Marketing Council, nominations from publishers, and what they found on their own shelves; then they met among themselves and adjourned for what Hoggart described to me as "a feverish two weeks of reading and re-reading." Deciding among the virtual library of candidates was no easy matter, though the "first tier" of seven "proposed themselves," according to Hoggart. (The judges had agreed not to divulge their choices, but they told me anyway: Nabokov, Orwell, Golding, Waugh, Greene, Compton-Burnett, and Salinger.) "It was jolly hard work, and not well paid," noted John Welch, managing director of Heffer's bookshop, in Cambridge, and the non-voting chairman of the committee. "I read all day," Elizabeth Jane Howard claimed when I visited her (insinuating that the others hadn't?), and on the evidence of the volumes I saw strewn about her parlor, I could believe it.

Once the authors had been settled upon, there was a good deal of discussion about which novels to choose. *Lucky*

Jim, the obvious Kingsley Amis title, was passed over in favor of *Take a Girl Like You* ("It was good to have something that *wasn't* the obvious choice," Howard said), and Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul* won out over *The Power and the Glory*—a way, Claire Tomalin surmised, of "getting in some titles from the Seventies." The actual number of novels swelled to thirty, since three of the works cited are series: Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Waugh's *Sword of Honour*, and Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*, with his novel *Staying On* appended as a coda.

The Book Marketing Council, never shy about its tactics, declared in a press release last summer that the judges had been selected "as personalities in their own right, whose adaptability to the media and public will be used to the full"—and used to the full it was. Called upon to defend their choices, the judges explained to me that they had made free with the notion of twelve "best books" in order to avoid arrogating to themselves what was really a matter of opinion; the novels they had chosen were books "of outstanding merit." Theirs had been a genial consensus, they insisted; there had been no "virulent disagreements," according to John Welch (though Sir Peter confided that he had found Elizabeth Jane Howard "as cozy as a razor blade"). Howard claimed to have "fought like a tiger for Mailer"; Sir Peter felt "enormous pain" over the absence of Angus Wilson and Patrick White; and John Welch regretted that one R. C. Hutchinson had been left out.

The notable omissions, at least in the mind of this observer, do not end there: not only had Howard's tigrine labors on Mailer's behalf been unavailing but the American writers who instantly come to mind were nowhere in evidence. Claire Tomalin noted the absence of Alison Lurie's *The War Between the Tates*, Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, and Paul Theroux's *The Mosquito Coast*. Anthony Burgess—who failed to make the list—turned up more neglected Americans. "I totally execrate the taste of the judges and challenge their competence," he told a reporter from *The Observer*, proposing a list that included William Faulkner's *The Mansion*, Thomas Pynchon's *V.*, Bernard Malamud's *The Natural*, Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*, John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor*, and John Updike's *Rabbit* trilogy. There was no

sign of Joseph Heller, John Cheever, or Henry Miller, either. (One could argue that Miller did his best work before 1945, but the *Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy dates from after the war; so, for that matter, do Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* and *Requiem for a Nun*.)

The postwar period in American literature has produced a wealth of significant works. Malcolm Bradbury, in a critical study just out, *The Modern American Novel*, makes the case that "by the 1950s it was American fiction that seemed to govern the direction of the contemporary novel," and few critics would dispute the claim. Remarking on the quaintness of the London literary scene—the Edwardian clubs, the gossip criticism in the Sunday papers, the writers' houses with their round blue plaques—Martin Green argued in his *Transatlantic Patterns* that American writers possess a "vitality which the British equivalents lack." England has been stagnant since the war, he complained; "the same names and terms as thirty years ago define the situation."

The judges were apologetic about the weak American showing. Richard Hoggart was "sorry." Sir Peter said, "I weep." When I brought up Malamud, he responded, "Wonderful, but he seems almost like a translation." And Roth? "Lovely." The former chairman of British Rail did endorse Updike. ("Isn't he the chap who wrote those *Rabbit* books?" an editor of one of London's most influential literary journals later asked me.) And Jane Howard was enthusiastic about Joseph Heller, but in the end, she confided, Heller and Mailer "canceled each other out." Even Bellow barely made the list; Howard confessed she "couldn't read him." The only American who received unequivocal support was Salinger, for *The Catcher in the Rye*—a masterpiece, I agree, but, more to the point, it's a book that evokes the American analogue of the prep-school experience that's so prevalent a theme in modern English fiction.

THERE IS PERHAPS nothing new about this British indifference to American literature. "The more the success of the United States is forced upon their attention," Edmund Wilson asserted of the English in *Europe Without Baedeker*, "the more determined they are to ignore it." Apart from D. H. Lawrence, whose *Studies in Classic American Literature* amounted to a nearly

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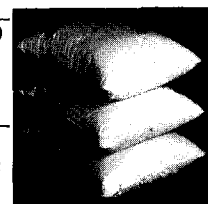
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hysterical defense of our major nineteenth-century novelists, the English have scarcely admitted that American literature exists. The only one of our novelists who is treated with any respect in the Oxford syllabus is Henry James, and he made himself so utterly a London clubman that he scarcely qualifies. The Oxford don who pretended to Wilson that he'd never read *Leaves of Grass* and wondered if Whitman was as good as a writer named Whyte-Melville is by no means an anachronism. "Not one of them has succeeded in establishing an *oeuvre*," Kingsley Amis has said of American novelists, and he's hardly the only Englishman who feels that way. Richard Hoggart put it kindly when he claimed that he came away from his recent literary chore with "an enhanced sense of the distinctiveness of American literature"—a distinctiveness so pronounced, apparently, that the judges scarcely considered that literature to be "written in the English language."

How different this attitude is from our eager Anglophilia, evinced in the hordes of American academics who hurry over to England every summer to hang around the British Museum or study at Oxford. Most literate Americans have read at least some of the British authors on the Book Marketing Council's list, and our critics have generally shown a far keener interest in English literature than English critics have in ours; compare, for instance, the insularity of F. R. Leavis, for whom English literature constituted an inviolate canon, with the cosmopolitanism of Lionel Trilling, who was at home equally with Jane Austen and Hemingway. And consider the popularity of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* or of Anthony Powell, whose *A Dance to the Music of Time* was such a success over here. The civility, the clanishness, the love of tradition so manifest in English life may be, as Edmund Wilson suggests, "a kind of fairy tale," but it's one that never ceases to enchant us.

Still, is it mere chauvinism to question how *Angel*, an out-of-print novel by the late Elizabeth Taylor, and *Manservant and Maidservant*, Ivy Compton-Burnett's grim domestic farce, found their way onto the "Best Novels" list? Charming they are, but these are very minor works and scarcely bear comparison with any number of American novels from the same era. "The taste in reading is different here," Howard admitted;

"American writers don't really sell." How could they be expected to? I wondered, noting the coverage of American fiction in the British press when I was there last autumn. Judith Rossner's *August* was glossed over in *The London Review of Books* as a curiosity, and the *New Statesman's* critic dismissed Mark Helprin's *Winter's Tale* as "pretentious, strutting and fretting nonsense."

All the more ironic, then, that the Book Marketing Council should resort to a sales campaign that seems so, well, American. Subsidized in part by publishers, who were asked to contribute £700 for every paperback edition of theirs selected, and £300 for every hardback (is this why thirty books were chosen instead of twelve?), the "Best Novels of Our Time" promotion promises to return a substantial profit on those subsidies. The announced goal is to sell a million books. British publishers are cashing in with this shrewd exercise in American-style promotion. But on the evidence of the list, things haven't changed much since 1820, when Sydney Smith asked, in *The Edinburgh Review*, "Who reads an American book?" □

THE FAILURE OF ECONOMIC MANAGEMENT

BY ROBERT J. SAMUELSON

PRESIDENTIAL ECONOMICS
by Herbert Stein.

Simon and Schuster, \$16.95.



FEW THINGS in life are quite so shattering as the loss of illusion. This has, in part, been the national experience of the past decade. In the early 1970s, Americans had the idea—fed to them by politicians and economists—that once-frequent economic cycles and disturbances had been eradicated. Not only had we stilled the social turmoil caused by downturns in the business cycle but we had harnessed the economic machine for the greater good. We could, we thought, count on an ever-rising stream of national wealth for the contin-

Robert J. Samuelson writes a weekly column on economic affairs for the National Journal.

ual perfection of our democratic society.

Now we recognize that the celebration was at best premature. Economic fluctuations and disruptions reappeared with a vengeance in the 1970s. The expansion of national wealth slowed, then stopped, making us more conscious of choice and scarcity. The common question is: What went wrong? But that is not the right question. And the great virtue of Herbert Stein's new book is to show that it is not the right question.

As a people, Americans personalize politics and policy: we say that President Carter's or President Reagan's policies failed and, having said that, find new hope in a change of administration. But Stein, an economist who was the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers from 1972 to 1974, shows that our failure has been much deeper and less personal. We have, he indicates, a government as much of moods as of mortals. Certain ideas, tempered by experience and circumstance, have conditioned government policy, and the dominant players—Presidents, their advisers, and Congress—fall captive to these moods. The mood that seized the national spirit in the 1960s—and still maintains a strong grip—was, frankly, utopian. During the Kennedy-Johnson years, the national government assumed an unprecedented responsibility for economic well-being. The Kennedy-Johnson economists argued that we could manage the economy to assure full employment and to maximize output without triggering inflation.

We are still living with this legacy. It created a political and psychic ideal to which all subsequent politicians have been held and have held themselves. Stein relates the striving, and his story—told lucidly and wittily, if sometimes at excessive length—is one of almost continual failure. Since the early 1960s, we have had more than a dozen major tax bills, starting with the huge Kennedy-Johnson tax cut of 1964 and ending with the large 1982 tax increase. We have also had voluntary wage-price guidelines (1962–1967 and 1978–1979), a wage-price freeze and mandatory controls (1971–1974), a flirtation with credit controls (1980), a devaluation of the dollar (1971), the abandonment of the system of fixed exchange rates (1973), and a major shift in Federal Reserve monetary policy (1979). The ideal remains elusive.

It remains elusive because it is unattainable. The story of the past twenty

years is not that we have done a bad job striving for the doable but that by attempting the undoable we have made an imperfect world worse. The relevant question becomes: Why did we buy the promise in the first place? Up until the Depression, hardly anyone believed that economic cycles could be eliminated. They were considered an inevitable part of life's uncertainty.

Now, as a nation, we find ourselves trapped between experience and expectations. We expect the government to achieve full employment along with little or no inflation. But experience teaches us that efforts to attain this ideal are doomed to failure. We search continually for some new idea that will fulfill the promise rather than questioning whether the original expectation was ever realistic.

A huge void between expectation and reality has opened in American economic and political life. The government is simply too large (federal spending now equals a quarter of national output, up from about 3 percent in 1929) to disengage itself from economic management. And Stein is almost certainly correct in his belief that we know more now than we did fifty years ago and are better equipped to influence the economy. But he is equally correct in arguing that the perfectionist objectives of the 1960s and early 1970s—namely, steady growth at full employment and with stable prices—exceeded the competence of both economists and government. Without a better matching of expectations and possibilities, we risk falling prey to crackpot cures. The potential is already evident from both right and left; the exaggerated claims for "supply-side economics" in 1980 and for "industrial policy" today attest to it.

TO UNDERSTAND OUR present predicament, we have to revisit the late 1950s. By comparison with Depression America—the frame of reference for most adults—America in the fifties was enormously prosperous. People were buying homes, appliances, and cars at an amazing clip. Indeed, there were serious suggestions that Americans were so sated with consumer goods that, without the come-on of advertising, the economy might collapse, because people wouldn't feel the need to buy anything more. Still, the economy's performance was far from perfect. By the time of the Kennedy presidency, there had been four postwar

recessions: in 1948–1949, 1953–1954, 1957–1958, and 1960–1961. It seemed to many economists that these downturns, although mild by pre-war standards, were especially wasteful, because they were unnecessary.

These economists' ideas—ultimately embraced by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—were fundamentally conservative. They did not involve abolishing capitalism or even modifying it significantly. They were aimed at making it work better. Economic instability hurt everyone: business, because profits suffered and uncertainty discouraged investment; workers, because they experienced periodic bouts of joblessness; and the hard-core unemployed, because they could rarely get jobs at all. If business cycles were moderated or eliminated, everyone would be better off. Moreover, increased stability and affluence would allow the government to smooth capitalism's rough edges. If the economic pie expanded, the nation could be more generous. The government could aid those who fared least well under capitalism. Increased social spending would reinforce public support for an economic system that, to these economists, was fundamentally efficient and compatible with American political ideals.

As these economists saw it, the economy could be described in fairly simple terms. At any moment you could estimate its theoretical peak output, which would increase from year to year, because both the labor force and overall efficiency (in the jargon, "productivity") were growing. Plotted on a chart, the economy's theoretical capacity would thus be a gently sloping upward line. If actual output (the gross national product) fell below this theoretical peak level, the government could move it closer to the ceiling by spurring overall demand. It could do this by increasing spending or cutting taxes; the effects of various policies could be projected, because different tax or spending changes would affect consumer and business spending. The main technical task for economists was to refine their estimates of these secondary effects, so that the government could be more precise in its fine tuning.

IT SEEMS TOO good to be true—and it was. If we examine how the Kennedy–Johnson economists thought the world operated and then look at how it actually operates, gaps appear. Econo-

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mists did—and do—debate the theoretical correctness of these ideas. But the main flaws do not involve esoteric matters of theory so much as common sense.

First, economists in the early 1960s assumed, or at least hoped for, a benign politics. Even if their theory was perfect, it required political cooperation. When the economy was below the full-employment level, the government would provide stimulus. But there was also the possibility that the economy might sometimes exceed its theoretical capacity. For a short time, this could happen relatively painlessly, because workers would work overtime and firms would strain the capacity of existing equipment by, among other things, deferring maintenance. But if it continued, it would

time, the virtual price stability of the 1950s and early 1960s had been lost; between 1960 and 1966, inflation had risen from one to 3 percent, and it kept rising.

The episode revealed an inherent imbalance in the politics of economic management. It is very difficult for politicians to take action—especially unpleasant action—against a problem until the problem seems compelling. By that time, though, action tends to be tardy. The point of economic management is to stabilize the economy, but a political system that requires signs of instability before it can act makes the process self-defeating.

A second flaw lay in the contradiction between price stability and the pledge to maintain full employment. The conven-

pointless: if there was a slump, the government would quickly revive demand. Even for employers with non-unionized workers (who now make up about 75 percent of the total work force), wage restraint risked damaging morale and losing good workers, who could find new jobs in an economy of full employment. Economists such as Arthur Okun, a chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Johnson, quickly recognized that lack of wage restraint and other types of inflationary behavior were perfectly sensible.

A dilemma arose: the promises of full employment created precisely the sort of inflationary pressures that the government was committed to combating. Moreover, any rise in inflation undermined the whole point of economic management—reducing uncertainty and promoting stability—because rising inflation created uncertainty and instability. Reacting to inflation, firms and workers indexed contracts to past price increases, thus further institutionalizing inflation.

A third basic flaw in the economic vision of the 1960s was its sheer simplicity. To enhance the illusion of mastery, economists assumed away many problems. Perhaps the most important of these was the increasingly international character of economic activity. Economists regarded the American economy as a self-contained whole that would be influenced almost exclusively by American actions. To be sure, they recognized international pressures, but did not consider them very important. If outside influences were negligible, domestic control could be asserted; the assumption was comfortable and, for a traditionally self-sufficient nation, entirely natural.

Unfortunately, it was wrong. In the 1970s, global events decisively affected the American economy. Basic grains had become part of a worldwide market; therefore, large Soviet purchases, combined with a poor U.S. corn harvest in 1974, sent U.S. food prices soaring. Oil and energy prices had also slipped beyond American control, as the price explosions of 1973–1974 and 1979–1980 proved. Unhappily, world markets react to unpredictable political as well as economic forces. And the changes extend beyond these dramatic disturbances. From 1960 to 1981, exports rose from 4 to 8 percent of GNP; imports increased from 3 to 9 percent. For many U.S. firms and workers, success or failure often



simply produce inflation: firms would compete for scarce workers by bidding up wages and would exploit excess consumer demand by raising prices. Logically, then, the government had to prevent this overheating by enacting tax increases or spending cuts. The politicians who had cheerfully voted benefits for their constituents (tax cuts or spending increases) would need to reverse themselves just as cheerfully.

This was not to be. In 1965, Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, proposed a tax increase to President Johnson to suppress incipient inflation. Johnson rejected the proposal, in part because he didn't think Congress would pass it. He was, of course, right. He finally advanced a surtax, in 1967, but Congress did not adopt the measure until June of 1968. By that

tional wisdom of the early 1960s was that any inflation could be quickly cured by a brief, mild recession. If rising prices reflected excess demand, then a period of slack demand would dampen them. Experience proved otherwise. When the Nixon Administration tried this approach in 1969 (the economy had been in a period of continual expansion since 1961, and inflation had risen to more than 5 percent), inflation subsided only slowly and stubbornly. Even in 1971, it was 4 percent; this was not the stability economists had expected.

Why? Firms and workers apparently took the full-employment pledge seriously. Naturally, workers wanted to enhance their living standards, and firms wanted to improve their profits. With the government committed to full employment, wage and price restraint was

hinges on exchange-rate fluctuations (which alter import and export prices) and other nations' wage rates, over which the United States has little, if any, control.

Another self-serving simplification was the assumption that living standards would rise automatically. Economists did not pay much attention to how this improvement actually happened. American business was presumed to perform this job by constantly increasing efficiency through new technologies, products, and methods of organization. Economic policy would maintain overall demand, and business would oblige with annual productivity increases of about 3 percent. Because most economists took the increases as given, they were as stunned as everyone else when the gains suddenly slowed and halted, in the 1970s. Not understanding what had happened, they were relatively powerless to suggest ways to reverse the trend.

IF THE CONCEPT of economic management is so flawed, how did we fall under its spell? An uncharitable answer is that economists oversold their ideas, because it suited their interests to do so. A high government job can be an intoxicating, if also frustrating and exhausting, experience. Top government economists meet with Presidents and congressmen, and their views receive heavy publicity. In short, they attain celebrity status.

Stein is rare among economists for acknowledging these lures. He was one of sixteen officials at Camp David in August of 1971, when President Nixon decided to freeze wages and prices and abandon the gold standard (after that, the U.S. Treasury stopped freely exchanging dollars held by foreign governments for gold). Stein vehemently opposed wage-price controls; so did some other economists. Still, the Camp David experience was exhilarating. The economists were constantly reminded of "their unique value," Stein writes. "[T]he Navy personnel in attendance were unfailingly helpful and courteous, treating everyone as if he were a full admiral." Until the Kennedy-Johnson years, economists could not fully partake of the pleasures of power; at best, they had modest public standing. What they learned in the 1960s was how to package their ideas in politically useful and understandable forms. The lesson endures. Any economist, regardless of party or ideology, who now

wishes to be taken seriously politically must be part salesman. Many are.

But the triumph of their ideas cannot be attributed simply to shrewd self-promotion. The 1960s marked the completion of a process, begun in the 1930s, of shifting economic authority to government. The economic tacticians of the 1960s may have been self-serving, but their enthusiasm for change was genuine. They reflected the prevailing optimism and impatience with old ways. They deplored an almost willful indifference to sophisticated economic thinking, arguing that the country was, in effect, ignoring a new technology. A more charitable explanation of why they failed is that they knew far less than they thought they knew.

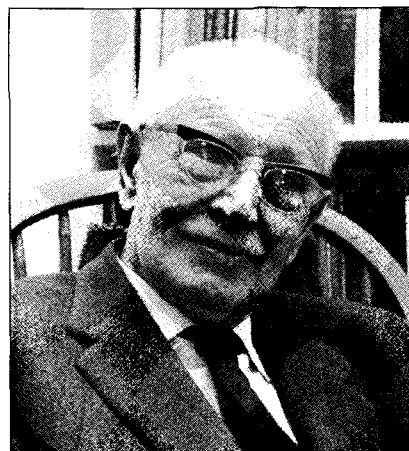
To a large extent, economists in the 1960s remained prisoners of the Depression, which was the decisive influence on postwar economic thinking. What distinguished the Depression from earlier business slumps was its duration. Economists had generally assumed that business downturns automatically generated the seeds of recovery: prices, wages, and interest rates dropped, making business and investment opportunities profitable. But strong recovery and prosperity did not re-emerge in the 1930s. This seemed to throw the existing body of knowledge into disrepute, and required explanation. John Maynard Keynes argued, contrary to dogma, that the economy could settle in a permanent state of underemployment. Wage-and-price declines would not inevitably generate an upturn. Likewise, interest rates might already have dropped so far that further declines would be impossible.

Keynes's thinking justified government intervention to break out of the underemployment equilibrium. By contrast, the previous assumption of a natural full-employment equilibrium (from which the economy might deviate but to which it would tend to return) implied—or at least rationalized—passivity. But Keynes's ideas (he died in 1946) took several decades to achieve popular acceptance. Contrary to popular impression, President Roosevelt did not energetically embrace them, and the ideas he did embrace did not end the Depression. Unemployment in 1939 was 17.2 percent, lower than in 1933 (24.9 percent) but higher than in 1931 (15.9 percent). War ended the Depression. In 1944, unemployment was 1.2 percent.

What the Depression actually changed

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was popular attitudes toward business, government, and individual responsibility. It savaged the authority business leaders had enjoyed in the 1920s and weakened the common faith in self-reliance. Bank failures, personal bankruptcies, and overoptimistic recovery predictions made business leaders seem as confused and helpless as everyone else. And no one could argue that people in the 1930s suffered because they were irresponsible or would not work. Greater forces were involved. Then the war provided confirmation that government's economic powers were huge.

And so, as Stein relates, a postwar social consensus amalgamated these experiences, while also muting the struggles of the 1930s between business and the New Deal. Congress passed the high-minded Employment Act of 1946. Government (not business) assumed responsibility for the economy and was to ensure "maximum" employment. But "full employment" was deleted from the bill, and the law left vague how the government would fulfill its responsibility. This was not a popular embrace of Keynesianism. In fact, government policies probably did not contribute much to early-postwar prosperity. Economic performance in the 1950s was no better, and arguably worse, than that in the 1920s. Neither President Truman nor President Eisenhower sought to steer the economy by manipulating spending or tax decisions.

THE KENNEDY-JOHNSON economists saw themselves as completing the political acceptance of Keynes's ideas. But, ironically, intellectual support weakened just as political support strengthened. The more economists examine the Depression, the more uncertain they become about its causes. Milton Friedman, for example, has argued that the Federal Reserve Board lengthened the Depression by allowing the money supply to decline one third between 1929 and 1933. Lacking sufficient loan funds, banks called in loans, and firms went bankrupt. Unemployment increased; wages and prices declined. As they did, it became more difficult for debtors to repay loans. But, in Friedman's view, the Fed kept driving this process by permitting the continual fall in the money supply. Friedman, not surprisingly, sees government action (not inaction, as for Keynes) as the key. Nor is his the only alternative explanation of the collapse; contrary,

perhaps, to widespread impression, there is no consensus.

This puts us back to square one. Keynesianism argued that government had to run the economy—that is, manage overall demand—because the economy could not run itself. Government would minimize economic swings. But the choice is more ambiguous. It no longer suffices to argue that the private economy fluctuates; it always has. Left alone, it will have its ups and downs. But neither is government intervention necessarily stabilizing; it may inject new sources of instability and uncertainty—for example, rising inflation. The critical question is whether this active intervention makes the economy more or less stable.

Stein favors a relatively passive policy, because he believes the alternatives are worse. This does not mean a do-nothing policy, which is impossible. The government has a budget, and the Federal Reserve regulates credit conditions and the money supply. The issue is whether these tools should be actively committed to full employment and maximum growth, or whether (as in the 1950s) they should be set to allow the best growth the private economy can produce. Even the latter choice, of course, requires technical judgments on budget and Federal Reserve policies, which would always involve disagreement. For example, it does not mean continually balanced budgets—deficits and surpluses might occur over different parts of the cycle.

But this approach would substitute an inflation range—probably 0 to 2 or 3 percent—for economic growth and unemployment goals. As Stein writes: "Enough [is] known to permit avoidance of long-continued cumulative inflation, even if not enough [is] known to keep the price level stable from year to year." The presumption is that, over time, growth and unemployment will fare better if left alone than if the government consciously pursues high-growth and low-unemployment targets that risk a debilitating inflation. The experience of the past three decades provides strong circumstantial support for this approach. The early success of the 1960s (high growth with low inflation) derived in part from the price stability of the 1950s. But by the 1970s, the economy had to deal with the inflationary side effects of those policies. Almost all the comparisons favor the 1950s.

	1950s	1960s	1970s
Average Annual Unemployment	4.5%	4.7%	6.4%
Average Annual Inflation	2.1%	2.8%	7.9%
Average Annual Productivity Gain	2.6%	2.8%	1.4%

DESPITE THE EXAMPLE of the fifties, the prejudice persists that government must run the economy or it won't run. Unfortunately, Stein makes no effort to convince the unconvinced. Possibly, he thinks the history of failed government policies is enough. Probably, it isn't. Reviewing the 1970s, some economists attribute the economy's poor performance to "special factors"—mainly, food- and oil-price explosions. But this argument, which leaves the case for active government economic management undisturbed, is either disingenuous or shortsighted. Almost every decade has special factors; the 1950s had the Korean War and virulent national strikes. Any theory that requires a tranquil world for it to work is of little practical use. Fundamentally, what can be held against the vision of the 1960s is that it implicitly promised that government could achieve such tranquillity—shifting to government much of the responsibility for eliminating all unpleasant economic change that threatened this ideal state.

The individual discipline that firms and workers impose on themselves when faced with uncertainty was weakened. Inflationary behavior was almost inevitable. Constant change is the essence of economic life. By becoming responsible for what was unpleasant, the government inexorably made the economy less flexible. People expected full employment and steadily rising living standards. When outside events (such as higher oil or food prices) frustrated their expectations, they did not accept temporary setbacks. They wanted higher wage increases (which ultimately meant higher price increases, not higher living standards) or government controls (on oil). Many industries facing more-intense foreign competition did not become more competitive but instead demanded more government protection. No government can accommodate the accumulation of unrealistic (even if understandable) expectations. But the 1960s mood, perpetuated into the 1970s, encouraged this flight from reality.

Many economists still proclaim that

the blissful state of constant full employment plus low inflation can be brought about by "incomes policy." This refers to either voluntary or mandatory wage-price controls. Neither the acknowledged difficulty of implementing such schemes ("The subject is still wide open," says one respected advocate, even though it has been studied for two decades) nor widespread disappointment with their results dampens their popularity.

There is something socially destructive and self-serving about this sort of economic advocacy. By telling politicians what they want to hear, economists maintain their political relevance. But, in the end, their proposals tend to be counterproductive. As ideas, they divert attention from the fundamental limits of government's economic competence. As policies, they tempt government to overstimulate the economy, aggravating scarcity and inflation; this undermines wage discipline or requires formal controls. Meanwhile, firms and workers are distracted from the necessity of maintaining self-restraint. Ultimately, brutal reaction against excessive inflation brings the high unemployment that everyone initially sought to avoid.

What's needed is a new political compact, comparable in purpose—but different in direction—from its Kennedy-Johnson predecessor. No sensible person ought to want (and Stein clearly does not want) radical political changes. Private firms would continue to conduct most economic activity, and government would exercise welfare functions—that is, blunt the social arbitrariness of free markets. But Stein would have welfare focus more directly on the poor, and would explicitly retreat from the full-employment promise. If business cycles are inevitable, this need not mean permanently high unemployment. The history of cycles shows them to be self-correcting. Typically started by economic excesses—too much investment, too much speculation, overbuying of one sort or another—they tend to be halted by liquidations and price declines. For whatever reasons, the Depression was exceptional; the private economy tends to grow on its own.

Moreover, the prospect for mild fluctuations (as in the 1950s) is probably better now than before the Depression. Government now has greater control over the money supply and credit conditions. Before the Depression, the gold

standard—that is, the government's commitment to exchange gold for a fixed number of dollars—automatically changed these conditions. The Federal Reserve can now prevent abrupt and deflationary declines in money; this added discretion, while creating a potential in the other direction for inflation, may also explain why the recessions up to the 1960s were comparatively mild. The severity of the past two recessions reflects the severity of the previous inflations.

Nothing is more difficult for a political system than to admit its own limitations. Even with three recessions in the past decade, we have not yet arrived at a new consensus. There is still no deep understanding of inflation's disruptive effects, nor of the self-defeating nature of the conscious pursuit of full employment. Although his policies differed from those of his predecessors, President Reagan's 1980-1981 utopian promises belonged to a long tradition of overblown rhetoric. His Democratic critics still peddle battered versions of the vision of the 1960s. Government that constantly inflicts failure on itself—by creating expectations of impossible success—risks undermining public support and inducing increasingly unstable and desperate policies. Ideas hold enormous sway in politics. Keynes was right when he wrote that practical men are often prisoners of some long-dead economist. The ideas and strivings of the 1960s were understandable in their time. But they have more than outlived their usefulness. □

SHORT REVIEWS



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cultures, to the meanings they embody and the purposes they serve.

THE GREAT CAT MASSACRE by Robert Darnton. Basic Books, \$17.95. The cat massacre is only one of several "episodes in French cultural history" that Mr. Darnton examines with the intention of explaining "ways of thinking" in the eighteenth century. Since he acknowledges that the project is "a risky enterprise," one cannot seriously complain that what he has discovered is a set of generally familiar social and psychological attitudes differing only in detail from their modern counterparts.

A CHOICE OF ENEMIES by George V. Higgins. Knopf, \$16.95. The novelist has assembled his usual collection of magnificently garrulous and foul-mouthed Boston crooks, but this time the rogues are politicians plus their assorted connections and camp followers. Their problem is Bernie Morgan, veteran speaker of the house, whose financial and alcoholic indiscretions threaten to rock too many boats. Bernie must be unobtrusively removed. The plots and betrayals are intricate, the action ranges across the state, the satire is wickedly effective, and the ironic conclusion is thoroughly appropriate. Mr. Higgins is in top form here.

THE SALT LINE by Elizabeth Spencer. Doubleday, \$14.95. The characters in Ms. Spencer's elegantly written novel are influenced, even controlled, by past events. They live in a Gulf Coast town recently devastated by a hurricane and are engaged in a languid tug-of-war over the sort of reconstruction to be done, but most of them truly act in response to old loves, friendships, grudges, or fears, emotions delicately and plausibly revealed by the author. In an oblique way, this is a ghost story, and a very fine one.

THE JOURNEYER by Gary Jennings. Atheneum, \$17.95. When some long-forgotten critic announced, "The three-volume novel is extinct," Rudyard Kipling responded that, although it "cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail," the old three-decker was the "only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest." The three-volume novel (alias the three-decker) remains officially extinct, but Mr. Jennings can write the equivalent, carrying the reader to shores of wonder and trails of wild adventure in one exuberant volume. He has done it in this

tale of the matters that Marco Polo discreetly omitted from his official account of his travels in Kithai. One character observes that Polo can be easily recognized by his "proximity to the nearest available trouble," but it is a kindly understatement. By his own first-person admission, Polo is inquisitive, meddlesome, and a woman-chaser. Readers who dislike erotic romps, or explicit tortures, or disrespectful comments on any and all religions, will find him objectionable company. The unregenerate will find him an endlessly intriguing guide through constantly surprising events.

ALL UNDER HEAVEN: THE CHINESE WORLD by Eliot and Jonathan Porter. Pantheon, \$40.00. Eliot Porter's fine color photographs of ancient and modern China are supported and elucidated by Jonathan Porter's brisk, practical account of the country's history, resources, practices, and problems. The Porters, father and son, have produced a handsome and informative book.

EXPRESSIONISTS AND EXPRESSIONISM by Wolf-Dieter Dube. Skira, \$75.00. The German artists of the early twentieth century who are known collectively as Expressionists were, as Mr. Dube demonstrates, never a school in the sense of sharing techniques or aesthetic principles. They were for the most part young, discontented with society as they encountered it, and addicted to utopian hopes for a future of justice, brotherhood, and spiritual revelation. (Nobody explained exactly what "spiritual revelation" meant.) Optimistic idealism led a number of them to welcome the First World War as the dawn of a new order. When the new order proved distinctly worse than the old, such coherence as the group had ever possessed dissolved in personal cynicism or desperation. As a sympathetic but disillusioned poet put it, "Expressionism . . . was not an art form but a state of mind. It sprang, not from an artistic urge, but from a view of the world." It was moribund before Hitler attacked it. There is an unusually definite shape, with beginning, middle, and end, to the Expressionist movement, whose history Mr. Dube records well, using much quotation from the participants and occasionally some from their enemies. The plentiful illustrations show that although the Expressionists failed to improve society, they succeeded in making some exciting paintings.

CODEx SERAPHINIANUS by Luigi Serafini. Abbeville, \$75.00. If this book-shaped object, which appears to be an illustrated survey of life forms, habitats, and products, had arrived by flying saucer from across the Milky Way, scholars would trample each other in their rush to study the colorful pictures and to attempt decipherment of the squiggles that, presumably, constitute an explanatory text. Since the work was, however, committed on mere terrestrial premises, an observer can do little but marvel at the sheer quantity of industry and imagination expended by its creator. Mr. Serafini's world now and then resembles our own, but never closely enough to destroy the illusion that one is confronted by something completely alien.

THE LOOK OF BUSTER KEATON by Robert Benayoun. St. Martin's, \$29.95. Admirers of Buster Keaton can delight in the lavish collection of photographs from his great silent film comedies which this volume presents. Mr. Benayoun's turgid text inspires reaction of a different sort.

THE WOMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHS AND SECRETS by Barbara G. Walker. Harper & Row, \$29.95. If anyone wants a female-chauvinist encyclopedia based on the assumption that all myths, legends, fairy tales, and religious tenets are masculine perversions of the primordial, and proper, cult of the Triple Goddess, and that most historical events are caused by masculine villainy, here it is. The tome provides amusing browsing, for the writing is energetic and frequently witty, and the information, though always biased, is sometimes basically sound.

LIFE & TIMES OF MICHAEL K by J. M. Coetzee. Viking, \$13.95. Mr. Coetzee's new novel is set in South Africa, where there seems to be an outright civil war in progress, and its hero, Michael K, is presumably black, although his color is never actually established. A certain vagueness is part of the author's scheme for making Michael's misfortunes symbolic of all the miseries inflicted on harmless citizens of any complexion by lunatic governments in any locality. The events of the story itself are, on the contrary, precise and convincing. They arouse interest and lure the reader on with the traditional bait of "What next?"

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the January Puzzler, "ACROSTIC"

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
A	W	E	D	A	N	C	E	D	T	H	R	O	U
B	G	H	T	H	E	N	I	G	H	T	A	N	D
C	W	E	H	E	L	D	E	A	C	H	O		T
D	H	E	R	T	I	G	H	T	A	N		D	B
E	E	F	O	R	E	T	O	O	L		O	N	G
F	I	F	E	L	L					I	N	L	O
G	V	E	W	I	T		L	E		H	H	E	R
H	N	O	W			N	N	O		I	L	L	N
I	E	V		N	M	C	C			E	R	D	A
J	N	C		A	R	T		E	W	I	T	H	A
K	N	O		N	E	Y		T	H	E	R	S	I
L	N	C	E					I	S	A	W	H	E
M	S	T	A	N	D	I	N	G	T	H	E	R	E

1. DIVER-GENT (pun) 2. CAN(O)E 3. D-E(L)IGHT 4. CHIN(CHILL)A 5. ONE-ILL
6. OR-WELL 7. W(E)IGHT 8. HUNCH (double def.) 9. WARD (rev.) 10. TWIN(e)
11. GHOSTWRITE (anag.) 12. TIER (double def.) 13. THAT-CHER (pun) 14. A-
GREED 15. W(A-TER M)ILL 16. THRONE (homophone) 17. NONE-T 18. SHERBET
(hidden) 19. N(INN)Y 20. O-REGANO (*onager* rev.) 21. ALIGNED (anag.)
22. DOWN (double def.) 23. AT-HEIST 24. HA(RD)Y 25. SAT-IN 26. THOUSAND
(anag.) 27. RAGA-MUFFIN 28. NOV-ICES 29. WEALTH (anag.) 30. NEW (HE-
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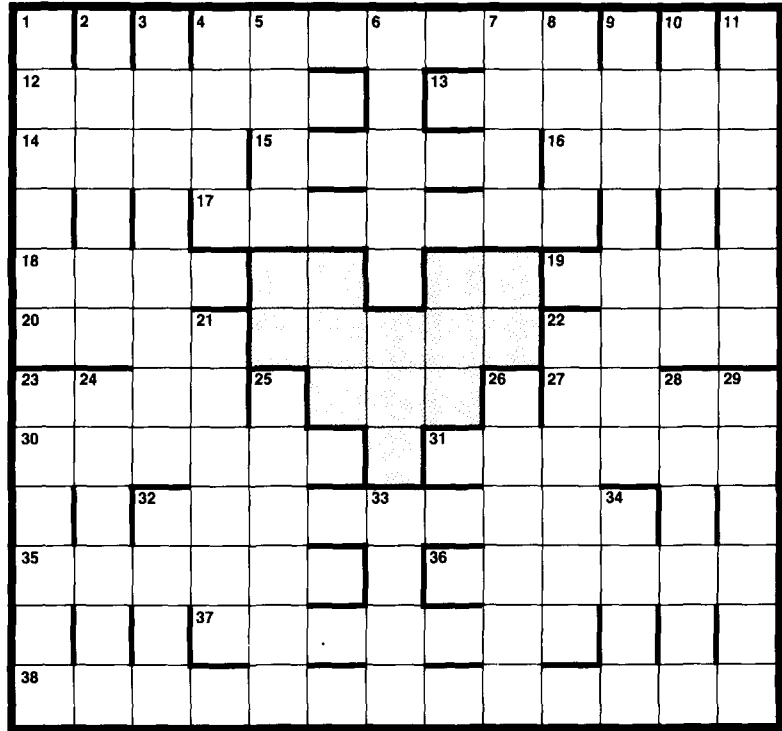
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THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

HEARTS

Thirteen of the clue answers give their hearts (i.e., single central letters) to the shaded area in the heart of the diagram. To determine what the heart says, enter these thirteen letters left to right and top to bottom in the order in which their clues are given. The heartless entries that remain and all other clue answers may be entered normally. Answers include nine proper nouns.



*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 105.*

ACROSS

4. Husband-to-be accepts new bankroll
12. Rough series of classes audited
13. State research institute breaking up a doctors' group
14. Prisoner escapes from specific island
15. Removed a jester from the back
16. Rank bo's'n superior sort
17. Try to be like a large bird in the dead of night
18. Grain of red rocks
19. West Indian dance in neglected condition
20. Cross back to exit
22. Cut short inadequate search
23. Say when for seasoning
27. Let a mongrel lie
30. Associate an elf with lump in the ear

31. Funny hat worn by the greatest Muse
32. Studies drill force
35. Classified breach "loose"
36. Furnish identification, let into show
37. Get-together in Rouen flops
38. Grown boys caught up in record spoil fun

DOWN

1. Grant, playing card, captures company
2. *Hamlet* character's share of laughter?
3. Act out a *Hair* arranger's passage
4. Republican in charge is not busy
5. One has to criticize the Muslim world
6. Tax tacked onto a ring
7. Crack in cup disappeared
8. Relax and see a broadcast
9. Tossing coin into waterway is prescribed by church law
10. A stooge having college degree—lowlife sort?
11. Monkey with three fifths of booze during Prohibition
21. French artist is on the subject of working iron
22. Doctor is not at post
23. Vehicle going north in the Roman province
24. Biddy grabbing aged movie actor
25. Deliberate about one kind of tree
26. Blacken acting boatman
28. Sheets wrapping dead tree
29. Serious attention to wasps' home
32. For \$100, balance top
33. Fish rejected a kernel
34. New England hosts stylish baseball team

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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